

AU Harry disappears ten years ago, from his relatives. When he comes back he is not the innocent boy everyone knows. The Boy Who Lived, grew up differently than anyone would have imagined. He's not the goody goody way to polite boy from Number Four, he's a sarcastic, arrogant little twit, who has love deep down and wants to be loved. But can he open up to anyone around him? And what happens when Dumbledore finds him and wants him back? There will be multiple shippers. Harry will not be with one person only, not till the end of my story anyway.

I would like to make a small point before you start reading. This story is wild and crazy and just a little idea I had in mind. I don't want to hear people tell me Harry is out of character... he's different because he didn't stick around the Dursleys long enough to develop a passive attitude. So what might have been had he ran away? This is my take on it, and its Rated for serious language and sexual themes in later chapters. The rating will go up so if this isn't for you then... shoo... for the rest of you, enjoy! (Grins evilly)

Shake Me

By: 'Roxie'

The Biggest Surprise In The Wizarding World

Ten years ago, a five year old little boy could be seen sneaking out of the brown boxed house of number four Privet Drive. His blazing green eyes narrowed and focused. The small child had one motive in life and that was to survive, and that's what he was going to do. He was going to survive. The child passed the silhouetted lamp post in quick fashion. The small child was quick on his feet and alert. The ball cap he stole from his cousin covered his face for the most part. His unruly black hair sticking out from under it. The child would not be taken for granted ever again. Harry James Potter vowed to never allow someone hurt him ever.

The child soon disappeared and out of sight unaware that a mountain of alarms had just went off inside of a magical office with many trinkets and sleeping Headmasters and Headmistress'.

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The Headmaster frowned as he sat at his desk in the large round office of Hogwarts. He was going through names on his list, with the return of Voldemort, things were looking much more dimmer. Dumbledore had been able to keep everyone at bay but he wasn't sure how much longer he could do that. He was getting old and even Voldemort knew he couldn't last another century fighting an evil fresh wizard. That's what brought Dumbledore to the dilemma he was at this very moment.

The boy of the prophecy was gone. What was he going to tell his world? It had been ten years, and no sign of him. Dumbledore had made the biggest mistake of his life, by not watching over him more clearly. Ten years later he was still sitting at his desk pondering this. A man shouldn't stew in his own mess, it just makes it worse. Thought Dumbledore to himself, with an exhausted sigh

He had way to much time on his hands, and for a Headmaster that was saying something.

Dumbledore twinkling blue eyes had stopped a few moments ago as he stared down at a letter that had never reached its destiny.

His white flowing beard quivered slightly, "I still hope you're alive." he whispered, to the letter. "Not because of the wizarding world, but because of your parents. They died for you."

Dumbledore forced himself to look away, just as the door to his office burst open. The man wearing turquoise and livid yellow robes had not expected that. He always knew who was at his door.

"Headmaster! We found him!" said Kingsley Shacklebolt. He was almost out of breath. The tall black auror was staring at Dumbledore who looked up confused.

"Who did you find?" asked Dumbledore.

"Harry!" said Tonks rushing in, in all her blue haired glory.

Dumbledore dropped everything and stood, "Harry? Harry Potter? Are you sure?"

"The one and only and boy you won't believe what kind of person he is." said Kingsley.

Dumbledore arched an eyebrow, "Interesting. Where is he?"

"He's in the same place, we haven't nabbed him because we didn't know how."

"Stun him and bring him!" said Dumbledore simply.

Tonks shook his head, 'He knows about magic. I seen him doing it. No you're going to have to go and deal with him. I don't think we can.'

"You're aurors!"

"I think we know that Headmaster, what we are trying to say is, he's not a child anymore." said Kingsley deeply.

Headmaster turned this over in his head as he looked at the two most capable Aurors he knew. Was there really something about Harry that they were afraid of? Surely not!

"All right, allow me go to and bring him back." said Dumbledore moving from behind his desk.

"Uh... Headmaster, I think it would do you some good if you wear muggle clothing." said Kingsley.

"Yeah, he's in the middle of the Muggle World." commented Tonks.

"All right. Thank you for the information. I will be out shortly." he told the two Aurors.

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Today was not his day! Harry just groaned, as he turned his eyes back up at the woman he was talking to on the street. His eyes were

a startling green that matched the light on the Killing Curse. His hair was long fluttering in several layers. He was not your normal wizard, in fact he didn't look like a wizard at all. Silver spikes on one side of his ear along with a dangly silver cross and on the other there were a series of loops. A black rope around his throat. He was built quite nicely, and his face was handsome and chiseled. You could tell he had went through a lot to earn the respect he had.

He was about 5'10 and counting, he was wearing black baggy jeans with a long silver chain hanging down. His t shirt was black and kind of tight against his chest, and the leather jacket made it even more awesome.

"I'm almost fifteen Candy!" said Harry, glaring at the woman.

Her bleach blonde hair was up in its bun and her face wasn't made up with make up like it usually was. Harry was looking at her like she was crazy. Her face was oval shaped, and her eyes were a hazy almond.

He leaned back and closed his eyes and shook his head, "You're out of your mind. How do you know its mine?" asked Harry.

"You're the only guy I have been with in the last two months."

Harry snorted, "Bull shit!" Harry leaned back in his chair at the diner and pulled out a cigarette but then thought better of it and placed, it down with an irritated sigh.

Candy groaned, "I'm serious! Please Harry! You have to help me."

Harry rubbed the side of his jaw in annoyance. "I'm fifteen Candy, what do you want me to do?" asked Harry.

"Help me! I don't know..." "Neither do I!" said Harry raising his hands.

She flinched, and he lowered them and shook his head, "Candy, you're five years older than me. You know more than I do." murmured Harry, even if he wanted to help, how could he? The job at the construction site, only allowed Harry survive and barely.

“No I don’t! I’m completely clueless!” said Candy.

Harry grumbled and grabbed the bill off the table, stood and went to pay.

Candy slid up wearing her usual short blue jean skirt and yellow tank top. She was much shorter than Harry and also known to be quite trashy. But she was nice, and kind, and Harry helped her a while back when she needed it. But, he wasn’t sure he could do it again. Especially, if it turned out to be false.

Candy ran up to him and grabbed his arm, and pushed herself into him, “Please Harry.” She begged in a low whisper.

Harry didn’t speak. He paid for the bill and left two pounds on table.

He walked out quietly into the warm sunlight. He felt as if he was being watched, he glanced around and seen no one except poor helpless Candy on his arm.

“Look, I got to get to work in twenty minutes!” he turned to her to see tears running down her cheeks.

Harry cursed himself silently. He hated seeing women cry, it killed him.

“Please Harry!” she nearly threw herself on him.

Harry sighed and wrapped his arms around her, “Candy, I don’t know what to do, ok? But... dammnit stop your crying! Gods, I never said I wouldn’t help.!” Harry exclaimed.

She moved and smiled, “Thank you. I don’t know what to do.”

Harry sighed and hunched slightly touching her shoulders. They were on the side of the café now. They were well known in this town, well at least Harry was..

“You need to tell me the truth. Have you been with anyone besides me?” he asked.

She shook her head, “No! I haven’t had time. I work all day...”

“But you had time for me!”

“That’s different.” said Candy sniffing.

Harry grumbled even if she had been with another guy he knew he wouldn’t get it out of her.

He let go of her and sighed, let the wizarding world get a hold of this one. He thought to himself.

Parker Zabini, is going to have a field day when he finds out. He’ll never let him live it down.

He shrugged, “Ok Ok, I’ll see you tonight at my flat.” He told her, “I have to go to work now.” He turned to slide into the taxi when Candy grabbed him in a strangled hold, “Oh thank you thank you Harry!” she squealed.

“Hmm.” was all he said before giving her a pointed look, and sliding into the taxi.

The teen had a lot to think about that morning at the construction site.

Taking off his leather jacket he laid it aside as he helped one of the guys lift a large metal beam. Harry had strength that most don’t. He figured it was his magic.

“Something on your mind Evans?” asked the Foreman looking at the kid in concern.

Harry sighed as he picked up a piece of metal and threw it aside, “Except a girl telling me she’s pregnant.”

Their were whistles through out the crowd, “Damn son! You get around.”

Harry rolled his eyes, "It was a mistake. We were both drunk." murmured Harry.

"Man! I was seventeen when I got my first piece." said one of the guys, that Harry enjoyed talking too.

Harry sighed, "Yeah well, when you come for the streets, you tend to lose everything you own at an early age." Although, Harry had no complaints, sex was as good as food.

"How old were you twelve?" teased the one of the others.

Harry snorted, "Thirteen and a half." Harry told them.

Their mouths gaped open, Harry just smirked, "I lived with a thirty-one-year-old widow, she wasn't bad looking. But, I did a few things for her over a summer period and well... she brought out more than just a man in me." murmured Harry.

There were hoots and hollers all around, and Harry just smirked feeling much better than he had before.

The Foreman was watching him, "I'll be back guys! I need to go do a few things." he walked away but not without a look back, at the boy who lived. Yes, he knew who it was. He was the one who had sent an owl to his beloved daughter Nymphadora Tonks, that he had Harry Potter working for him.

For some reason Harry almost always looked forward to working. He had time to relieve stress by knocking nails into their places and lifting heavy things. Harry's skin was lightly tanned due to the time out in the sun. He was everyone bad boy with a good side, but if you didn't know him all you'd see was his bad side.

He had a personality that could slice through glass if you angered him enough. He had a temper, that many of his workers had only seen on two occasions in the year he had been working for them. Harry was always alert and armed, throwing knives in his steel toe boots, two wands strapped against his forearm hidden by a concealment charm,

a small set of potions on his black belt that had silver studs. Those silver studs was a glamour charm. They were really small phials all around his belt. It never hurt to be prepared.

It wasn't till after five thirty in the afternoon that Harry got a ride home from one of the guys. His name was Oscar. His hair was short and he had a receding hairline, it was dark and his eyes were a glossy brown. He was short and chubby.

"Yah comin' with us tomorrow?" asked Oscar with a grunt.

Taking a long drag of his Marlboro, he blew it out as he sat slouched in the passenger seat.

"Yeah, after I figure out what the hell to do with Candy We don't like each other, but I can't leave her hanging. Especially..." He frowned, "If its mine."

Oscar glanced over at the teen and was surprised every time he talked to him. The guy was intelligent and mature for his age. He had a hard shell but if you could wiggle your way through the hardness you see something soft and thumping inside.

"Meet at the Dutch Tavern?"

Harry nodded, "You bet."

Oscar turned his old pick up truck into the apartment complex, that didn't have a good name around London.

Harry sat there finishing his cigarette unaware of being watched at the moment by a group of wizards, some shock and some speechless. Having followed Harry all this way, they couldn't help but wonder what this boy was into. They watched him talk to some guy in the car. Tonks' dad had given them the message and so here they were.

Harry slid out, and smirked, "See ya Oscar!" called Harry as he glided up to the walkway.

“See ya Junior!” called Oscar. Harry just smirked, and glared at him but the man winked and backed out quickly.

Blowing in one last drag he dropped it and stepped on it before shaking his head and fumbling with his keys.

Judging by the way Harry was dressed and the outside of the apartment you would guess his apartment was the messiest around, but that was anything but true.

Flipping on the lights, Harry tossed the keys to the side. The room wasn't humongous. There was a black leather couch and two armchairs, and the blue décor pillows were angled on each end of the couch with a black raven on it.

A black TV set in the middle and a glass and black coffee table in the middle with an ashtray and a large raven in the middle. He had got it in Diagon Alley. It was a Dark Arts detector. The pictures were not wizard, he hated the thought of portraits staring at him when he wanted to walk around in the buff. The carpet was a dark blue, and the pictures on the walls were of ravens and other amazing creatures such as Phoenixes and Augury's. Harry had a fascination of flying creatures.

Walking over to his stereo he flipped it on and turned the music up. He was expecting Candy soon but when that was he wasn't sure.

The small dining table just next to the kitchen was small enough for four. It was black and had black conjured chairs.

Harry's Transfiguration, Charms, and Defense Against the Dark Arts were absolutely astounding. Well, then again it was because he had such a good teacher. Parker Zabini, had been his teacher since he was five-years-old.

After getting a wand off of Ollivander, Parker had obliviated the odd frosted haired man to keep him from babbling to Dumbledore.

As Harry removed his leather jacket he tossed it in his large silver and emerald bedroom. Harry did not have much money, not at all, he

worked for the money he got every week, but most of this was magic's doing. Harry didn't pay bills., not even rent. Memory charms and Forget Me charms were a blessing with young Harry. Some would call this stealing, but Harry called it survival and living beyond your means. Besides, the crack pot who owned these apartments wanted far to much for them anyway.

Washing his hands thoroughly he opened the fridge and grabbed a sandwich and a beer. He was in for a long night if Candy was coming over. No, he won't get pissed, but he did need a bit of numbing from the idea of her carrying his child. That thought made him shake his head furiously, who knows who she slept with. He'd give her a dose of veriteserum but the problem with that was if she's pregnant it would hurt the child. It has a controlling ingredient that would render the child fetus unconscious. No, not a good idea.

Harry finished his sandwich just as someone knocked on the door.

Swigging the last of his beer he walked over, and peered out to see Candy standing there.

Breathing in sharply he grasped the door and opened to see the young woman standing there. She wasn't in her usual mini skirt outfit. She was wearing soft blue pants, and a light blue top. Her hair was down and she had a bit of make up on this time, unlike this morning when she didn't have anything on.

"Come in." said Harry moving aside.

The young blonde entered, the apartment she knew quite well.

She looked down at her feet and chewed on her bottom lip.

"I made you a sandwich. I Can't cook so- that's the best I can do." he said, as she looked up, "Thanks." she said quietly.

"C'mon!" He touched the small of her back and lead her to the dinning table, where her favorite beverage and a large sandwich was.

He slid in on the other side and watched her eat. She was quiet. She pulled something out of her pocket book and handed it to him. It was a pink sheet.

Taking it Harry opened it, and sighed as he gazed at the blood type. "Rh negative." whispered Harry.

"I'm O Positive." said Candy, quietly.

Harry nodded, "I'm Rh." he told her, and placed it down, and stared away from her.

He really needed a cigarette but he wasn't going to smoke in front of Candy, not now.

"I could get it terminated."

Harry's head shot up and glared fiercely at the blonde, "Hell no." said Harry dangerously. "You want me to lose all respect for you Candy?"

Candy bit her bottom lip and shook her head, sometimes she forgot he was fifteen or going to be fifteen. Shit! She thought to herself leaning back. "I'm a pedophile." she murmured.

Harry snorted, "No your not. You didn't know my age. No one did."

Candy sighed, "That's for sure." she stood and got more mountain dew, and slid across from him.

"I don't know what to do." she admitted, with a soft sigh.

Harry hadn't the slightest clue as of what to do.

"When do you work?" he asked. "Noon to eight." she told him. "I'm off today because of my Dr. appointment."

She worked at the local Wal-Mart.

"You know my schedule. Same thing everyday, depending on how far we go." Harry chewed the side of his cheek trying to come up with ideas and suggestions, one thing for certain he needed a cigarette.

He looked at Candy who looked as if she had been on her feet all day.

"Hey, why don't you go take a shower. I'm going to have a smoke and then we can sit down and talk together."

Candy smiled, "You don't care?"

Harry shook his head, "Go ahead!" he insisted.

She smiled, and stood, "Thank you Harry."

He just nodded and walked out of the apartment to see the sun dimming slowly into the ground.

Eyes were suddenly on him, as he pulled out a cigarette and lit up. Taking in a long drag, Harry leaned against his door blowing the smoke out with a frown on his face.

Well, one thing for certain he was going to have to stop smoking. Bad habits die hard. He thought to himself. Harry heard the loud music from his apartment, and it sounded through his ears.

Harry heard the sound of footsteps coming up the drive. It was more than one. Harry's eyes moved quickly, and they locked on the famous Albus Dumbledore, and two other people next to him. One was a tall greasy haired man with a hooked nose. The other was a woman with a stern expression. They were all in muggle clothes. The woman wearing a flowered dress, Dumbledore was wearing khaki's and a Hawaiian shirt, and the hooked nosed man was wearing all black.

"Mr. Potter?" asked Professor Dumbledore, knowing better than to come closer.

He stopped a few feet away, the other two behind him.

Harry knew who Albus Dumbledore was. He wasn't stupid. He knew all about the famous Albus Dumbledore, the only one Voldemort ever feared.

Harry cocked his head to the side and dropped his cigarette, "I wondered when you'd find me." murmured the boy in a strong voice.

"Harry, I am..." "I know who you are." Harry cut the old man off. "You're Albus Dumbledore, Order of Merlin First class... Headmaster of Hogwarts, defeater of Grendlewald and the leader of the Order of the Phoenix, and organization that goes up against Voldemort." The woman flinched, and the greasy man's eyes narrowed.

"Yeah I know who are! You are also the bastard that left me with them good for nothing relatives of mine." Harry's voice was dripping with deep sarcasm.

Dumbledore inwardly flinched, and had not expected this. Sure the kid had grew up rough around the edges, but he hadn't expected Harry to have a bad attitude toward him.

His dear Deputy Headmistress wanted to snap at him firmly but a warning look from him warned him. He also had to stare at his Potions Master who evidently wanted to bite the boys head off.

Professor Dumbledore decided to play the grandfather wild card, "Yes, Harry, I was. I am terribly sorry for that. May we come in and talk?" he asked, kindly.

Harry sized each of the magical folk up, and finally after much debate in his head, he nodded, "Yeah, I have company so watch what you say about magic." Harry said firmly as he entered his apartment. The three imposing adults behind him.

Chapter Two: My way or the Highway

The trio was mildly shocked at the inside of Harry's apartment. It wasn't at all like they had imagined. They imagined his apartment to be messy, with pizza boxes and pop cans everywhere.

"Have a seat." said Harry, locking his door, and flicked his hidden finger to securely lock the door.

Turning around he nodded, "Sit." he insisted.

The three wizards squeezed onto his couch, had this been any different, Harry would have cracked up, but now wasn't the time to joke. Harry put on a blank face, and slid onto the black armchair.

"Go on. You have a few minutes. As soon as that shower goes off, you are to stop talking about magic." Harry said in a low tone.

"Harry, I know this must come as a shock to you...'

Harry arched an eyebrow upward, "Shock? What are you talking about? I know all about the wizarding world. I was trained by a private tutor."

"How did you leave Privet Drive? And why?" asked Albus Dumbledore.

Harry's eyebrows shot up and the brisk movement he made the woman flinch. He leaned up against his knees and surveyed each of his unexpected guests intently before speaking.

"Have you ever heard of the fuckin' term abuse?" asked Harry silkily.

Dumbledore opened his mouth, "Yes." he said, choosing not to reprimand the young man in his own home.

Although, the woman on his right was at half a mind, but a silent nudge stopped it.

Harry nodded, "Good, that way we don't have to start from scratch. I thought I would have to get a dictionary out. I got sick of it, I got sick of being starved, shoved in a cupboard with bleach, and ammonia cleaning supplies!" Harry said dangerously.

"You had the fuckin' nerve to ask me why I left? Them assholes are lucky I don't come back to them and get retribution. I can do it you know."

"You can't do magic! You haven't wand." said Professor Dumbledore simply.

Harry snorted and before everyone's eyes, his wand was in his hands. "Does this answer your question?"

"Ollivander would have contacted me I'm sure." said Dumbledore.

Harry snorted, "Yeah if he hadn't been memory modified."

"Mr. Potter!" the female finally had enough. "You are not educated to do a memory charm! It could have gone very badly!"

Harry snorted, "How the fuck do you know, I'm not educated huh? You don't know anything, none of you do! You have no idea, what I've been up too. So don't speak unless you know the facts." Harry said simply as he slipped his wand back up his sleeve.

The black haired teacher was quiet, and was about to speak when Harry sighed, "Who the hell are you two anyway?" he then asked.

Dumbledore answered, "The female on my right is Deputy Headmistress, Professor Minerva McGonagall, and the man on my right is the Potions Master, Severus Snape."

Harry nodded, "All right. Well what do you want?"

"You to come to Hogwarts." said Dumbledore.

Harry frowned and leaned back in his chair, and rubbed his chin thoughtfully, "I'm not sure if I can do that." he told him.

This stunned the three wizards, "Why not? It's a chance of a lifetime." said Dumbledore.

Harry surveyed each of them, "I have my own life. I don't want to be part of the got damn magical papers. I know how my parents died, and I know that I'm referred to as the Boy Who Lived." Harry rolled his eyes in disgust.

"Who tutored you?" asked Professor Snape, his voice was low and monotone.

"Someone who took me in and taught me everything I needed to know. Does the name Parker Zabini ring a bell?"

Snape blanched, and McGonagall gasped, in shock. Dumbledore however arched an eyebrow.

"You're lying!" growled Snape.

Harry arched an eyebrow, "Excuse me? Why the fuck would I lie?"

"Severus calm down! Harry, there is something you must know about Voldemort. Why he tried to kill you as a baby." said Dumbledore.

Harry held in the urge to tell them to get out, but didn't. He crossed his leg and waited.

"Harry!" called Candy, she walked out in just a towel and jumped as the group turned to see her.

"Oh I'm sorry!" Candy's towel was quite thin. Her hair was sopping wet.

McGonagall looked at Harry with disdain. The teen ignored it, "Need something Candy?" he asked, as she turned to go back to the bathroom.

Candy nodded, "Clothes."

“My room!” he told her. She whizzed on into his room and closed the door.

“Who was that?” asked Dumbledore in an interrogative voice.

Harry sat back down on the chair, “That was a friend of mine.”

“Friend? She looks five years older than you!” said McGonagall with a bite in her voice.

Harry sighed, “This is my apartment, I don’t want to hear it from any of you. You are here for a reason to talk to me, now say what you need to before she comes out.” Harry warned, crossing a leg.

It took a few moments for Dumbledore to get himself together before speaking. “15 years ago there was a prophecy made, that connected you and Voldemort.”

“Prophecy?” Harry inquired. ‘Great! Just great. Today really wasn’t his day.’

Dumbledore nodded, and glanced behind him and waved his wand, a silencing charm was placed around the room.

Dumbledore repeated the words, and Harry sat there listening to it, with mild disgust and anger. He was on the verge of telling Dumbledore to take the prophecy and shove it so far up his arse, that he couldn’t get it back out.

“You’re fuckin’ joking right?” said Harry, with a frown creasing deeply on his face.

“No Mr. Potter we are not. That is why you must be at Hogwarts where you can be protected.”

Harry groaned and leaned his head back, “This is so not my fuckin’ day!” he rubbed his face, “Take the silencer off.” Harry warned.

Dumbledore did, just as Candy came out in a long t shirt of his and a pair of his boxers. She looked hot.

"Candy." He ushered her over.

She looked timidly at the trio before walking over to Harry and sliding on the edge of his seat. His arm slid around her, "Candy these are... erm- future teachers of mine, Deputy Headmaster Albus Dumbledore, Professor McGonagall, and Professor Snape. Guys this is my friend Candy Samson."

"Hello Miss Samson." said Dumbledore kindly.

She smiled, "Hullo! Uh, Harry..." she looked at him and he could read her easily, "Go ahead! All you've had is a sandwich." He winked at her, as she smiled, and got up and disappeared into the small kitchen.

"Are you two a couple?" asked Dumbledore trying to make conversation.

"No, we see each other every so often. We're quite platonic, when it comes to relationships."

The trio weren't use to that, they were use to the old fashioned ways. Harry found it amusing. He knew Snape was having a hard time not to stare at Candy. She was hot.

"Harry, we really need you to come to school get a proper education...."

"And defeat Voldemort. You want me to be your golden hero. Yes, Parker said this may happen." he moved up again and stared at Dumbledore who opened his mouth but Harry shushed him.

"If I'm going to do this, then I do it on my own terms." said Harry dangerously. "I will not listen to what you have to say, I will not go back to the Dursleys, I will live how I want and stay here till I go to school. I want free access however to move between here and Hogwarts, for personal reasons."

Dumbledore frowned, he had no idea Harry was going to be so demanding. Snape growled, "You haven't a choice!"

Harry arched an eyebrow upwards, "Actually I don't think you have the choice. I could just stay here and tell you to take that prophecy and shove it up your arse." Harry said, just as Candy poked her head in with an arched eyebrow.

Dumbledore winced inwardly, 'that would be painful.'

Severus Snape opened his mouth but Dumbledore stopped him, "Fine Harry!" He decided to humor the boy for now. "I can agree with those conditions." He pulled something out and handed it to Harry.

It was the yellow parchment with green ink. Harry slid it under the seat.

"So you're really a wizard Harry? That's amusing." said Candy in the doorway with a smile on her pretty face.

Harry arched an eyebrow, "Yeah, I am. You care?"

"Not at all." said Candy, as she winked at him.

"Oh and here is your Vault Key." Dumbledore told Harry, who arched an eyebrow and took it.

Harry examined it and placed it up, "Yes, I know all about Diagon Alley. Been there several times."

"How and not being recognized?" asked McGonagall finally speaking.

Harry smirked, "I'm not getting rid of all of my secrets now... it wouldn't be a good idea." insisted Harry.

"You will be sorted. Do you know enough about magic to go into your fifth year?" he asked.

Harry nodded, "Yes, enough to be getting on with." He wanted them to underestimate him. That would be fun.

“School starts September 1st. Kings Cross, Platform nine and three quarters.” he told Harry, and then explained how to run through it.

“Right...”

“Harry, I know you will want to protest this, but you need to have someone watch over you. Is there anyway I can bring someone here who can stay with you and escort you to Diagon Alley?”

Harry frowned instantly, “I don’t think so. I can take care of myself.”

“Harry, please, it is important.”

“Too you maybe! Like I said, I can take care of myself.” Harry’s voice was firm as he stood.

“Harry we must take you to the Ministry of Magic to register you and then you must ask a few questions under the Wizengamot.” he told Harry, who scowled,

“Fine! When? I have to be back tomorrow by five.” said Harry.

“The morning should suffice, nine?”

Harry sighed, “Sure.” he murmured.

It wasn’t before long Dumbledore and his clan left. Harry scowled at the door and turned to see Candy holding two bowls of spaghetti. He thought he had smelled sauce.

“Thought you’d like a real dinner.” she said softly.

Harry smiled weakly and took the bowl, and sat down on his couch as she sat close to him.

“Don’t tell no one.”

Candy laughed, “I don’t want to be put in a mental hospital.”

Harry smiled, "Shit, what the hell am I going to do now? I don't want to go! I was told that Dumbledore was a controlling git." Harry said, softly.

Candy gave him a soft look, "Well... take him in strides. If he needs you, then he'll do what he can to keep you from running off."

"Tell me something!" she said with excitement. "About the wizarding world!" she said nibbling on the noodles.

Harry just sighed, "Well, there are unicorns, fairies, dragons..."

"Wow!" she said her eyes lighting up. "That's awesome!"

"There are also dark and very disturbing creatures, but every kind even Vampires and Werewolves have their good people."

Candy laughed, "That's neat. So you're going back?"

Harry nodded, "Don't worry, I'll be here. I'll get an owl, that's how they send post."

Her eyes lit up, "Wow! That's amazing." said Candy with a giggle.

Harry just smiled and finished his spaghetti before standing and taking Candy's bowl.

Candy bounded up and chased after him, "So, what's all this about someone evil Voldeemart?" she asked.

Harry snorted and laughed madly, "V.. Voldeemart! I love it." He snickered, and turned to stare at her, "Thanks for the laugh." he sniffed and straightened up, "Voldemort. He killed my parents."

Her eyes widen, "OH god!" she said, in shock.

"It's OK. I was a baby. I defeated him as a baby."

Her eyes were wide with shock, "Wow! You were always pretty tough." she then said, her hands touching his stomach, she ran her

claws gently up, causing Harry to groan, and smirk, "What do you want?"

"Well- to help and relieve you of your troubles." she said, with a seductive grin.

Harry's hands touched her hips and he pushed her feminine hips closely against his.

She smiled and moved her lips against his, in a delicate kiss. He nibbled the bottom of her lip, as his rubbed himself against her.

That was the first thing that had ever caught Candy off guard, in no way you'd think he was just a kid by the way he touched and pleased a female. It seemed as if he knew things that most didn't.

Harry lifted her up and she wrapped her legs around his waist, as his bulge pressed against her, causing her breath in sharply feeling him against her. Kissing her he took her to his bedroom. Their relationship had always been platonic and nothing too serious ever came out of it, and nothing would even with this child. The two of them were just too young to settle down.

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Candy heard a soft pecking at the door, and awoke in the middle of Harry's bedroom. Her head was on his bare chest, and the covers were wrapped around her like a toga. Completely, undressed she sat up and heard it again.

Harry was fast asleep, his hair down and flying into his face. She just smiled seeing how good he looked when she heard it again.

She yawned and nudged the charcoal haired guy next to her, "Hey! Harry! Wake up!" she said softly.

Harry twitched and opened his eyes and blinked twice to see Candy sitting up, completely undressed. A smile slid on his face, but she smiled and pointed, "The door! I didn't want to answer it in case it's someone you didn't want to talk to."

Harry nodded and sat up and checked his watch and groaned, he knew what it was.

"I'll be back." He murmured sliding up and sliding on some boxers. She smiled and laid back down on his pillow, and watched him grab a t shirt and walk out, mumbling something about insane wizards.

Harry grumbled and peered out the hole to see Professor Dumbledore standing there by himself.

Good, he thought to himself. Using his finger he broke the locking seal and opened the door, and left it there as he walked back to his room, "Wait in the living room." responded Harry.

Dumbledore entered and closed the door just in time to see Harry retreated to the bedroom when he heard, "Harry, who was that?"

"Headmaster." "Oh, you're leaving what do I do?"

Harry laughed, "You can stay here till you go to work. I have no idea when I'll be back."

Dumbledore sat down on the armchair, still trying to piece together this particular Harry.

"Harry, where's my bra?" she asked.

Dumbledore blinked and closed his eyes pretending as if he didn't hear that

"Er... may be in the bathroom."

"Erm.. Can you get it? I don't want to get up and expose anyone." she giggled.

Harry chuckled, "Right you don't." he teased.

Dumbledore was trying desperately to tune out the kissing noises being made.

Harry soon came out but not for long he disappeared again into the restroom and then back to his room. .

Coming out Harry was wearing dark blue baggy khaki pants and a silver chain hanging down where his wallet is. His hair was pulled back unlike yesterday when it was out of its ponytail. His bangs fluttered over his scar and into his eyes giving him that dark and mysterious look.

He was wearing a white, wife beater shirt. Dumbledore was mildly stunned at the gothic writing around his bicep, it said, 'If you're going to do something wrong, have fun doing it.'

Harry noticed the Professor looking at his tattoo and smirked to himself, "Would you like a muggle soda Professor?" asked Harry, turning to the man who stood and smiled, "That would be delightful."

Harry nodded and pulled one out and handed it to him, and grabbing his own before snagging a popart off the top of the refrigerator.

"How are we getting there?" asked Harry, turning to the Headmaster who was wearing the strangest and most bright set of robes that made ones eyes bog out of their heads. Bright lime green and a deepened regal blue. 'God help this man.'

"Port-key! Do you know what one is?" he asked, standing and pulling out a book.

Harry nodded, "Yeah." he walked over and touched it. "Sherbet Ball." with in a second Harry was yanked by his navel and taking off in a glory of vivid color and whirling sounds.

The Ministry of Magic was bustling with workers and people coming out of fireplaces and dusting the soot off their robes. Some apparating and port keying was taking place at the moment. There were murmurs, and as Harry walked beside Dumbledore, they got up to a guard who held out his hand, "Wands." the plump man who was snacking on a donut didn't even acknowledge them.

“How are you doing Lyle?” asked Dumbledore kindly.

The man jumped and almost dropped his donut and stood up flustered, “Professor! Oh right, go on! But I need his wand.”

Harry was hesitant on giving him his wand, “I don’t have one.” He lied.

Dumbledore gave Harry a look who shrugged, “Don’t.”

The man sized Harry up, “What’s your name?”

“None of your business.” said Harry.

“Now now Harry! This is Mr. Potter...” as Dumbledore said that, the intended amount of chaos erupted, and Harry wondered how long would it take to strangle the professor and get the fuck out of here.

“Harry Potter?” whispered voices.

Harry scowled, “Good one old man!” He snapped, “Let’s get this fuckin’ over with.” he grumbled with a detestable voice.

The man who was named Lyle looked stunned at Harry’s use of language.

Harry and Dumbledore walked through the crates a woman with glasses came running over with blonde hair and royal blue fingernails, that looked as if they could wrap nicely around a big-

“Oh Harry! It’s a pleasure to see you again!” said Her bubbly voice.

“Again? We’ve never met.” Harry said, glancing her up and down. She was fine. He thought to himself.

The woman smiled and glanced down at herself, as if he liked what he seen. Her hair was clipped back, and she was wearing tight blue pants and a top with her cloak around her shoulders. Her eyes were a sparkling blue. It was definitely a potion.

“Oh no, but you’ve been gone for so long.” she smiled, “Do you think you can tell us where you’ve been?”

Harry shrugged, “Here and there. Now if you’ll excuse me, I have to go with the old man here! Catch ya later.” he winked and walked with Dumbledore who sighed, “You want to watch Rita Skeeter Harry. She can be a devious person.”

“Can’t we all.” murmured Harry entering the lift.

There were several other people some turning and giving Harry stunned stares.

He leaned against the lift and glanced over his shoulder at the snow. He knew it wasn’t real, they were underground. He could feel the vibrations even if others couldn’t. He could feel the wards. Harry absorbed magic differently than others.

Parker Zabini had told him, that each person has a sack of magic, even muggles. But only a select few actually has the born natural ability to tap into it. It had become apparent that Harry didn’t have a sack of magic, but instead the magic was released through out his whole body, which causes Harry’s senses to ensnare and the more magical the place and the fuller the moon, the more powerful the mysterious teen became.

A beautiful woman was standing in front of him and she turned and smiled warmly. She had to be quite young. He arched an eyebrow and nodded in regards. She just turned back with an extra smile on her face.

Dumbledore just watched Harry with intrigue, he could turn a female on in a heartbeat whether they knew him or not and that was scary. He had to wonder if Harry had part veela in him. He wouldn’t be surprised in the least little bit.

They got to the office, of Amelia Bones. Harry knew who she was, he got the Daily Prophet everyday under a false name. He had always studied Cornelius Fudge, an incompetent wizard who asks Dumbledore for advice every time he got into trouble. What a moron!

Thought Harry, as he entered the large office to see a group of people sitting around. As soon as the Headmaster and Harry were seen they stood in regards.

“Headmaster, have you brought Mr. Potter?” asked Amelia, her voice was a bit louder than normal and she was about forty roughly.

Harry turned, “I’m here.” stated Harry simply, his eyes taking in each person.

A black man with a gold hoop in his ear, who was a bit taller than Harry himself, the woman next to him was a lot shorter with vivid orange hair, that curled around her face and a cute little body. Her robes were a light orange clashing really badly and her eyes were a dark brown. Very nice color he thought to himself. She had to be a metamorphmagus, that’s the only way she could get away with that everyday. On the other side of the room was a man with a glass eye a chunk out of his nose and a cane. Harry knew exactly who that was, Mad Eye Moody. Harry had never met him but Parker talked fondly of him. Next to Moody was another man, and just as Harry thought that was all another man appeared, and he knew exactly who the small portly man was. Cornelius Fudge in all his glory. Let’s see how much fun, Harry can have.

“Mr. Potter! It is a pleasure to have you back!” said Cornelius walking over and extending a hand.

Harry nodded but didn’t smile, “Hello Minister Fudge.” he said, deciding to get on this guys good side.

Harry needed allies, and the allies he was going to get.

Cornelius was positively beaming. “Splendid! Now, young man where have you been? You’ve had us in a pickle!” he told Harry.

Harry sighed, “Here and there.” he decided to play the innocent boy card, and stared down at his feet in a shy way.

Dumbledore arched an eyebrow and looked at Tonks and Kingsley who had watched him for two days before Dumbledore even made a

move. This was NOT the same Harry Potter. Amelia was giving the boy a sympathetic smile.

“You don’t know how hard it was.” said Harry, in a soft voice. “Being by yourself, dreaming every night of your mother and father being murdered. My aunt didn’t like me very well. She don’t like magic.” Harry said in a soft voice, and frowned deeply not looking up at the Minister, who gave a fatherly sigh and touched Harry on the shoulder.

Harry flinched on purpose, and glanced up biting his lower lip.

“It’s OK son, I won’t hurt you.” said Cornelius.

“I had to leave.” Harry said softly. “I had no choice. They hurt me, and made fun of my dad and mum. I didn’t know them, I didn’t know what they looked like or even their names.” said Harry in a soft voice. He made his eyes mist, and glanced up with his sharp eyes softened on the Minister whose heart was beating.

“Dumbledore, what a way you did this boy! You couldn’t place him with better people?” asked the Minister in a chastising voice.

Harry smiled on the inside, jackpot. He seen Amelia Bones, a tear was rolling down her cheek and the others in the room had no idea how to take this young man.

Harry had it all set up. Perfect...

“What can we do son to get you to stay?” asked Cornelius.

Harry looked up his eyes shining, “I just want to be myself. Please don’t make me go back. I have a job, I have money, and I have an apartment.” he said innocently.

Cornelius was absolutely astounded by this boy, and if he played his cards right he could have the boy eating out of his hands, as long as he played the father card.

Little did he know that Harry knew all about Cornelius’ corrupt ways and was going to twist this all around.

"I think It would be safer if Harry was to stay at Hogwarts at the least." said Dumbledore calmly.

Harry shook his head, "No, I don't know my surroundings! I don't want too." he said softly.

"Now Headmaster, we can't have Harry in a place where he isn't use too. He'll be fine for the time being. Harry are you living in clean conditions?" asked Amelia Bones.

Harry nodded, "Yes ma'am." he said.

Amelia was touched at his kind demeanor, "All right then, Headmaster, have you seen his home?"

"Yes I have." said Dumbledore, almost dreading what was going on.

He had expected Harry to act like a snot just like he did with him and the others last night. But instead Harry goes and pulls this. This would not do well with his plans. He had to act and do something.

"But the child needs a guardian. He's on his own and fifteen no not even fifteen." said Dumbledore, concerned.

"Yes, young man that is a problem." said Cornelius with a warm smile.

Harry looked up sheepishly, "I have a good friend who comes and checks on me. I'm fine, I've taken care of myself for a long time." said Harry, in a sheepish voice.

"Well, I don't see why the summer would be any problem as long as he is escorted to Diagon Alley and anywhere in the wizarding world by an Auror. Shackelbolt, Tonks, I want you to pick Harry up at his convenience and take him to Diagon Alley so he can collect his school supplies, and show him his vault."

"Yes Minister." they chorused together, still giving Harry odd looks.

“Harry, there’s something else if you want... you have a godfather.” said Amelia Bones.

Harry’s eyes shot up in honest to god surprise, “Godfather? Me?” asked Harry, looking around all of a sudden.

“Yes son! A man named Sirius Black, we only just discovered recently that he was innocent, a big mistake we made on the young mans part. I’m sure he’d love to meet you.”

Harry hadn’t expected this, he wanted to be by himself, but if this godfather... wait... did he say Sirius Black? Merlin’s balls! Harry thought to himself.

Harry had read about him in the paper, and then read about him breaking out of Azkaban and then about him being on the run for a few now, and just recently a man named Peter Petigrew was caught, a rat of a man, and Sirius Black was freed of all charges. This showed just how incompetent the Ministry of Magic truly was.

Was Harry going to be forced at this man’s place?

“Well.” said Harry speaking slowly now, trying to gather his thoughts.

“I guess, maybe when I go to D... D..Diagon Alley?” asked Harry unsure, who knew perfectly well how to pronounce it.

Cornelius smiled, “Yes Diagon Alley, continue son.”

“I could meet him there, where ever. I mean if they have a coffee shop or someplace for ice cream.” said Harry, softly, staring away at a spot on the ground.

Gods, Harry hadn’t played the childish, innocent card in ages. He figured his appearance made for an imposing look, but apparently not. They were eating right out of his hands. Harry could tell Dumbledore didn’t like it one bit, but he knew the old man would never say anything, he had too much pride. Instead Dumbledore will try to correct the situation when Harry wasn’t around. The teen knew exactly the mind of Dumbledore.

He was taught the ways this man took, the plans, and strategies. Parker had studied the man all seven years of his schooling. His mentor then passed it all on to him, via pensieve.

Harry had Cornelius and Amelia right where he wanted them, and ten minutes later Harry was leaving with his hands in his pockets and walking sheepishly toward the lifts, but as soon as he got in the lifts a grin spread wide over the teens face.

“Gullible son of a bitch.” whispered Harry.

Dumbledore stared sharply at the teen who smirked, “I haven’t played ‘that’ card in a long time.” Harry said with a wicked grin, that caused two of the women to glance at him intriguingly.

“I did not expect you to do that.”

“Of course not. Never expect anything from me.” said Harry staring at Dumbledore sternly.

Dumbledore tried not to shiver, but on the inside he was a nervous wreck. He could usually read someone with simplicity. Even Severus he could read. But reading Harry James Potter was an impossibility of his and that unsettled the old man greatly.

Dumbledore activated a port key for Harry, “Harry, Kingsley and Tonks will be at your house on the first to take you to Diagon Alley, and you are to meet Sirius in Diagon Alley at the Ice Cream shop. You do know where its at? Five o clock?”

“Yes, Headmaster.” said Harry simply.

“Good. I’ll see you soon Harry.”

“Hmm. Sure you will.” with that Harry disappeared leaving a very disgruntled old man behind.

Chapter Three: Introducing Parker Zabini

Harry appeared home just before Candy went to work, she jumped high in the air from the couch in shock, as she seen Harry standing there.

“What the fuck!” she gasped.

Harry busted out laughing, seeing her touch her chest. She was wearing a black mini skirt and a white tank top and her blue Wal-Mart. Her hair was in a black headband.

“Wow! You look hot.” He admitted, as he straightened up, “Port key! Takes you from one place to another instantly.

“Wow! Shew you scared me.” She eased back down with a gulp, she had her feet on the couch and her legs spread slightly, she was reading a magazine. He could see her white panties.

“Nice view.” he said with a grin.

Candy just giggled, “Like?” she asked, them opening even more.

Harry just nodded, “Mhmm.” he slid next to her, “How much time you got?”

“Thirty minutes before I have to leave.” she said, with a grin.

“You’ll need to let me know what’s going on with you.” he said, as she slid into his lap.

“Ok, I know you don’t want to be a couple, and neither do I. I don’t think we’d work.”

Harry agreed, “Yeah, but you have a place anytime you need.”

She pressed her mouth against his tasting the sweetness, as Harry held her tightly against him his hands running down her back, and raising her skirt up with his eager hands.

Before she left, she redressed and shook her head, "I won't be back tonight. I have to go to mum's and tell her." Harry nodded, "OK!" Harry was reading through a book, it was Hogwarts A History.

Harry had some time to kill before Oscar picked him up so he made himself useful with using his hand to clean the house and then his bedroom where clothes was strung all over the floor.

Harry had a fascinating wandless magical gift, that no one knew of. Harry was precise in keeping it quiet. Only Parker knew.

As the boy thought about Parker, he had to remember to visit him. After a quick clean and a large lunch, Harry poked his head out of the window blinds, and just as he suspected that little Metamorphmagus was watching his house. She was walking a dog and she looked way to upper class and for the fact she tripped over the leash twice.

Harry would have to sneak his way around her. Closing the blinds he walked back to his room. Grabbing his leather jacket he slipped out of the window, and gently closed it back, before looking around and disappearing on the spot.

When Harry appeared, he was at the edge of Knockturn Alley. He slid a black bandanna over his head, and slid the jacket on and slid through the gates into the gloomy dilapidated street. A flock of black birds scattered at Harry's entrance.

Passing Borgin 'n' Burkes, he got to the a large pub called the Spiny Serpent. The doors were green glass stain and it was the nicest pub around, even nicer than the Leaky Cauldron.

Entering the crowded pub he searched the room, and grinned when he seen a spiky male brunette arguing with a very irritated customer.

Harry glided over, as he heard, "I told you for the tenth time Lucius, I am neutral." Parker's darkened eyes narrowed, "I'm not for the light and I'm not for the Dark. I stay out of it and study on my own terms." said Parker sternly.

Lucius Malfoy was standing there in all his glory, his pale blonde hair pulled back. Harry read all about him, oh yes. Harry slid on the stool and waited.

Parker glanced over and arched an eyebrow. Harry just nodded.

“Fine Parker, since you helped me out of a small situation I will tell him, that you aren’t for the light. I shall smooth things over for you Parker, tell him that you are being watched very closely and can’t even move without an Auror tailing your arse. But, I can’t do it again.” Lucius smoothly glided out of the pub that had an anti apparation charm around it. Parker hated people popping in like that.

“Harry! Hey bud! Everything OK?” Parker gave him five and sent him a shot of fire whisky.

Taking a shot of it, Harry shook his head, “They found me Parker.”

Parker frowned and wiped down the table, and glanced around his pub, before raising his wand and a loud explosion of fireworks were sent off, everyone jumped and turned, “This pub is closing in ten minutes. Tomorrow will reopen and the first twenty people in here will get free drinks for a half hour.” said Parker sternly.

There were groans but then grins about free beer. No one could pass that up, so they all got up chairs scooting out, and made for the door.

Harry watched through the mirror behind Parker as every last person slipped out of the pub.

Parker did a listening sweep and then a location sweep before using his wand to conceal the locks and place an unplotable location. Every time Parker closed the shop he did this. Kept drunks from breaking in.

“Spill!” said Parker, grabbing a bottle of Firewhisky and sliding over the bar and sitting next to Harry.

Harry took the bottle having all ready taken his shot, "The old man found me. I still haven't got any idea how, but he did. He came to my house with Snape and McGonagall."

Parker snorted, "Snape... yes, he was an all right friend of mine. Not that bad, a little slimy and eerie."

Harry snorted, "No way." Harry said sarcastically.

Parker smirked, "McGonagall, she had a strong backbone, I tell you. She's one hard arse woman. But, she's a fair woman even with the Slytherins." said Parker, rubbing his chin in remembrance.

The lines on his face showed his age, but his smile and energy made him anything but old. Twenty years older than Harry, Parker had been a blessing to him.

"That's not all. I got re-registered and I have to go to Hogwarts."

Parker frowned, "Damn, they say it's a safe place." Parker snorted, "That's bull shit. It's not safe."

"Yeah well, I made friends with Amelia Bones and Cornelius Fudge. I used the innocent child card."

Parker smirked, "Aw... smart move Harry. You may need them one of these days." he said pulling out a cigarette from Harry's pack, and lighting it.

Harry scratched his cheek, in thought, "Well that's not half of my problems right now. There's something else, something OTHER than magical problems."

"What's that bud?" Parker asked, his kid brother with a smile.

Harry groaned and bowed his head, "Remember that girl I introduced to you a couple months ago? Candy?"

"Oh yeah! The hot chick with the cute arse! What about her?"

Harry stared up at Parker, "She's pregnant."

Parker inhaled the smoke the wrong way and started coughing, in horror, "W.. what the fuck?" his eyes wide and watery as he took a swig of whisky.

"Are you out of your mind Harry?"

Harry groaned, "I used protection, at least a couple times." said Harry, rubbing his eyes. Coming from Parker this is bad.

"Oh shit, Harry! You've put yourself in a situation. Are you sure its not yours?"

"I got the blood type, its RH negative! I'm RH negative! That's a rare blood type, and you know it. Most RH negatives are wizards... and I doubt she's been in contact with any other wizard besides me."

"Oh man, kid you've got yourself in a jam this time."

Harry snorted, "Ain't that the truth." the pony tailed teen then looked at Parker, "Weren't you suppose to visit your brother and niece?"

Parker smirked, "I did! Last week. I didn't stay very long. It was nice to see my niece though. She's your age." he told Harry.

Harry took a long drag off the end of his cigarette put it out and took one last drink.

"Not even five and I'm all ready getting pissed!" Harry murmured.

"What are you going to do?" asked Parker.

"No, fuckin' idea. I guess, have it and share time with the child. One things for certain, I have to stop smoking." he said staring longingly at the pack of his cigarettes.

Parker snorted, "Good luck."

“I’ve smoked more with in the passed two days than I have in a week. I usually go through half a pack but this is the second pack out of the carton.” Harry said, wiggling his fingers biting back the stress that eases up on him.

Parker just chuckled, and stared at the little brother he became to attached too. He could remember when Harry stumbled into Knockturn Alley by accident. He was shivering cold and trying to hard not to cry. He was laying beside the dumpster outside of the pub that Parker inherited from his Great Uncle. The boy was shivering and curled up in a small ball. Parker knew instantly who he was when he seen the scar, and his heart went out to the child. That’s when Parker took Harry in as his own. They played him off in the wizarding world as Harry Evans and no one thought a thing of it. He helped out in the pub with Parker, and the child was the fastest little kid he had ever seen. Not only fast on his feet but fast with magic. He always wore a determined expression on his face. The boy was always independent. He always worked for everything, he got.

Parker knew deep down that the boy only wanted to be loved, but was too afraid to let anyone in. He was the only one who got anywhere. Being the only man alive to ever see Harry Potter cry a river of tears because of nightmares or cry because he was tired of life. That was something you couldn’t take a way from the heart. It was held near and dear and no matter how many times Harry and he fault, which was a lot. He would never turn the boy away. He couldn’t. It was a locked debt, from the trouble he caused as a teen who went into the services of Lord Voldemort like a blind idiot.

Harry didn’t know how long he had stayed and talked to Parker, they ate a small bite together, the house elf, Wally had sent them something to eat. Parker was never fond of Elves, but all for Harry he became friends with Wally, and it proved to be a good thing.

That was the odd thing about Harry, he was very considerate for people who were in bad situations no matter who they were. He was also sure that if this ‘Candy’ broad, even if the baby wasn’t his, he would do something someway to ensure she was all right and help. That’s just the type of guy Harry was. But first you must dig deeper into the shell of Harry and find that warm part. It wasn’t as hard as

one might think. One simple gesture, depending on what it was could grant you Harry's trust for life, just like one simple mistake could render you untrustworthy... for life.

"How far along is she?" asked Parker.

"Nine weeks. I haven't told anyone. Not the Ministry, not Dumbledore. This is going to stay quiet! One, if Voldemort got a hold of this who knows what'll happen. Two, I don't want anyone to use my child as some sort of symbol, and three I'm so young they may try to take it from Candy, even if she is of age."

"Don't blame you there kid, not at all. What did you tell Dumbledore?"

Harry smirked, "I told him what I wanted. He didn't want to agree, but he had no choice. He needs me, I don't need him."

Parker grinned, he taught his brother well, "Good. Keep it like that. No matter what he says and what he does. You know the rules. I made you study them and quiz them."

Harry snorted, "That you did my friend." Patting Parker on the back, the man chuckled, and took the last swig.

Harry scoffed, but smirked, "I better get going. I'm going out tonight with some of the guys from the construction work. Thanks for... erm... closing and losing money."

Parker snorted, "Its all right. Anything for you." said Parker with a smile on his face.

Harry grinned, "See ya Parker."

When Harry left, worry stretched across Parker's face as he walked over to the fireplace and threw it in, and stuck his head into the fire.

"Ving Vang, Vander." if Parker could he would have rolled his eyes and shook his head. 'What a name for a fire call.' The Slytherin felt ridiculous for saying it in the first place.

His head popped in and settled onto the flames, in a room that was made up of white fur rugs and quilts. The whole room smelled of a strange antiseptic.

“Yo ho! Well look who it is! Parker Zabini! What the fuck are you doing in my fire?” teased the extremely tall and lanky pale face and eyed man walking through and bending down.

“Harry.” said Parker simply.

Eyebrow’s arched up and the man stared at him, “What about him?” asked Vander.

“Dumbledore found him. He’s being sent to Hogwarts on the first.”

“Shit! That’s dangerous. Hogwarts isn’t as safe as people make it out to be. I know!” said Vander bitterly.

The two hundred year old vampire, sat on the floor in Indian style. His face was narrow and long and he had a bit of chin hair moving down into a curl. His teeth were long white and sharp.

How Harry became friends with these people, Parker never knew. The boy had friends in low and strange places.

“I thought you’d like to know, I think he needs protection and I don’t think Dumbledore’s so called ORDER is going to be of much use to the cunning, brilliant, courageous and most sarcastic little bastard that we all know and love.” said Parker.

Vander chortled at the comments about Harry. That was true. Harry was an enigma if he had ever seen one. Befriend anyone, no matter who or what they were. Putting his life on the line for anyone, even if they weren’t worth it.

“I can talk to some friends! I’m meeting my V-Pack in forty five minutes.”

Parker would have shivered had his head not been in the fire. He didn’t want to hear about the feeding him and his friends did.

"All right, would you update me on this? I'm going to gather his other group of friends."

Vander smirked, "Yeah, I'll contact you via bat." Parker hated bats, but nodded, "Great! How about Monday night at ten we meet at my pub? I'll shut down early and give you a password to come on in. Bring your friends, I'll bring Harry's other friends and we'll begin our own little... order you could say but instead of putting Harry in danger and making him miserable, we'll just keep tabs and watch, make sure our little friend and my brother is fine."

Vander nodded liking the idea, Harry meant a lot to him, his little daughter was nearly killed by a Slayer, but Harry blocked it, and that meant the world to Vander as well as the other vampires. They knew after that incident, that Harry was the real deal and doesn't harm anyone without proper reasoning. Sure he lied, cheated, and stole to get what he wanted, but he never took or cheated the people who were in trouble.

It wasn't before long Parker disappeared from the fire, and waited for his head to stop spinning before getting up and sliding on his cloak. He had another unexpected appointment, and this one was even worse than talking to Vampires.

There is Parker Zabini... I hope I answered the questions that were sent my way. I have a whole outline planned for this, but I don't mind ideas, throw them my way and if I use them I will credit you for this. I think the rating may definitely go up soon... what do you think?

Chapter Four: Unexpected Meetings

The room was filthy, and the covers drawn up around the occupants indicated some serious drinking and partying going on.

Harry awoke with the largest of hangovers. He had stayed that night at a motel inside of Dutch Tavern. He was so pissed he hardly went anywhere and the last thing he remembered was sneaking upstairs with a tall brunette.

Glancing over with a painful wince, he noticed the brunette fast asleep on her side.

Shaking his head, he flipped his legs and sat on the side of the bed rubbing the ache that was slowly getting bigger and bigger.

He fumbled for his belt, and snagged off one of the little studs, when he did it immediately turned into a Hang Over Cure. He glanced over at the girl and downed it at the same time, and making a disgusted face. Just as he snapped the empty phial back in place his headache was slowly dwindling to a very light throb, and then no more.

After getting his boxers and jeans on he came out, with a wince. His scar was doing some tingling. This happened sometime last month, but then it stopped for awhile.

Harry had an idea what it meant. His mentor had told him it was a connection between him and Voldemort. Great! If normal headaches in his head wasn't enough, he had to have a fully grown, evil, and demented wizard's connection inside of his head. Harry vaguely wondered if that's where Harry had his crude sense of humor.

"Mm... you leaving now?" asked a soft voice.

Harry glanced over at the brunette, who was looking up on her stomach. No clothes on and a sheet draped over her. Maria, was that her name? He thought to himself.

To play it safe he sat down on the bed, "Not just yet. How old are you?" No questions were asked last night.

“Twenty three.”

Harry turned away fighting a laugh, no one knew his age. Not anyone. You’d never guess in a million years. Harry sometimes had to wonder if women got a kick out of sleeping with young guys. Surely he didn’t look twenty three? Maybe eighteen or nineteen at best.

“Oh I see.”

“Do you work?” asked the woman. That was the women’s first question directing toward him. Always! Do you work?

“Yes, at a Construction site. What do you do?”

“I’m a dancer!” she smiled and sat up. That would explain the long legs. Thought Harry to himself.

“Really... and you forgot to show me how you dance last night?” he asked, a smirk crawling up his lips.

She just laughed, “Come by the Pink Bunny sometime! I’m there during the week.” she said getting on her knees.. The sheet draped around her, and Harry started to feel woozy again. She has to do this to a teen? Although, for her part she had no idea.

“Do you have a stage name that way I can ask for you personally?” this was a good way to get her real name.

“No just Mary.” she said with a smile. “They like my name for some reason.”

“Sounds innocent.” said Harry. He was close! He had the first three letters right.

There was a pound on Harry’s door, “Hey, Evans! If you want to get home today, you better come with me!” said the gruff voice of Oscar. He had stayed too. Harry had stole the man’s keys. If anyone was drunk, it was Oscar.

“All right! Be out in a moment.” he turned to her, “Can I get your number?” He never really called them. He just did that to keep in good. Never knew when you needed an ally.

She smiled brightly, “You probably won’t call. One night stands never do.” That sealed it, he had to call her. Dammnit! He thought to himself, as she scribbled it down and handed it to him.

“Mmm... autograph. I may stop in at the Pink Bunny.” he kissed her on the lips, and turned facing the opposite way so he could put his boots on.

She moved and wrapped her arms around him with a light giggle. Her hands going through his hair. Harry closed his eyes, “What are you doing?”

“Nothing, I love long hair. I just wanted to run my fingers through it.”

Harry just groaned feeling her claws, “I wish Oscar hadn’t came up to me all ready.” He murmured.

“Call me, maybe we can go out sometime.” she purred in his ear.

He may definitely do that if he wasn’t at school.

“Where did you get this done at? I don’t think Taylor Tattoos can do this good of job?” She was rubbing the large dragon that was spread over Harry’s back. It was green, silver, red, blue, and purple mixed. It was a flaming Hybrid, that Harry had picked up in one of the magical books.

“Oh, that was done not too long ago. Up north.” he said, making this up as he went along, it was really Knockturn Alley.

“Oh.” she said, her hands going over it. Harry still felt the tiny scar they imprinted into him. The thing didn’t move like a portrait, Harry denied that, he didn’t want it to soar all around his body, but when you looked at it in the light it was holographic, and looked quite stunning.

She slid over, and her lips met his and he drew her in for a long delicious kiss.

"I've got to go! My rides waiting on me." He told her, as they parted.

She smiled and moved back, as he stood and slid his jacket on, "Call me please."

He smirked, "I will." he winked, and headed out, to see Oscar waiting with a smirk on his stubby face.

"How long does it take to get a Bj." he teased.

Harry snorted, "She wasn't doing that! I was getting dressed!" he said just as a young girl came out of a room and tripped on her own feet.

Harry rolled his eyes, definitely one of Dumbledore's people. He hoped she heard everything last night and goes to tell Dumbledore what he was up too. He smiled to himself as he thought of the look on the old mans face. It was the same girl that was outside his house.

"She followed you up last night! I think she wanted her dibs on you." teased Oscar.

Harry snorted, "Doubt it." he snickered as they scaled down the steps into the empty bar.

No one was there not even the bartender. Way to early for that.

The sun was beaming down all around London, and the hustle and bustle of shoppers on the other side of the street was crowded and busy. Only drunks and drinkers came on this side of the street. It was known as the A Strip, because all down through this place was nothing but pubs, clubs, and taverns. Harry liked Dutch Tavern though, he could go shoot pool, no one ID'd him and anyone who tried to pick a fight, the bartender was there and looked after Harry.

"Let's go! My woman's gonna kill me!"

Harry only smirked, as he slid into the passenger side of the truck, and pulled out his pack of cigarettes and grumbled, "Wouldn't stop by the drive thru ey?" he asked, noticing how low he was.

"Sure thing." said Oscar with a smirk.

Harry staggered into his house, with an exhausted sigh and rubbed his eyes before passing out on the couch and staring up at the ceiling, just as a tap tap, was heard at the window.

Harry glanced over to see a brown owl sitting perched on the window.

Harry grumbled with himself before pulling his wand out and waved it, toward the window, it slid up, and the owl flew through, with a letter attached.

"Who you from?" he mumbled, and took the letter and arched an eyebrow when he did not recognize the handwriting.

Dear Harry,

I don't know how to address this, its quite awkward. I have thought about how to contact you all night long and I was told to just go ahead and write. First, allow me to introduce myself. My name is Sirius William Black, I am your christened godfather. I was your father's best friend. I have heard you know all about the wizarding world and you probably know all about me, almost all. I am thankful that you were found Harry. You were the only reason I escaped Azakaban, and then when I heard that Dumbledore didn't have you in his care, I was devastated, I was so frightened that you were dead, and it takes a lot to frighten me. I know you don't know me, and I don't know you, but I would like to get together and talk. The Aurors said they'd take you to Diagon Alley, but I honestly want to talk to you personally and alone. I know, from the stories I've been told you bend a lot of rules. That's your father inside of you! You have the Marauder Blood, and that's useful. I'll explain everything when I see you.

Is there any possible way you and I can meet without guards around? I know you're bright and could think of something. You may not trust

me, and I do not blame you in the slightest. I'm just itching to meet you, meet my godson, the one that I thought about all those years in Azkaban. I worried about you, wondering if you were well. I want to know you Harry. I want to know you, and not what others tell me. Please give me a chance.

Your Godfather,

Sirius W. Black

To say the least, Harry was bewildered by the letter, and for some reason he felt the instinct that it was true and honestly written by his godfather. He was a bit wary, yes, but he liked his godfather's thoughts on the guards and him being able to bend rules. They might get along. But what if this was a set up? Harry had to find out a way to get around it. The man knew what he looked like, due to the Daily Prophet. Harry glanced over at the moving picture of him talking to Rita Skeeter. Harry even caught himself winking at her. That was likely to get a rouse out of people. His name was plastered over the whole thing. The only other thing that was mentioned was a donation to St. Mungo's at the bottom of the page. The rest was all about Harry. He was pleased to note that Rita had a very good article about him not taking any shit off of people and he was just the man they were looking for. Talked all about his backbone, he had and the phrases he used, especially to Lyle and the old-man mention. He knew Dumbledore was likely either embarrassed or pretending to not notice. That man only seen what he wanted, it was sad.

Harry grabbed the notebook out from under the coffee table and one of his pens, and jotting an answer down to Sirius' letter. It would be interesting to meet the man.

He just hoped this wouldn't be a mistake...

-

Harry awoke the morning of his birthday, and frowned as he got dressed. He was nervous, and Harry didn't get nervous very often. He refused to admit to himself that Sirius may be someone to talk to and confide in.

Gritting his teeth, he got dressed. Leaving his black hair down, he adjusted the black baggy jeans and the belt he almost always wore. Black really did fit him good. Instead of his leather jacket he wore a white wife beater tank top and a blue silky button up shirt over it. Not tucking it in and leaving it unbuttoned Harry quickly put in his magical lens' and winced at the small sting. Harry was able to see under invisibility cloaks this way. Parker had suggested he get them. They also allowed him to look through solid objects, as long as it wasn't lime rock. Harry couldn't see through the material with his lens, you needed a special spell on it to go that far, and from what Harry was told the sacrifices weren't entirely thrilling.

The telephone rang, as Harry came out adjusting his belt. Snagging it off the wall, he heard Candy's voice at the other end of the line.

"I just thought you'd like to know that the 12th of August, I'm going to the Dr.'s for an update."

"Do you want me there?" he asked.

"I would like you there. I have to go by myself. My mum wasn't to thrilled about it. You know... her and her Catholic ways. As a matter of fact, she told me.. I was a disgrace and... a.." she sniffed and Harry felt his heart stiffen.

"Hey, don't think about that OK! I got your back Candy. She'll calm down soon."

She hiccupped, "I... I hope so. My dad wasn't much better. He just stormed out the second I told them and he didn't look back at me."

Harry could hear the pain in her voice, and sighed, "Where you at now?" he asked.

"My apartment. I don't have work today."

"Well, today's my birthday...."

“Oh! Is it! I had no idea.” she gasped, and then sniffled. “Happy Birthday.”

He smiled at the phone, “Thanks, I have to go meet someone right now, but I’ll be back. When I’ll be back, I have no idea.” he admitted. “Oh, when you get back we could go do something! Go out to eat...”

“That’d be great.” “I’ll pay this time! Is seven good? Or are you not sure?”

“Seven is fine. I don’t think I’m going to talk to my godfather for over seven hours.”

She laughed, “oh you have a godfather?”

“Yeah, I was just told.”

“Oh wow! Well good luck!”

“Thanks, see you and don’t let your parents get you down.” hanging up he poked his head out the window and did a scan with his wand for any signs of magical people and he was surprised to feel two magical beings near him.

After a more thorough search he was surprised to find one concealed behind a rust bucket of a car, he was a strange man one you’d really see on this side of the town. He was wearing an ol’ wool coat, and his ginger-hair was all over the place. He looked as if to be muttering to himself not paying a lick of attention to the apartment that he was suppose to be watching and the other, made Harry wince. The man known as Alastor Moody was hiding behind an invisibility cloak. He was glaring disdainfully at the ginger-haired man. That magical eye was causing a serious problem. He could probably look straight in here to see what he was doing.

Harry cursed to himself and walked out and to the book shelf, and turned his back to the window. The man can’t see through flesh. Flipping through an old ancient tomb he had found in Knockturn Alley last year, that helped put a block on magical objects. Harry didn’t have a glass eye, he had lens’ which were much different. A glass

eye has its ups and downs, its for a person who don't have an eye at all. Harry had both of his, and wasn't ready to get one of Moody's eyes.

"Magical Eye's magical Eyes!" He mumbled, thumbing through the dusty tomb. "Bingo!"

Skimming over the words he found a spell that would put up a block against magical eyes for five hours, and then the spell would weaken and fall. It was better than nothing. Harry had a feeling Dumbledore would pull this especially on his birthday.

Sliding the tomb back in its place, he kept his back to the window, and closed his eyes, and concentrated on his whole apartment being built up from the floor. The tingles slipped through him, and out of his body and all around, he felt warm and tingly all over. There was an unexpected flash, before Harry smiled and focused his eye, and was happy that he could not see through the walls into the next apartment.

Smirking he turned and looked back out of the window to see Moody arguing to beggar looking man.

Harry just snorted and ran to his bedroom and lifted up the screen and slid out just like yesterday.

The Leaky Cauldron was filled with a variety of people. Harry's hair covered his scar, and as he gazed his eyes around he seen in the back a man with black hair that was as long as his own, wearing black robes, and his leg under the table was shaking and his gray eyes were glancing around swiftly. The man didn't hide his emotions very well, then again, twelve years in Azkaban could really do that to a person. Harry thought to himself.

Gathering himself together, he closed his eyes wiped his mind of all emotions, and strolled over toward the table.

"Sirius Black?" Harry said, in a steady and even voice.

Sirius jumped like a spider and stared up evenly at Harry. They were the same height.

"H.. Harry!" He whispered, his throat was hoarse and his breathing was heavy.

Harry nodded, "Hello Sirius."

Harry didn't have time for what happened next, the man grabbed Harry in a bone crushing hug. Something Harry had hardly ever had. He was startled, and almost spat something before swallowing the nasty remark and nodding but not touching Sirius.

"Wow! You've grown! Lily's eyes, amazing." said Sirius star struck.

He was staring at Harry as if he had never seen anyone so amazing. "I.. I ordered butterbeer!" He said, as he sat down.

Harry could see the sweat on his brow as Harry slid in across from him.

"Happy Birthday." He said, and Harry arched an eyebrow upwards.

"You knew my birthday?"

"Of course I do! I only changed your nappies and let you spit up on me! Oh and piss on me twice." He said, and Harry could help but laugh at the remark. .

That broke the ice, "I just... was a bit surprised."

"Don't be, man! You look so much like the both of them. Your father's hair, and shape of his face, your mothers eyes, nose, and lips, her high cheekbones, but your father's chin. Yes, I see it." He said, his eyes twinkling.

"I've read about you." said Harry.

Sirius frowned, "This is a story I didn't want to get into. But seeing as I haven't a choice." he said leaning back and rubbing his face. He looked at Harry, "There's more to the story, than the papers let on."

Harry looked at him, "Oh? Go on."

Sirius looked almost fearful, "You know what the Fidelius Charm is?"

Harry snorted, "Yes! Hide something or someone in plain site." he waved his hand for Sirius to continue.

"Your parents and yourself was placed under it by Dumbledore. I was made their secret keeper. Now remember back then it was very hard to trust anyone... and James and Lily trusted me with their lives." He gulped and breathed in again, before continuing, "I thought it was too obvious. Surely, everyone knew how close I was to the Potters, someone would have suspected and back then we had a spy in our midst, and in a million years we never would have guessed it was Peter Petigrew." Frowning again and this time so deeply the lines showed on his prematurely aging face. "We thought it was Remus Lupin."

"The werewolf?" Harry asked, forgetting himself.

"How did you know?" asked Sirius, all of a sudden.

Harry bit his lip, "Papers." He lied.

"Oh, oh yeah." Sirius nodded, "Anyway, it wasn't him. But, I had this idea to switch secret keepers! No one would expect Peter Petigrew, no matter what. It was the biggest mistake of my life." he told Harry. "I handed the Potters your parents and you over to Voldemort on a silver platter and had no idea what I was doing. I was blamed for it, they had no idea Peter was the secret keeper. Dumbledore was off on serious business when we made the sudden switch. Less than a week later after Peter had switched he gave the information to Voldemort." Sirius bowed his head in shame, and Harry sat there listening to the whole thing.

He swallowed the lump in his throat, he wasn't about to take out his emotions right now. No way. He hadn't cried since he was six-years-old, and he wasn't going to start. The pain in his chest was severe, although it wasn't heart attack type of pain it was emotions, something Harry didn't feel very often. So it was overwhelming. Harry

didn't know occlumency but he did know how to move away from mind invaders, and he did know how to block his lies, from penetration. It was an ol' muggle trick, learning to believe your own lies. (a.n. That is very true! it's a psychological thing, it makes you pass lie detector tests.)

"It wasn't your fault. You shouldn't dwell on something you had no control over Sirius." said Harry simply.

Sirius looked up his eyes were shining, he was startled at the tone Harry used. It betrayed no emotion, yet he said it in a way that was a fact.

"But.."

Harry cut him off, "If I walk out of this pub right now and a woman stumbles in front of a passing car and I didn't get to her in time, does that make it my fault that she got hit?"

Sirius opened his mouth and shook his head, "No."

"We can't help what happens Sirius. It was fate, fate is a cruel and dangerous thing. It swallows you up and drags you to hell and back whether you like it or not. Think of it this way. If my parents hadn't died, then a ton of other innocent people would have died. Voldemort never would have been defeated."

Sirius couldn't believe, that this was his godson. He had gotten warnings from Tonks and Kingsley about how big of a snarky brat he was.

Sirius wondered if it was just people who thought they knew more than him. He knew how that was, his whole family were like that.

After they got off the subject of Harry's parents and the story, Sirius asked about him.

"Well, I work at a Construction site, I have my own apartment. You can come over anytime." that was the first time he had ever invited someone from the wizarding world to his apartment other than Parker.

Sirius smiled, "You're fifteen!"

Harry nodded, "Been working for a year and a half. I've lived here and there. I've had to skirt by the law a few times to keep from getting taken into Children's Services but with magic its easy."

Sirius arched an eyebrow, "Who taught you magic?"

"Parker Zabini."

Sirius blanched, "He's a deatheater!"

"He's neutral." Harry insisted, "He took me in when I was five."

"No one knew who you were?"

"Nope, I went by Harry Evans. No one knew the difference, I always tied my hair back or hid my scar under a bandanna. I got good at concealing myself."

"Wow, that's amazing. So now, Dumbledore's dragging you back eh?"

"Yep, but I'm doing this on my own terms. I don't need him." Harry said shaking his head, and pulling out a cigarette.

Sirius opened his mouth to say something but thought better of it and closed it. As soon as he got to know Harry better they'd have a talk about him smoking.

"Do you know.." he looked at Harry who nodded, and took a long drag, "Yes, I know about the stupid prophecy." He said pocketing his lighter when a white haired man came over asking if they needed anything.

"Allow me since its your birthday." said Sirius, who ordered two fish and chips meal.

"Extra vinegar!" Harry pointed out.

“Yes sir.” said the man walking away from the private booth.

“Harry, I know we don’t know each other well, and I’m glad to be able to talk to you, and I have a Birthday gift for you. It’s not really a gift, mostly but it was your fathers, and I know he wanted you to have this. Took a lot of persuasion to get it from Dumbledore, but then I told him it was rightfully yours and that he owed me this for locking me away.” Sirius smirked, “You’re not the only one who can cheat to get what he needs.”

Harry just smirked at the man and took the silver package.

“Thanks!” he opened it and arched an eyebrow, “Wow! An Invisibility Cloak! Wicked.” he said, touching the smooth watery material.

“Your father and I used that quite often.”

Harry grinned, and nodded, “Thank you, very much.” he said in all honesty.

Sirius smirked, “You’re welcome..”

The had lunch together, Sirius mainly chatted about Harry’s father and mother, telling him as much as he could, about their times at Hogwarts.

“Your mother couldn’t stand James until the last year of Hogwarts, when she finally softened up too him.”

“Why was that?” asked Harry, dipping the fish into the vinegar.

Sirius chuckled, “Aw... the boy had quite an inflated head.”

“Arrogant?” asked Harry.

Sirius laughed, “You could say that. She was the only one who never melted at his smile or swooned when ever he messed his hair up.”

Harry snorted, “She sounded great. James too.”

Sirius smiled and had a soft glint in his eyes of sadness, but it was gone a moment later.

“Would you like to walk around Diagon Alley?” asked Sirius.

Harry shrugged, “Why not.”

It was quiet between the godfather and godson as they walked down the crowded cobblestone strip.

“When did you get those piercing?” asked Sirius with amusement.

Harry laughed, “Last year, I thought I could use a different look.”

He laughed, “They look good.” entering the Owl Emporium, Harry glanced around him with curiosity. The hooting and chirping from birds and hawks could be heard clearly.

“I love flying creatures.” he told Sirius, who smiled.

“How about as a true gift from me, let me buy you whatever pet you wish!” Harry never turned down free gifts, no matter what! Always take what you can get, was a saying he heard often.

“All right.” Harry smiled and strolled over to the owls. None of them really caught his eye. Some even turned away at Harry as if they were stuck up. Owls and personalities. He thought bitterly.

He could get a snake, but then Sirius would be suspicious. Harry decided to pass on them anyway. He didn’t need anyone finding out about his Parseltongue abilities.

Thumbs in the pockets of his jeans he glided through the owls and even the cats. He passed a kitten that meowed, he backed up and glanced over at it and arched an eyebrow, and bent down, to take a better look.

It was a long haired ginger haired kitten with startling green eyes that matched Harry’s. It had dark tiger stripes down its back and paws.

"Well hello there." he said, moving closer. The kitten meowed and licked Harry's nose, causing a light laugh from the teen. "I've never been fond of cats but, you're something different." he admitted as he held out his hand for the kitten to lick. She purred and rubbed herself against his hand.

Opening the cage he pulled the her out and held her to his chest. She meowed and snuggled up to him. A smile flittered over Harry's face as he walked over to the carrying case, kitten in his arms.

Sirius glided over and was mildly shocked at the kitten he had in his arms.

"Interesting choice."

"Yeah she grew on me." said Harry with a grin.

Sirius bought the food and necessary supplies for Harry's new kitten.

"Got a name for her?" asked Sirius as they walked out of the shop and onto the street.

"Yes! Lily." said Harry.

A grin spread over Sirius' face, "I think that's a great name."

"You and I both."

"Are we still meeting tomorrow? I mean, no one knows you and I are meeting today."

Harry nodded, "I still have to get my school supplies, and get into my vault."

Sirius nodded, "OK, Ice Cream shop same time?" he asked Harry who smiled,

"Same time."

A.N.

Bobboky: Harry has flaws, he only knows what's in his heart. That's the only limits he knows of.

Imill123: Everyone assumed Harry was dead. Even Voldemort. He figured Harry would be a problem more on Voldemort is coming up soon.

Shadowed Rains: Didn't know that! I've only read a few on here maybe I'll check it out so I don't accidentally nab something.

Athenakitty: Wait and see. Did you take notice that Harry is more sarcastic and annoying with people he wants to respect? You'll find out about the Dursleys soon. As for Dumbledore... (Grins Evilily)

About Vander, he is a vampire. It puzzles even Parker how Harry did it. Besides, Parkers full blooded Slytherin. He's a bit biased, but not more so than our beloved Snape.

SunnySmiles: Yes, I made Blaise a girl because Parker is a guy, and I figured he'd be more protective and closer to Blaise. She will have a small role, there's many ships.

EverGreen Sceptre- Cool name. Yes Parker Obliviated Ollivander, but Harry took the wrap for it. Yes the baby is Harry's.

Dumbledore: Thanks for telling me! I don't mind anonymous reviews, honestly. I just forgot all about it. Thanks for letting me know, and I still haven't decided Slytherin, Ravenclaw, or Gryffindor. Harry's not biased against the houses. He has his own mind now. So... it will vary.

Thank you everyone else! I love the reviews.

Chapter Five: So Many Twits So Little Time

Harry awoke again to a loud knocking at the door. He groaned and rolled over, his arms sliding under his pillow, pressing his face against it he tried to drown it out. His birthday was yesterday and although he didn't get drunk, he still was exhausted. He didn't know Candy could be so fun. He didn't want to drink and get her tempted, that baby was his and it would be taken care of the right way.

"Hold on!" shouted Harry raising his head up.

The knocking stopped and Harry laid back down on the bed with a grumble, "Insane wizards!"

It was a few moments before Harry struggled up. Not caring if they stayed outside all day, Harry wasn't rushing, he was going to take his time.

He closed his eyes, and put up the block just in case Moody was with them.

He came out of the shower and rolled his eyes at the knocking.

Ignoring it, he went about his routine. It wasn't till twenty minutes later he opened the door too see two very annoyed wizards. The tall black Auror and Tonks, the girl who does nothing but trip.

"Are you ready?" she asked, her eyes crossed. Harry just rolled his eyes, "Oh yeah, I asked you to come by and be my guard and tail me every five minutes! Yeah, I'm so sorry, I made you wait." Harry's voice had sarcasm causing a glare from Tonks.

Harry shrugged, "It's your fuckin fault, not mine." he stated simply.

"Hey watch the tone!" said Tonks.

Kingsley choosing not to speak, knowing better. He vaguely knew what it was like to grow up rough.

Harry smirked, "As if I would listen to you." Harry mumbled clipping his wallet to his back pocket and connecting the silver chain.

The jeans today were tighter than usual and the jean shirt he was wearing had the sleeves ripped off.

His combat boots made for an interesting outfit. Even Tonks noticed, although, she learned to stay passive when near a good looking guy. She knew what Harry was about besides, he was a kid! But, that didn't stop him from picking up chicks in bars. Tonks tried not to shiver at the thought of Harry and what he could do in the bedroom. She had to stay professional, besides this guy isn't the Boy Who Lived, this is a crazy teen with raging hormones and a bad arse attitude. Too bad, bad arse also means attractive.

His tattoo showing clearly, he was ready. "Got your key?" asked Kingsley, holding out a piece of string.

"Yeah, I got it." said Harry knowing just what to do.

Diagon Alley was the same thing as yesterday. Walking between both Aurors, Harry crossed his arms with mild disgust, this was ridiculous. He thought to himself.

Tonks was annoyed at all the attention that was being drawn. She had purposely dressed down for this occasion. Dark hair and eyes, with dark clothing. Something she never hardly did. But, Harry was making a big scene with his looks, many of the girls and a few unsuspecting gay guys as well.

This was not what they had planned. And the fact that his arm is crossed, making his arms looking bigger and more muscular, this was going to drive teens crazy! Even adults! They still had no idea who he was. His hair covered the famous scar. If they only knew. Tonks thought to herself.

Gringotts was packed with witches and wizards wanting their money.

Harry stood in a line with Tonks and Kingsley, and gazed around his surroundings. He had been in here often to exchange muggle money into wizarding money.

It wasn't till ten minutes later, they approached a goblin. Harry bit back a grin as the goblin arched an eyebrow at Harry.

Tonks was about to talk when Harry interrupted her, "I need to get into my vault!" he handed the goblin the key, and a snarky grin slipped up onto his sinister face.

"Aw... Mr. Potter." He said his yellow eyes shining.

The teen made eye contact with the goblin and then ever so slightly inclined his head in the direction of his guards.

Goblins were anything but stupid.

"One person to a cart today." he said gruffly, a sneer flipping onto his lips at the two aurors.

Tonks made to protest when Harry cut her off, "The worst that'll happen is me falling out of the cart! You heard him. It's his rules now bugger off!" He allowed the goblin to show him through the large double doors.

Tonks scowled, and Kingsley looked non-plussed.

"Remember Tonks." said Kingsley in a low voice.

"He didn't ask for this. He was forced into it."

Tonks just huffed indignantly but didn't contradict him. He was right after all.

"Thanks Sterling." said Harry, grabbing a cart and taking the lamp from the three foot five goblin.

"No problem Harry! I spect, ol' Dumbledore found you out!" he responded, as he got the cart ready.

Harry sighed and nodded, "You bet he did! The bastard started spouting off some sort of prophecy. Though, he didn't tell me the contents. But, I know there's something serious going on. Otherwise, he wouldn't be trying to force me out into the open."

"Aww... yes, the man who tells half truths and coats it with lilac honey, to give you a good taste going down, but leaves a nasty aftertaste otherwise."

Harry snorted with laughter as he slid into the cart, Goblins always had a way of putting things. Harry knew several of the goblins quite well at Gringotts. Harry was honest and always paid back debts no matter how sneaky and sarcastic he was.

"Why didn't I know about the Potter Vault?" asked Harry, as he sat on the cart.

Sterling climbed in and turned to one of the only honest wizards, "Restrictions. You had never touched the key to activate what is rightfully yours. Not no one can get into your vault without you giving permission. Your key is much like your wand... it bonds with you." he told Harry.

Harry nodded understanding that, "Thanks Sterling! We better get on with this, or they're going to think a Dragon has taken my head." A roll of his eyes, was met after leaning back.

"We can take as long as we want." said Sterling.

Harry smirked, Sterling was mischievous, and that's what Harry liked about him.

The wind swept through his hair, as he leaned back enjoying the ride as Sterling stared straight ahead.

It always infuriated Harry, with the way wizards treated Goblins, Elves, and other magical creatures.

In Harry's honest opinion, he thought Wizards were frightened of magical beings like Goblins and elves. They were smart and they were under estimated. They don't need wands for power and therefore it scared wizards. Goblins can take care of themselves. The Ministry knew to leave the Goblins alone, because of their smart attitudes of rebellion. But poor little house elves, they loved to serve, that's all fine, except for the gits who abused house elves. In Harry's eyes he looked at a house elf like a child when it came to their speech and loving ways. They were loving creatures and didn't need to be resorted to being kicked around and spat upon. It sickened him...

Coming to a complete stop, Harry got out and grabbed the lantern and waited for Sterling to get out as well.

Harry made a face as the green billowing smoke seeped out of Harry's vault. It was an acidic smell and it curled your nose hairs.

"Hasn't been looked in since your grandparents. Your father always went through a different system and hardly ever came down here." he told Harry.

"What system was that Sterling?" asked Harry, his eyes on the gold in absolute shock.

Sterling smirked, "A card! Much like a muggle credit card, and when you are in the muggle world and flash it to a muggle it's a Visa." He told Harry, who smiled, "I'd like to get that." he told him, as he stared at the gold in surprise. There was mounds of it, all the way back to the back.

"Have any idea how much I have?" asked Harry.

"There should be a roll back here that tells you everything you own."

He rummaged through the side and pulled out a dusty scroll that had two spiders on it. Wiping them off he unrolled it.

“Due to the interest for fifteen years, you have gained 15 more, which leaves you with...” he smirked and handed it to Harry who stared at it and his eyes widen, “I’d never have to work.” said Harry in shock.

“Nope the Potters were quite a rich family, and very old.” He told Harry, who bit his lip.

“If they are so old, is there any other vault, that belongs to me?”

Sterling’s smile widen even more. “I’m glad you mentioned it Harry. The Potters didn’t have any other vault, but your mother did.” he said, to Harry whose eyebrows shot up into his hairline.

“Really! She was muggleborn.”

Sterling smirked, “Yeah, that’s why everything of James is in the Evan’s Vault. No one would spect a muggleborn to have a vault full of valuables.

“Can you take me?” asked Harry, as he gathered some galleons for pocket change.

He was going to use the other option Sterling had suggested.

“Would you want to go to it now or later, Harry? They’re going to wonder where you are.”

Harry scowled as he thought of the Aurors. “Sure.” he murmured, “I’ll find a way over here before the end of the summer.”

“All right Harry, just let me know. I’m here every day but Thursday.”

Pretending to be just a customer and not a well known face, Harry nodded to the goblin as he met up with Tonks and Kingsley.

“Took long enough didn’t it?” Tonks said huffily.

“You could have left.” snapped Harry.

Tonks rolled her eyes and retorted, “You know that’s not possible.”

"There's always a possibility." said Harry with a smirk, before walking away from them, as fast as he could toward Flourish Blotts.

Just because they were his guards didn't mean they had to walk with him and stare over his shoulder.

Entering the book shop, he wasn't as familiar with Flourish and Blotts as he was with the main bookstore in Knockturn Alley.

The Alley wasn't as bad as it was thought out to be. It was just a rumor because of all the poor people that hung out there and slept on the streets. The dark illegal items weren't on display for the public.

Just because something was dark didn't immediately make it illegal. It just made it cautious. Harry had read a Ministry Rule Book. When they discover something to be dark, they take cautious steps. They don't outlaw it, they watch it, and watch the use of it, and then decide later on whether its too dangerous for people or not.

Harry always thought of the reverse psychology. If people knows that its illegal they're going to want it more because of the high price on the black underground market.

Grabbing books off the shelf, he walked over, and placed them on the counter, and glanced around him, before walking toward the back. Kingsley and Tonks were near the door talking with one another. They seemed to be arguing, by the way of Tonks hand movements.

Harry actually had a small bit of respect for Kingsley. There was just something about him. Tonks, although she was nice, she was a bit too bitchy for Harry's liking. Then again she could just be in-heat or that time of the month.

After getting a few extra leisure books, he made his exit and didn't even look at the Aurors.

It was forty minutes later, when he came out of Dervish Bangs with a smirk on his face.

Tonks almost groaned, and Kingsley looked intrigued.

“What did you buy?” she asked narrowing her eyes.

Harry just smirked, “Why would you want to know?” Arching his eyebrows, he just walked away toward the Ice Cream Parlor.

Harry turned, to see them following, “I’m meeting my godfather, could I have some privacy?” he snapped, angrily.

Tonks shook her head, but Kingsley stopped her, “Yes, Harry! We’ll be over here.” He said pulling his partner, toward the Magical Menagerie. “He’ll be safe with Sirius.”

Walking over Harry seen Sirius waiting at the Ice Cream shop, with two ice creams.

He winked at Harry, before standing and putting on a façade to hide the fact that they had met just yesterday for the first time.

After the introductions, they sat down, and Harry pointed over his shoulder with his thumb with annoyance.

“That Tonks, really gets on my nerves.”

Sirius chuckled, “She’s my cousin.”

Harry arched an eyebrow, “You two are so very different.”

“I got sent to Azkaban when she was just a second year. My parents burnt her mother off the family tree.”

Harry arched an eyebrow, “Why?”

“Andromeda, my favorite aunt married a muggle man.”

“Oh, I see. Most of your family were purebloods ey?”

“Yeah, I guess that’s why the Ministry didn’t hesitate to throw me in Azkaban.”

"That's bull shit!" murmured Harry, pulling out his pack of cigarettes.

"How long have you been smoking?" asked Sirius curiously, as he watched his godson light one up.

"Since I was twelve." he told Sirius. "I use to steal them and sell them for some money, but then I got hooked. Bad habit, I need to quit, I know. But, until Dumbledore lets up on me, it might not be any time soon."

Sirius had a rye grin on his face, "I guess I can understand that. He does put the gray hair on your head."

"Mm... don't have to tell me twice."

Harry spent the afternoon talking with Sirius at the Ice Cream Shop.

"I'd send you an owl if I knew it wouldn't get intercepted." said Harry, staring at Sirius who nodded understanding. "Yeah, Dumbledore is using my house as Headquarters."

"Does he go through your mail?" asked Harry, leaning back and brushing his hair out of his eyes.

Sirius frowned, "He goes through yours. He keeps a tracking charm on your contacts."

Harry cursed, "That fuckin' old man!"

Sirius raised up an eyebrow, "He says its for your own good."

"Own good my arse! He's just scared! He's been in power for so damn long! Everyone walking on thin ice because they think he walks on water. Well, you know what Sirius? He doesn't. He's just a man with a little bit of power that went straight to his head."

"I wouldn't go that far Harry."

Harry snorted, "Oh yeah? Is putting me at the Dursleys without the Ministry even knowing too much power or what?"

Sirius bit his lower lip, trying to defend his former Headmaster was proving hard. Harry had facts, and facts don't lie.

"He has Cornelius Fudge wrapped around his bony finger, and you know it!" said Harry tapping his finger against the table.

Sirius ran his hands across the tablecloth, and stared up at his godson, "You're my godson, you mean more to me than anything, even if you don't believe it. I'll back you as much as I can."

"You don't have to go over Dumbledore. Most people are scared of him." Harry murmured.

"Aren't you?" asked Sirius.

"No, if anything, I've made him scared of me."

Sirius snickered, "That is true. He came in the day after he talked to you and he was speechless, said that you must be taken in small handfuls and handled with kid gloves."

Harry grinned and tilted his head upwards, and chuckled, "That is good to know Sirius."

That evening Harry went back to his apartment, and dumped everything into his new trunk. He had a lot to do and think about before the first of September.

He still had no idea which house he would be in. His parents were in Gryffindor, but the way his heart and mind was set up, he wasn't sure what house he'd end up in.

On the twelfth of August, Harry was waiting patiently. Hair pulled back, a pair of black slacks, and a deep green silky button up shirt, that was tucked in. It made his jade eyes dazzled behind his magical contact lens.

Sitting against the armchair he thought about how he was going to get away from the guards outside.

It was Mundungus Fletcher, Harry had asked Sirius who the beggar looking man was. He never seemed to pay attention.

Standing up he walked over and flipped the blind ever so slightly to see him in the same position but this time under an invisibility cloak.

Thoughts ran through his mind as he fingered his wand. He didn't need to get it the first of August, he all ready had two. The second one, he had specially made. He had bargained with one of the goblins with a Horntail Dragon Tooth. One of the baby's had lost its tooth, and Harry bargained for it. It didn't take long for the goblin to give it to him. He had a specialist in France create it for him. He intertwined a phoenix tail feather of the youngest kind and the horn tailed tooth and around it was made up of soft redwood bark. It was eleven inches even, and very powerful. Harry only used this when he was fairly confident with his spell ability. Harry could do wandless magic but it was mostly locking, unlocking, shields, and incantations. He couldn't do fire spells or even a tickling charm without a wand. He had his limits.

Harry cast a notice me not charm, on himself and then crept out of the house as quietly as he could. Mundungus paid no mind as he was counting something in his hands and grumbling to himself about how hot it was.

Harry pulled out his wand and murmured, "Sono profundo!" The affect was instant on the man, he zonked out and tipped over with a loud snore.

"Silencio!" Wouldn't do good if the neighbors came out and heard snoring but didn't know where it was heard from.

Harry had just locked his door up when Candy's red camero pulled up. It wasn't fancy or anything, their was red rust spots at the bottom of the doors, and one headlight was burned out. But it was useable. The dashboard also had a zigzagging crack.

Harry slid into the car, "You know, I think for a baby, you're going to have to get a new car. I don't think this thing will do."

Candy stared at him, "And how do you suspect we do that? I make seven pounds an hour!"

Harry shrugged, "We'll think of a way." he said, thinking of the money he had in his Gringotts bank account. He had the means to support Candy now. Although, he was going to be vague about it just in case things backfired on him.

Candy was wearing a pink jump suit outfit, with a white t shirt underneath that had a pink panther on it. Soft pink drawstring pants and a small pink hoody. Her bleach blonde hair was pulled up in a messy bun.

"What Dr. have you got?" inquired Harry, as he rolled down his window. He was nicking but he wasn't about to pull it out. Not now.

"Pro bono." she told him.

Harry frowned, he didn't like the thought of that. "I want you to switch Dr.'s. Allow me to handle all costs." he told her.

She frowned, "But, I don't want to take away all your money. You don't make much more than me." she insisted.

"Nonsense! I got you pregnant, its my job. After you see the Dr. today we'll shop around for one, a really good one, who knows what they are doing."

Candy was mildly surprise to know that he was taking it the way he was.

She always knew he was that type of person. He didn't leave anything unfinished.

Harry had to curve his age ever so slightly, when he was asked questions by the Dr.

Harry was given the chance to look at an ultra sound. Although, the child was much too small to find out what it was, it was a sight to see.

He just stared open mouthed at the fuzzy screen before him.

Candy was smirking with her head tilted. "Wow! I can't see a thing!" said Candy.

"It's just a small ball." said Harry tapping the screen, where the little fetus was.

"Wow, that's wicked cool."

When Harry and Candy got out of the car that evening, he was met by three very stern and angry faces at his door.

Dumbledore being the one in the middle, on one side was Snape and on the other side was Tonks.

"Mr. Potter." said Dumbledore genially.

"What can I do for your Headmaster?" he asked, his arm touching the small of Candy's back.

She chewed on her bottom lip, as she looked from one person to the next.

"May we talk to you inside?" he asked, as he moved to allow Harry through.

"I guess, I have no idea what you would want now. I all ready agreed I'd be going to school. I don't think you'd normally make house calls for other students." entering his apartment, he tossed his keys aside.

Candy went straight to the bedroom to put her purse up and came back out.

"Do you need some privacy?" she asked, softly.

"Yes!" said Tonks, immediately.

Harry rolled his eyes, "She knows I'm a wizard." Harry went to the kitchen, "Candy! Come here!" He called.

Candy bounded into the kitchen, to see Harry standing and leaning against the sink, "Don't tell them!" He whispered.

She opened her mouth to say something but Harry cut her off, "Do not say anything about you and I..." he said, not finishing the sentence.

Candy nodded, "OK, I won't."

Harry thought to himself, "Go into the bedroom. I don't want Dumbledore using his legilimency skills on you."

"His what what?" asked Candy scrunching up her nose.

Harry shook his head, "Mind reading." he told her.

Her eyes widen, "They can do that?" she hissed.

Harry nodded, "Yeah... go to my room!" he told her.

She nodded, "Pleasure!" she grabbed a pop and made a beeline for the bedroom not even giving a second look to the wizards.

Harry walked out and took a seat on the armchair, "What can I help you three with this evening?" he asked.

"We would like to know why you put one of our guards to sleep!" Tonks said, briskly.

Harry rolled his eyes, "That's simple. I don't want to be watched. I've gone this long without any hassles from the wizarding world. I don't think I need watched over like a child. It's your own fault for putting them out there."

"It's for your safety Harry. If anyone comes here with the desire to harm you..."

"No one is going to come here and harm me. I have taken extensive lengths to ensure my own safety. Why don't you get it through your thick skulls that I don't need your help! I didn't ask for it in the first place, I didn't come to you begging you to go to Hogwarts, or beg you to take me in or take me away from my crazy relatives. I've raised myself for ten years! I think I deserve some kind of got-damn credit for that!"

"Mr. Potter you ought to watch the tone you use!" said Snape in a warning tone.

Harry just rolled his eyes and glared at the three wizards on his couch.

"This is my home, I will speak in anyway I feel obliged." said Harry simply.

Dumbledore had obviously been prepared for this, "You are underage Mr. Potter. You may have gotten on Minister Fudge's good side, but it doesn't escape the fact that you are still minor, as such..."

"You have no legal right over me. You do know I've taken care of myself, all by myself!" Harry stood, it was about time Dumbledore left.

"Headmaster, I will be on the Hogwarts Express on the first of September. I don't think its right that we speak to each other until then." said Harry simply.

Tonks mouth was gaping open in shock. Harry just sat there waiting his arms crossed. Snape looked as if he wanted to say something he shouldn't be saying.

"You leave me no choice Harry but to call active custody on you."

Harry just smirked, "I dare you Professor." he said, a grin that was all too dangerous.

"You do, I will disappear, and when I mean disappear, I'll really disappear and you won't do a thing to stop me. You'll never find me. You'll be lost and your prophecy will be worth shit." Harry stared the

man straight in the eyes. Blue eyes probing the green eyes, the war between recessive irises would not be won easily.

Finally Dumbledore took his gaze away and lowered his head in defeat, "Fine Mr. Potter. You win, but I ask you not to stun or put my guards to sleep."

"Keep them off my property." Harry said simply. "Or I will take any means, I deem necessary." He grinned, and Tonks inwardly flinched.

Snape's mouth gaped open and Dumbledore just stared at the teen with a resigned old man grandfatherly look. It wasn't going to work on him.

"Very well Mr. Potter, I'll see you on September 1st. Nymphadora, Severus!" he looked at the order members who stood up abruptly. It wasn't before long that they disappeared, and it got Harry to thinking that maybe he should get some anti-apparation wards built up around his apartment.

Uten: Thank you for the review! I love it!

Thank you everyone for reviewing!

Chapter Six: The Night From Hell

"It seems Master that, Potter is most definitely alive. Yet, he wants no part of Dumbledore or his members of the Order of the Phoenix." said a man's voice, that was low.

Hidden behind a black mask only a set of dark eyes could be seen. While a pair of piercing red eyes stared sharply up at the man from his high back chair. A large slithering snake coiled itself around the feet of the man.

"Unwilling you say? How so? I expected the kid to be dead." said Voldemort's cold and icy voice.

"He's been hiding in the muggle world. He told Dumbledore to get bent. He wants nothing to do with it. He doesn't even want to go to Hogwarts, but he's being forced by the Ministry."

"Does he know magic?" asked Voldemort.

"Yes, he apparently knows enough to place a sleeping charm on one of his guards and enough to block Alastor Moody's magical Eye."

The dark wizard rubbed his chin and the non-existent hair, that was there.

"You'd think he would join my services? Of course, I have this idea he wouldn't be a Deatheater. He's too brilliant for that. If what you say is true, we may be able to... impress upon him the advantages of being on my side." Voldemort grinned evilly his yellow teeth as sharp as razors.

"I want you to set a spy in Hogwarts! Someway somehow... and get me what I need. All the information, his house, his personality. Everything, don't attack don't hurt him. I want to study him. He's going to be my project. We'll see how it goes."

The Deatheater bowed and kissed the hem of Voldemort's robes.
"Yes my lord, all shall be done accordingly."

The rest of the summer past by without much warning. Harry put a two weeks notice in at the construction site, and insisted that he had to go away to a school for a year and would be back in the summer. Ted the foreman told him, his job was always here when he needed it.

After getting a new Dr. for Candy, he insisted upon giving the baby the last name Evans.

"It's safer that way." he said, one afternoon on the couch.

Lily was curled up in Harry's lap and Candy was running her fingers through its long red hair.

"All right, Evans it is. How will I get a hold of you?" she asked, gazing her almond eyes up at him.

"I'll owl you several times a week." He told her.

She nodded, "OK. You know my number and my cell phone." she told him.

"Yeah, I got both, what was the date again?"

"February 9th." Candy told him.

Harry nodded, "Sounds about right."

She smiled and then hesitated before speaking, "There's something else."

Harry looked at her, "What's that?"

"My parents want to meet you. I told them that the father wasn't a deadbeat, and that he was around. They didn't believe me. They want to meet you as proof." she bowed her head and bit her lower lip harshly.

Mildly surprised, Harry thought about this a moment.

"I guess, I could come over and meet them. I'm leaving September first, but I have free reign to leave. I all ready talked this up with the Headmaster."

Candy looked so relieved, she sighed, "Oh thank you so much." she said hugging him.

Harry smiled, "We're friends."

She laughed, "Yeah, I told them we were nothing more."

"How old did you tell them I was?" asked Harry.

She bit her lip and looked up at him, "I said sixteen. They flipped."

Harry sighed, "Not far from it."

"They might forget you're sixteen when they meet you."

"Wait and see." said Harry.

"Could you for once not act snarky?" she asked appreciatively.

Harry chuckled, "For you." he insisted, with a rye grin.

The night he was to meet Candy's parents it was only a few days before school was about to start. He hated doing this. He felt as if he was dating her, and he wasn't.

Hair pulled back, and wearing clothes that weren't black or screamed gothic boy, Harry shrugged on the blue dress shirt, and tan cargo khaki's.

Out of his usual threads, Harry stared at himself in the mirror. He certainly could clean up. He thought to himself, cramming his pockets with his wallet and keys. He didn't have his usual chain, and that bugged him. He liked having that chain for the specific reason of the charm and hexes that it was covered with. He did not however take out his earrings. He wasn't going that far.

There was a tap tap at the door, walking over Harry and peered out and his eyes furrowed when he seen Parker standing there.

Yanking it open, he blinked, "Parker! What are you doing here?" he asked, moving back to allow Parker to enter his apartment.

"I've done some traveling Harry. If you're going to Hogwarts you're going to need protection and whoa! What the fuck... are you wearing! You don't look the same!" teased Parker with a smirk on his snaky face.

Harry just rolled his eyes and crossed his arm, you could still see his tattoo it was hardly covered by his shirt.

"Funny Parker... I'm going to meet Candy's parents."

Parker snorted, "I thought you didn't get into serious relationships."

"I didn't! She's having my kid! I haven't got much of a choice to meet her parents."

Parker smirked, "How old do they think you are?"

"Sixteen."

Parker sniggered, "Close enough. I talked to Vander." he told Harry who arched an eyebrow upwards, "Oh?"

"Expect him tonight, one o'clock."

Harry nodded, "All right. I'll leave the Clicker on." He told Parker.

Parker nodded, "All right. I told him about your guards, he'll go through your window. So don't attack."

Harry snorted, "Got ya!"

"Harry be careful. Its not Voldemort that I'm worried about." said Parker honestly. "It's Dumbledore, Snape, and that whole damn

righteous group! They do anything to get what they want. They even go to worse lengths than Voldemort would."

Harry nodded, "I understand Parker. Why do you think I'm trying to get the Ministry on my side?"

Parker nodded, "That was the best move you made." he said, pulling a beer out of Harry's refrigerator.

"I'm glad I taught you well." he said, as Harry smirked, "Of course you did."

Harry then thought about it and spoke, "What's Snape about?"

Parker lowered the can, and looked at Harry, "He's slick, that's for sure. He really has no ties. He will go which ever way suits him best. He may be on Dumbledore's side now but in one month, I can't say for sure if he'll still be on the old mans side. He could switch. That's what makes him such a good spy. Take him at a snails pace."

Harry nodded and leaned against the wall, "I'll do that. Now about the sorting."

Parker laughed, "I have no unearthly idea what house you were in. If you could someway somehow talk the sorting hat into placing you in Slytherin you may have a better way of infiltrating the house and taking out the Deatheaters."

Harry had thought about the Deatheaters. They were the main play. They'd be pawns in front of Voldemort, just like the Order of the Phoenix were pawns in front of Dumbledore. That's the way it worked. Harry wasn't a pawn and refused to be one.

"But Gryffindor, Voldemort, you are going to have a few problems. Your personality doesn't fit Gryffindor yet, you are a brave courageous little shit." Parker commented.

Harry snorted, "And that's bad?"

"It's bad because you have friends with Vampires, Werewolves, Goblins, Elves, and the whole damn world of creatures!"

“That’s gonna prove useful.”

Parker smirked, “I’m sure it will. But, I don’t like contacting them!”

“I never told you too.” Harry sat on the couch, as Parker sat on the armchair and shook his head, “But I did! Someone needed to take action, and seeing as I’m the adult here.”

Harry just rolled his eyes, and leaned back listening to Parker go on about how dangerous they were.

“I’m betting you didn’t have problems with Remus though.”

Parker smiled, “No, I did not have problems with the Marauder. He spoke about your meeting with Sirius Black. Sirius was evidently ecstatic, it took all of Remus’ intellect to not spill that he knew you and had contact with you over the years.”

“Yeah, I spect if Dumbledore ever found out that Remus knew who I was since I was twelve he wouldn’t be to happy about it.”

“No he would probably have a fit knowing that you were in his midst, in the middle of the old crowd.”

“I’d hate how he’d hold that over Remus.” Harry said, leaning his head back just as the door to his apartment opened.

“Hey!” Candy stopped abruptly and smiled at Parker who arched an eyebrow, “Well, Hello Candy! We meet again.” said Parker nodding to the blonde.

“Hello Parker. How you doing?” she asked, warmly.

She looked nice in a pair of black flare slacks and a white button blouse. It was the most conservative Harry had ever seen her. Her hair was up in a twist, and she had a light bit of make up.

“Wow! You look as if you are going to a high fashion job interview.” Harry commented.

Candy laughed, "Thanks! My parents will find something to insult me over. They always do." said Candy with a sigh as she sat down next to Harry and giggled, "Wow! I didn't know you owned anything that was khaki! Or even remotely conservative." she teased, with a smirk on her face.

Harry smirked, "What can I say?" he said opening his arms. "I can shock a few people."

She laughed, "You sure can."

Parker smiled, "Harry, remember what I said, I'll be seeing you later." He stood, and nodded to Harry.

"I put up Anti Apparation wards! I didn't like Snape, Dumbledore, and Tonks apparating in and out. I don't like that."

"Don't blame ya Harry! See ya later." He winked and walked out.

"Everything OK?" asked Candy.

Harry smiled, "Yeah, just fine. He was just warning me about a few things. Are we ready?" he asked.

She nodded, "Yeah, we better get going..." She took out her keys, and Harry only smirked, "No! Let's take my car."

She gave him an odd look, "Your car? You can't drive."

"No but you can." He smirked, and pulled out his keys and handed them to her.

She had the biggest look of confusion on her face as they walked out into the front, and toward the back where all the cars were parked under the shed.

Harry pointed to his that had always been empty, her eyes widen, "Harry! What...." she turned, and stared at him in utter shock.

Sitting in the drive was a black 1995 Jeep Grand Cherokee.

“Oh my gosh! How did you get this?” she asked, in shock.

He smiled, “Don’t worry, I didn’t steal it.” he insisted, as she walked over in shock.

“You can use this since I’ll be away at school.” he told her. “You are on the all the papers.”

She just looked at him in shock. “Gots a CD player and all.”

She laughed, “Wow! That’s too cool!” she squealed, running over and unlocking it.

Harry walked over a bit more slowly, and slid in to see her practically bouncing in the seat. The seats were gray and soft, and the interior smelled of cherry’s because of the freshener in the window.

“Oh my gosh! I don’t know how you did it.” she said, in shock.

Harry just smiled and adjusted the seat for his own comfort, “Yes, well I didn’t want your car breaking down on you.” He insisted.

She looked over at him in shock, “Did you say I can use this?”

“Yeah! I want you to be safe.” He told her, as she smiled, and started the car and put on her seatbelt and backed out.

She was giddy the whole way as Harry fumbled through the stations of the radio before making a face and popping in a Metallica CD.

Candy started to get nervous as they got closer to the really nice suburban area. She was chewing on her lower lip so hard that Harry was sure she was going to make a hole.

“Hey! Calm it down.” He insisted touching her arm.

She groaned and turned to look at Harry, “You don’t know how my parents are.” she insisted.

“Listen, I won’t let them insult you.”

She looked at him, “I’m not sure if that’ll work. They’ll be even more upset that I proved them wrong.”

Harry sat back and wondered just how bitter her family really was.

They pulled into the cul-de-sac and did a triple take as he seen where he was.

“What the fuck!” He said suddenly.

Candy looked over astonished, “What? My parents live on Number 3 Privet Drive.”

The color drained from Harry’s face as he stared over at Candy, in horror.

A.N. Hehe, my first cliffhanger. Don't worry! Don't yell or throw tomatoes.. I'll have the next up ASAP, Promise! Thanks for the reviews that came in. I'm gonna bump the rating up soon. I want it on PG 13 just for now so I will appear on the main list! Thank you all again!

Chapter Seven: Shaking the Foundation

Harry sat back and bowed his head in horror. Candy looked concerned.

“Hey! Harry what’s wrong?” asked Candy.

The emotions were inside of him now, it was a mixture of anger, hate, despair, rage, betrayal, and turmoil.

Harry stared over number four Privet Drive, and felt a rush of cold slide up his back. It felt like ice. He never imagined he’d be anywhere near this street again.

Candy bent over and touched Harry’s arm, who flinched visibly.

“What’s wrong Harry?”

Turning his eyes away from the brown boxed house he had fled at five years old, he forced a shaky smile, “Fine, Candy! Let’s go.”

Yanking the handle, Harry got out, his legs felt like jelly. He had never been visibly nervous. He was taught by Parker that no matter how tense a situation was, showing your fright and nerves left you vulnerable to being taken advantage of. Harry closed his eyes to wipe all his feelings away. As long as they don’t come over or come out of their houses. Thought Harry to himself, as he strolled up the driveway. The sickening part of it all was, that this house was identical to number four. All the houses on the street were.

Walking behind Candy he could tell her nervousness. Harry tried to shake his nerves off. He didn’t care about Candy’s parents it was the people next door he was worried about.

They waited as Candy knocked on the door. Harry’s back was facing neighbors in case the long necked aunt of his decides to be nosy as usual.

The door unlocked, and standing there was a woman Harry had seen several times before walking up and down Privet Drive, she was as nosy as his aunt had been.

Her face was round much like Candys. But her hair was a dark brown and it came to a stop at her ears and it was curled under just slightly. Her eyes were a watery gray, and she was the same height as Candy. She was wearing a professional looking outfit, a dress suit, blue and a white blouse.

“Candace! Bob! It’s Candace!” she called over her shoulder, looking at Candy with a mix of emotions.

“You don’t have to knock on your mother and fathers door.” said her mother with a frown.

Her eyes met Harry and her eyebrows shot up with surprise. She sized him up as Harry stepped in behind her.

“Hello Mrs. Samson.” said Harry holding out a hand. Being polite and cordial was weird.

“Hello... er?” “Harry Evans.” he said, biting a wince, as her eyebrows shot up curiously.

“Nice to meet you Harry! I’m Carol.” she said stiffly. Her hands were cold as ice.

She turned around and headed back toward the front room as Harry followed Candy who was walking quite slow.

“BOB!” shouted Carol. “Candace is here! Put that damn thing away and come out here!” she shouted from the steps.

The house was too much like his relatives for comfort. His eyes even lingered on the alike cupboard under the stairs, and for a moment he psychologically wondered if a child was sleeping in there.

A bald man came out, with a tan head and hands. His eyes were the same color as Candy's and he was much taller. About two inches above Harry's height.

"G'afternoon Candace. And, you must be the one who got her knocked up." He said, not extending a hand, instead they were shoved into his gray slacks, as he sized Harry up.

"I really wouldn't put it like that, seeing as she's one of my closest friends." said Harry simply but as politely as he could.

'Bob' looked to his daughter who frowned at him, "Daddy, he's my best friend. It wasn't so much an accident."

Bob opened his mouth to say something when Carol chose the time to intervene, "There's dinner on the table and it's starting to get cold."

Harry stiffly followed Candy into the dinning room and too a seat next to her. He was even cordial enough to pull out her chair. Candy couldn't help but smile.

"So Harry tell us, do you got to school or work?" asked Carol making conversation as she sipped her wine.

"I work full time. Have for a year an a half. Construction." Harry told them.

Bob arched an eyebrow, "Where on earth are your parents?" he asked, finally speaking.

Harry didn't feel comfortable with talking about this subject, but he knew it was coming, "They're dead." he said simply.

"Oh my! When did they die?" asked Carol shocked.

"I was a year and half old. On Halloween. They were murdered." Harry said simply.

Their eyes widen, and Harry busied himself with taking a drink of his cola. He'd prefer something stronger right now.

Candy didn't know what to say. She knew how they were killed but couldn't really tell her parents that, they'd flip.

"Do you know who did it?" asked Bob, his stern demeanor faltered slightly.

"Yeah, I know who did it. He's still out there. Tom Riddle." Harry said simply.

"No, don't know the name." said Carol.

"Doubt you would., uh... good rolls by the way." Harry said, forcing a smile.

"So you've been on your own all this time?" asked Bob, as Carol smiled faintly at Harry.

Harry nodded, "Yes, since I was five. I've had help from people here and there but mostly on my own." He told Candy's parents.

Carol and Bob were surprised to say the least. They couldn't believe that they were talking to a sixteen year old. Or in Harry's honest case, fifteen. He'd hate to break it to them just how old Harry really was. Even if it was just a year apart, fifteen seems so far from sixteen.

Dinner passed and the usual questions went out.

"How did you two meet officially?" asked Bob.

Harry had been waiting for this. "Where she works. She was putting boxes up on the top shelf and some kid passed by without paying attention and hit the ladder. She fell and I grabbed her. Then we went out a couple times and just became friends that way." Harry didn't tell them about helping Candy out a couple months back.

The girl had gotten arrested for public intoxication, public indecency, and assaulting an officer. Harry bailed her out of jail, and 'talked' the judges into misdemeanor instead of a felony. Or rather made them forget that assaulting an officer was a felony by law.

Bob seemed satisfied with the answer as did Carol, who seemed to take a rather noticeable interest in Harry.

Dinner wasn't half bad and the subject got off of Harry, and back onto Candy. Bob was asking her if she was still working.

"Do you have an update for us? Any information?" asked Carol.

"I'm due February 9th of next year." said Candy, as they moved to the gray and white furnished living room. It was really conservative and overly neat. Much like the Dursleys, except their couch was a toffee color. Yes, Harry remembered, he remembered everything.

Come to find out Bob was an insurance sales man and Carol was a substitute teacher.

Talk went from one thing to another to what they were going to do about the baby.

"Expect me to be around a lot!" Harry said simply.

Candy beamed, as Carol and Bob looked mildly impressed.

"Are you ready to handle it? You know it's a lot of responsibility." said Carol, crossing her legs, and leaning up to stare at him.

Harry nodded, "I know ma'am, but I've lived on my own for years. I've taken pretty good care of myself, seeing as I'm alive and quite healthy and I don't make too bad of money at the construction site. True, not a bunch of money but enough to help Candy and take care of our child. Unlike some people, I tend to stick around and make sure goes well." insisted Harry.

Carol and Bob were more than impressed, and Bob loosened up greatly. For a moment at the door Harry thought the ol' man was going to take a swing at Harry. He really didn't want to hurt Candy's father.

The night ending quite nicely, and Harry was asked to accompany Bob outside.

The sky was setting low and the darkness started to kick in as Harry and Bob stood outside.

“Are you serious about taking care of my daughter?” asked Bob sternly.

Harry turned and stared Bob straight in the eyes, “Mr. Samson, I may be young, but I have done and seen a LOT in my life. She’s a very good friend of mine. I am going to help raise this child be there for this child and not take it for granted. I never knew what it was like to have a family, a good family. The family that I did have wasn’t so nice to me. They were terrible to me, called me a freak shoved me under a cupboard and beat the living shit out of me. I’m not about to walk out of a child’s life like that. I know what its like growing up by yourself wondering why you aren’t loved, why you are called a freak and why am I hated... That child will never know the meaning of suffering. I guarantee you.” For the first time in years Harry spoke what he truly felt, and his emotions were swelling up in him.

He kept the tears under the surface and didn’t allow them to spill over his lids.

Bob was the least to say bewildered and shocked, he could believe what he was just told. Bob paced the yard his hands behind his back, looking down at the ground. Every now and then he’d look over at Harry who was standing there staring at Bob.

Bob didn’t want to feel sorry for this kid, he knew better than too. He could tell that the boy didn’t say much like that to people. He was sure even Candy had no idea. He now felt kind of bad about how cold he was to the teen earlier.

“You two aren’t in this alone.” said Bob finally coming to a stop in front of Harry. “We love Candace regardless of what she says about us. And her child is our grandchild.”

Harry felt high respect for Bob, and couldn’t particularly help it.

The two got off the subject and onto a more lighter one. Although, Harry was bored out of his mind to hear about Bob's 'work' he listened anyway. A fifteen-year-old really did not care about the use of phones and collecting insurance and the people he goes to see everyday.

"Hey Bob!" said a voice coming up the walkway.

Harry and Bob turned, but not for long Harry turned the other way as fast as possible when he seen Uncle Vernon and Aunt Petunia walking up the drive.

His heart raced as he turned around briskly, and closed his eyes. He could hear the footsteps of his relatives. He knew this would happen. The Dursleys still looked the same. Nothing ever changed. Fat, skinny, long necked, and sometimes purple. That was the descriptions.

"Aw... Vernon! Petunia! How may I help you this evening?" asked Bob in a friendly voice.

"Carol promised to go over these recipes with me this evening." said the voice of his aunt.

Hate and anger swelled up inside of him, as he stared straight ahead. Harry felt his heart swell and his green eyes glisten as Vernon started talking on about how they had set up a dinner date.

"Oh my! We completely forgot! See our daughter came over with her friend. I'm sure Candace would love to meet you Petunia go on in!" he insisted.

"Oh brilliant!" said Petunia.

Harry felt his hands aching just to pull out his wand. Uncle Vernon was still their as he heard Petunia's clunking clogs. He glanced to the side to see her walking past, yet she was looking back trying to see who he was.

“Vernon! I would like you to meet Candace’s good friend... Ha...”

“I got to go Bob!” said Harry, suddenly and made to leave when Bob touched his arm, “It’s OK son! I was wrong about you. I’m sorry about my cold shoulder earlier. I think its time you meet Candy’s babysitter!” he said with a smile.

Harry stared at Bob, “No! I don’t think so..” He tried, but Bob had all ready swung him around.

Uncle Vernon hadn’t recognized him yet. His hair covered his scar. Harry’s eyes stayed on the ground. “I got to piss!” Harry said without thinking, turned and made a beeline for the house. He was so fast that Bob didn’t have time to shout out.

Bob winced, “Oh boy, I think I was a little hard on him earlier. He’s really a good boy! Smart beyond his years! Would you like to come in Vernon? We still have a lot of roasted chicken left.” “Sure thing Bob.” said the fat man not giving a thought to the boy who ran into the house.

Harry was breathing in sharply as he leaned against the sink, grasping the edges, he stared up into the window, his eyes filled with hate and anger. He was afraid of what was going to happen when Uncle Vernon and Aunt Petunia discover who he really is. His green eyes stared into the mirror. His jaws clenched together. After everything he had just said to Bob, and now the same people he had been talking about show up.

Backing up and hitting the door, the teen slid down the door shaking. Drawing his legs up to his chest, he refused to let his emotions in. Too many things were building up. Too much anxiety running through his vanes.

For the first time in years Harry felt vulnerable. His insides twisted and coiled like a snake. The nauseas feeling that came along with it didn’t help any.

Harry closed his eyes and leaned his head back against the door, and just sat there on the black and white tiled floor of the bathroom.

He heard footsteps and then a tap on the door. "Harry!" It was Candy.

"What?" asked Harry. "Come out! Is everything OK?" asked Candy.

Harry sighed and stood and opened the door. His face full of anger and rage.

Her eyes widen, "What's wrong? What did daddy say? I'll kill him!" she said turning.

Harry shook his head, and let go of her arm, "It wasn't your dad. We get along quite well actually." He told Candy who looked at him curiously.

"I'm fine!" said Harry, feeling the heat throb away in his ears.

"Your ears! They're blazing." she said, biting her lip.

He looked angry, his face was flushed. Harry's hand fingered his wand that was in his holster.

"I may have to memory modify your family."

"Why?" Candy asked horrified.

Harry didn't answer instead, he took the steps two at a time. Time to face the music.

Candy looked frightened, she ran down the steps after him, but Harry had already disappeared through the threshold.

Harry stopped as he faced the back of Uncle Vernon and Aunt Petunia. They were talking and laughing quite amusingly at the Samson's.

"Harry!" said Carol, standing up. Uncle Vernon and Aunt Petunia turned, and their eyes bulged.

Harry's eyes shifted from one to the other, and Aunt Petunia dropped her tea and shrieked in shock as she stood and started shaking.

"Y..y... you!" she gasped.

Uncle Vernon gaped, "What the fuck are you doing here boy?" growled Uncle Vernon his eyes narrowed like black olives. He seemed to have forgotten he wasn't in his house.

Harry was silent he crossed the room wand out and turned and faced the Dursleys with disgust written on his face. He just stared at them.

"You! You made them lowlife freaks come to our house!" snarled Aunt Petunia her eyes livid.

Harry just arched an eyebrow upwards, as Uncle Vernon growled and his face turned a rather amusing shade of magenta.

"How are you doing Aunt Petunia, Uncle Vernon!" Harry's voice was as cold as ice but his face and ears were a blood red and he could feel years of hatred swell.

Bob's eyes widen and Carol to look quite taken aback at the tone and the sudden outburst.

Candy stopped in the threshold to see the commotion and feared for what was going to happen.

"What are you doing here you little freak! You're suppose to be dead somewhere!" growled Uncle Vernon.

Aunt Petunia spluttered, "Just as always, impertinent and that hair!" she gabbled, with disgust, as her lips pursed together to make her look even more like a horse.

"Are you quite done?" asked Harry icily.

Uncle Vernon took a step forward when Harry felt the need and raised his wand, "Crucio!" pointing it right at Uncle Vernon's head, the man fell straight to the ground screaming in dire agony.

He hollered and rolled and twisted and cried. Harry just watched him with half amusement half horror. All the anger in him was pushed onto that one simple curse.

Aunt Petunia was shrinking and ran for the door when Harry's other wand was out and took a hook of her and drug her back. Slamming her into the wall, and back onto the couch she squealed with pain when her nose and face hit the wall.

Harry waved his wand and muttered, "Pique Aperto!" The affect was instant, Aunt Petunia started screaming in pain and horror as she tried to move. She felt needles and pain stinging her from the inside out, as well as something squeezing against her whole body cutting off her breathing.

Harry finally let up on Uncle Vernon whose temples was bleeding and his face was red. He was twitching and shuddering and moaning in pain.

Aunt Petunia withered like a worm, as she felt the breath leave her body. Harry released the curses, and they laid there panting and crying.

"Did that feel good? Do you want some more?" Harry asked in a childish voice, as he paced back and forth.

Carol and Bob had been staring thunderstruck, unable to move, Candy was just looking in fear wondering why Harry was attacking her ol' babysitter.

"You low life son of a bitches had the nerve to push me too far! I was going to leave..." said Harry coolly, as he paced. "Leave you alone pretend as if you didn't exist, but you just had to open your fat arse mouths didn't you?"

They couldn't speak, Uncle Vernon's vocals had been sliced from the cruciatus and Aunt Petunia was still looking for oxygen, although he had let up on the curse sometime ago.

“Are you afraid of me now? Is you afraid of your little ol’ nephew!” Harry said this in a pitiful excuse for a baby voice.

“Yeah! You remember well don’t you? All the beatings you gave me, all the times you shoved me in the cupboard or made me clean the house. All the times you left me out in the cold to freeze, or to lock me out for no reason at all. What about you Petunia who decided that a warm bath wasn’t good enough for me but instead you stick me in a scalding hot bath that not even an adult can handle. Yes, I remember all of that...” He said, dangerously. “Oh yes, I remember everything. You were such great relatives. How could I ever thank you? I could let you live in misery or take something away from you...” Harry just glared nastily at them, as they looked up at Harry in horror and fright.

Harry’s mind and feelings were mixed. HE was suddenly feeling guilty for having doing this, but another part of him was telling him they deserved it. Every bit of what he gave them and more.

Harry turned to see Carol and Bob. “They are the ones?” asked Bob.

Harry nodded, “Forget you ever seen this scene! Obliviate!” Harry whispered to Bob, while thinking up of an excuse. Bob was suddenly knocked unconscious doing the same to Carol, he stunned them temporarily and turned to Candy, “Don’t worry! I just modified their memory. They won’t have any recollection that I attacked their...” he sneered, and stared down at the still moaning relatives, “Guests.”

“They did all that?” asked Candy in horror.

Harry nodded, “Yeah, that’s what they did! These bastards don’t deserve to live.” He insisted. Harry felt the hatred leave his body, and something sick was planted into his gut. He felt his body tremble. They didn’t call the Unforgivables, that for nothing. The power it took to cast one of those was immense and Harry had really over did it. Besides, the Oxygen Deflation Hex, was also known as a very dark and nasty hex that suffocated a person’s lungs and body while penetrating it with needles and stinging sensations through out the body. It was declared illegal and cruel after the first fall of Voldemort.

Harry breathed in sharply and waved his wand and the Dursleys were lifted and forced into sitting positions. Harry seen a sort of hazy look in Uncle Vernon's eyes as if he had no idea what was going on. Aunt Petunia was rocking back and forth her eyes filled with tears trailing down her bony cheeks.

"Only thing your parents will know about this situation was that I came down, we got into a fight, and we left. No thoughts of magic was ever used...! I think we should go." said Harry very evenly, although on the inside he felt sickened.

There was something that was eating away at him. He didn't want it to be guilt. Why should he feel guilt after the years of punishment these formidable relatives did?

"Have a nice time." Harry said, viciously knowing the after affects were just as bad as the curses themselves.

Harry had a feeling he went overboard with the Cruciatus. He knew the curse could render ones mind obsolete.

Candy just nodded not trusting herself to speak, and grabbed the keys and her purse.

As Harry exited, he waved his hand, to Ennervate the Samsons, and walked out feeling partially relieved and partially sickened. He knew he would lose this evenings dinner by the time he got home.

On the ride home, Harry just sat back, his face staring straight ahead not trusting himself.

"I'm sorry." he told Candy, just as they drove into the house.

Candy was quiet until she parked, "I had no idea they did that. I had no idea that you were the little boy I played with in the backyard. The one who always so small and hardly had anything nice. I had no idea." she said quietly.

Harry didn't remember, he must have been about two years old.

He shrugged, and stared straight ahead. "They deserved it. They deserved everything they got. But why do I feel like shit?"

Candy looked at him, "What did that magic do?" asked Candy.

"One was illegal. It's a Cruciatus Curse, painful and if held under to long you can go insane. The other was announced illegal in 1980. It's a Oxygen Suffocation type of hex. It also stings."

Her eyes widen, "Whoa!"

"Takes a lot of power. The Cruciatus, can give you a life sentences in Azkaban or the Dementors kiss."

"I'm not even going to ask what a Demtor is." said Candy simply.

"Dementor." he corrected. "Soul sucking fiends that pray upon your worst fears and memories, till you're nothing but a soulless and depressed vegetable." He told her.

Her eyes widen and she felt sick, "Oh god Harry! Are you going to get in trouble?"

"No, long ago the tracking charm was taking off my wands. Besides, no one would put the Boy Who Lived behind bars. Not yet anyway."

"They deserved it. They were terrible, they hurt you! A child... its wrong."

"Yeah, but still. I feel like shit." said Harry simply getting out and walking quietly to the apartment.

Candy insisted on staying that night to make sure Harry was OK. Harry just laid down on the bed that night not even taking knowledge of her.

"Aw... shit! Turn the clicker by the window on." He mumbled waving his hand toward the window but not looking at it.

"What?" she asked.

"There is a small blue device on the window sill. Press it! It's a vampire clicker. It's the only way a vampire is allowed in a home." He told her.

Her eyes widen, "Why would you want a vampire to come in?" she gasped in horror.

"Vander, a good friend of mine will be popping in about one! So don't scream." he told her.

Her eyes widen and she nodded and flipped it, a flash of blue light caused her to jump but otherwise she was OK.

She sat down and touched Harry's leg, "Is there anything I can do to help you Harry?" she asked her hand going up his boxers.

A faint smile traced his lips, "It wouldn't hurt." He commented.

She just giggled, and kissed him deliciously on the lips. Temporarily forgetting about his guilt and problems, for his hormones decided to take over at that moment he pushed her down onto the bed and made his move on top of her, and yanked her shirt off with a bit more force than normal. She just giggled at his wild side. She loved it when it came out in bed.

Harry was half asleep when he heard a soft 'swoosh.' Eyes open an alert, he stared up into a set of gray eyes that was peering into his. Normally, a person would jump out of their skin and scream bloody murder.

"Vander..." he murmured.

The vampire cackled with amusement and moved back, "I was hoping you'd scream like a little girl." he said, shaking his head and sitting down on the edge of the bed and getting an eyeful of Candy's heaving chest.

Harry rolled his eyes and sat up, "I was expecting you."

“Yes, seeing as I didn’t disintegrate into ashes.” He commented.

“That would suck.”

Vander snorted, “You’re telling me! Now, I wanted to give you an update in person.” He whipped out a blue rolled up parchment.

Harry took it, “What’s this?”

“It is a blueprint to the grounds of Hogwarts and the inside. It took us two weeks with the help of a werewolf friend to get a hold of it. He even charmed it, specially for you Harry.”

Harry unrolled it, “You have to mutter the incantation for it. “I Solemnly Swear That I will kick some ass, and then to close it, ‘Ass Kicked.’ ”

Harry snorted, “Who came up with that one?” asked Harry.

“Well from what I was told by Remus, they had a map a lot like this! Except the words were different.”

Harry repeated the words with a chuckle, and his eyes widen when he seen the layout of Hogwarts and the dots laying still.

“They’ll move once you get with in five miles of the school.” He told Harry.

“Wow! Excellent.”

“Also every night we have six guards, three werewolves, two goblins, and a house elf. There is a particularly free elf, that Remus talked highly about, Dobby, who worships you like no other because of you defeated his old masters master...”

Harry arched an eyebrow upwards, “Really... Voldemort’s Deatheater?”

Vander nodded, “Apparently, this Dobby, elf said he’d take care of you and make sure no one harms you in school. You may meet him.

He wears many clothes and garments. He has a rather strange taste for underwear.” Vander shook his long dark hair, and smirked, “Elves.”

Harry smirked, “Well, I’ll have to meet this little guy.” He sighed, and looked far away.

Vander looked at the kid, “What’s going on?”

“I met them again tonight.”

“Who?” asked Vander slowly.

“Dursleys.”

Vander’s eyes widen and he bared his teeth, “Want me to…”

“No no!” Harry insisted, shaking his head. “I did enough. I cast Cruciatus and then Oxygen Suffocation hex.”

“Whoa! Powerful. Both?” he asked.

Harry nodded, “Yeah, why do I feel like shit afterwards?” he asked Vander.

Vander looked at Harry, “You’re not made for spells that dark Harry. You’re not dark at all. You have qualities of darkness but you’re not evil. You have a conscious, you have empathy. Something a lot of mortals don’t have. I don’t have empathy.” he replied. “I kill everyday Harry. I have no feelings. I don’t feel bad, I don’t feel good.”

“Do you think it’ll go away? I think I went overboard with the Cruciatus.” He admitted.

“Well they deserved it. They tortured you as a child. I don’t kill kids. No matter what. If they aren’t adults, I don’t bother them. It’s not that I have feelings for them its just that I know better. Most vampires don’t bother kids. I also seek out men more than I do women. Just a way of life for me I guess.” he said quietly.

"I could finish them off." He grinned maliciously.

Harry laughed, "No, but thanks for the offer. I had to modify her parents. That's where we were. They lived right next door."

"Ooh, did you modify their memories?"

"Oh yeah. Glad Parker taught me that. I thought it would never be needed." Harry commented.

Vander smiled, "I don't mind your friend Parker. He's all right."

Harry smirked, "Course he is. You were a Slytherin too weren't you?"

"Yes, 190 years ago." He answered.

"How's Shari?" asked Harry.

"Good, talks about you a lot." he commented. "She's going to be one of the ones to help us. Also, Remus gave us a map of the passages in and out of Hogwarts. An elf is going to be stationed there at all times. No don't worry they aren't being mistreated, Harry all for you. They're taking it in shifts. Remus told me about Peter Petigrew, knowing his way in and out of the castle, and we need to make sure Voldemort has no idea.'

"What does the vampires say to Voldemort? I know he's going to ask you guys."

"Most... ALMOST all of us are neutral. Want to stay out of it. Harry, my family and I owe our life to you. Most of my friends do too. We've all got your back when you need us. Just call on us." Vander insisted.

Harry nodded, "Thank you Vander."

"No Harry, I owe you so much thanks.." said the Vampire standing up. He adjusted his traveling cloak, and checked his watch.

"Good luck at Hogwarts, Harry." said Vander.

“Thanks.”

“I’ll be going now.” a moment later, Vander transformed into a flying bat. Harry watched as he flew straight out the window. Picking up his wand he closed and locked it, resetting the clicker. He may be friends with Vander and other vampires but there were still your weirdoes in the bunch.

Shew... that’s a lot to write! Three chapters in one day! Then again I wrote a lot on Saturday when I was gone. I hope this was a good enough chapter. I won’t be on tomorrow, but Tuesday I will be. Happy Valentines Day to everyone! And thank you for the reviews. I accept anonymous reviews! So if you could drop me a line or two thank you! Next is Hogwarts.... And the sorting... dun dun dun!

Chapter Eight: The Product of the 90's Raise

Harry used the little time he had left to memorize the Hogwarts map as much as possible. Candy worked a lot of overtime, and since Harry wasn't working anymore he filled the time with studying the Hogwarts rule book and map. With the way his relationship is with the teachers he may have to use a rule or two in case they tried to take advantage of him.

The very last day before the first, Harry snuck off to Diagon Alley, to meet up with Sterling.

The dark underground of Gringotts was chilly, which made Harry glad he brought his leather jacket.

The Evans Vault was unlike his trust fund vault. This vault wasn't the usual color, instead it was a livid glowing green. Harry jumped over the cart and onto the platform, and stared at the green bubble with interest.

"When you were born Harry, this was set up for your Iris activation." said Sterling getting out.

Harry grasped the lantern for Sterling, "But... couldn't anyone with green contacts enter?" he inquired.

A grin spread across Sterling's face, "No Harry, each wizard and witches iris is different from another eye no matter the color." Sterling leaned over, "That's where half of your magical signature is, in your eyes." he stated.

Harry had never heard this before, "You mean... our magical signature is in our eyes? How is that?" He wondered if a lot of wizards and witches knew that.

"Your concentration and focus, is the biggest part of magic. The other part is your heart, soul, and feelings." said the Goblin.

Harry took this in consideration, as the Goblin pulled out a strange looking contraption. It was larger than a key, and as long as a wand

yet it was round and jagged at the end. A naughty muggle device was what crossed his mind, and snorted to himself.

Sterling seen him looking at the device, glancing down at the item in his hand, "This is a specially made key. Your mother Lily Potter, was quite the charms expert." He said, moving aside.

"Harry, stand over there in front of the green bubble, and don't blink. Keep your eyes wide." instructed Sterling.

Harry did, and as he did, Sterling pressed his index finger against the Avada Kadavera green bubble.

It took Harry's being not to gasp and flinch. He felt energy probes scanning him right in the eyes.

The light was so bright yet it felt as if he had done this several times before. Harry felt warmth spread through out his body and it was then that the bubble disappitated.

Harry breathed sharply, "Whoa!"

"Aww... good!" said Sterling lifting the large 'key' and sticking it in the hole of the vault. A loud echo of locks could be heard zigzagging its way through Harry's vault.

"Is there something very valuable in there for all these measures to be taken?"

Sterling only grinned, "Wait and see Harry."

Harry groaned, "I hate it when you say that." He mumbled dryly.

The door to the vault finally clicked and gave a wheezing shudder.

Clouds of smoke escaped the vault, the same pungent smell from his trust fund, but this time it was even more so.

Harry's eyes looked inside the vault. Sterling hooked the lantern and the whole vault room lit up.

It was unlike any other place Harry had ever seen. Stepping in he could have sworn he entered a living room. Portraits of snoring dusty obvious relatives of his were hanging on the vault walls. He could tell by the mops of black hair and glasses that they were closely related.

The furniture was a glistening emerald. Everything seemed green in here.

"Its amusing to know that you have some strong Irish blood. Your mother loved her heritage. Your father was Welsh and Irish. Mostly Irish." Sterling told him.

Harry looked at Sterling, "How do you know all that?"

"Personal Information, Harry. For vaults such as these we need to dig deep into a witch or wizards background, to give them the best service and security possible."

Harry walked around in awe. Their were shamrock memorabilia and landscapes of the Emerald Isles. It was a beautiful sight to see. It would fit nicely in his bedroom.

If you had to you could live in this vault, you very well could. There was even glistening green carpet underneath him.

"Wow!" Harry said in awe.

"Check the chests and the drawers Harry." suggested Sterling entering and gazing his eyes around with fascination.

"I have never been in here. I've always been told about it and everything it included, but never have I entered." he said splendidly. "I've been in many vaults Harry, but this one is probably the most beautiful and most curious."

Harry just smiled as he opened up a cherry oak dresser, to see papers stacked neatly. Thumbing through them quickly, he looked over, "My parents owned property?" asked Harry pulling out several deeds.

“As far as I know Harry, your father inherited several properties when your grandparents were murdered.”

Harry frowned, “Voldemort?” he guessed.

The goblin just nodded, if he felt any fright against the name he didn’t show it.

“Figured, that bastard...” Harry whispered, as he thumbed through and picked up the deeds.

One caught his eye, “This was Godric Hollow eh?” he asked.

Sterling came over and took a look, “Yes, it seems so. The house isn’t there but the property is there and still yours.” he told Harry.

“Which means, if I wanted I could build on it right?”

Sterling gave a nod, “Yes Harry, Godric Hollow was a large grove cut between a forest of trees. Very beautiful Harry, very large piece of land.”

“I’m going to have to take a look at this sometime.” he said. picking up deeds to several property owned in Diagon Alley and Hogsmeade. The buildings were evidently deserted.

He picked up an emerald green wand, he glanced at Sterling for information.

“Aw... it seems you’ve found your Birth Wand. Unscrew the end.” Sterling insisted.

Harry did, and a small roll popped out into his hand. Unrolling it he found out his mothers middle name was Sarah and his fathers was Whitney. His father had been an Auror Apprentice and his mother was a spell creator, she had invented the three useful cleaning charms. Harry’s name which he was happy to point out wasn’t shortened for Harold, Harrison or Harvey. Harry would never live it down.

Harry was mildly amazed to know that his mother had been given the Order of Merlin 3rd Class, for her invention of the Scourgify Charm.

Putting everything up he went to the next drawer, he seen a bunch of old baby clothes. They were still in perfect shape.

Harry was a bit put off knowing he had been that size at one point. Never ever giving it that thought, and then it hit him as he picked up a one piece blue booty outfit. He was having one this size! A baby, his baby. And for someone so young, he couldn't help but grin. He'd be able to do things with his child that no one ever did with him. It gave him a sense of pride to know this. If he had a boy he was going to come back and take some of them for keepsake.

The next one was a bit of a kicker, there wasn't anything in it but one piece of jewelry. It was of a brilliant green eye, that dazzled.

Picking it up he gave it a better look. He turned to Sterling who shook his head, "I have no idea Harry."

Shrugging Harry clipped it around his neck, and tucked it in his black tank top.

Moving to the next it was much bigger than the previous and what ever it was caught his eye. It was a black wooden box, sealed all around with gold plates. Harry pulled it out and felt a warm sensation run through his hands, as he moved it on top of the dresser. It was beautiful to the eye, he tried to open it but found he couldn't. He then seen a small ancient rune inscription. He looked at Sterling, for help.

"Let me see!" He said, as Harry lowered it.

"Hold me dear, hold me near, never take for granted that I may be feared.. Open me with your heart when the time I shall part the power I hold is said to be of paradox, open me but take heed of Pandora's Tale of Curious and greed.": Sterling recited.

A frown fluttered onto his mouth, "I got the powerful part, and that it should be handled with care..." Harry trailed off, thinking deeply.

Sterling thought about it a moment, "It means, that you should carry this with you at all times, and that you can open this when the time comes but not until then, you must keep this safe. In the wrong hands... who knows what will happen."

Harry just looked at Sterling who shrugged, "That's what I got out of it

. "Parker never took Ancient Runes so, I never got the pleasure of learning it." He commented. "I know you're right." he added.

"How would I carry this with me?" asked Harry looking at the box, with interest.

He moved it all around up and down and underneath it with curiosity.

As if the box sensed its question, it gave a violent jolt, shrank, and melted into a gold ring.

Harry smiled, "Thanks!" He murmured to no one in particular as he slipped it on his middle finger.

Sterling looked quite curious. Harry was with him on that.

"We are to keep this quiet right?" asked Harry.

Sterling looked up sternly, "Harry, you know better. You know us Goblins do not interfere and do not give away confidential information. I don't care if you were torturing someone down here, what is said and done down here remains private."

Harry nodded, "Sorry Sterling. Had to ask." He admitted.

Sterling nodded, "I don't quite blame you Harry." he didn't seem insulted.

Harry looked around and went through the glass cabinets to look at all the daggers and such. They varied, and Harry picked up a simple dagger with a light blue jewel at the end of it. He had throwing knives in his boot. He always had them. But another dagger couldn't hurt.

Walking over he peered over at a portrait that stood out among the others. The man inside it looked identical to him even the long hair. All except the man had thick rimmed glasses, like the ones they wore a very long time ago. He was snoring. Harry read the name, "Richard Harrison Potter, born 1768 died 1899. Wow! He lived a long time." he murmured.

"Your family is quite old Harry. Look over there at the curtain, you'll find your ancestors date back to the early B.C. era." Sterling told him.

Harry mildly amazed stood and walked over, and lifted the soft green curtain and gazed at the red cursive stitching. He was at the bottom and working its way up was his father, mother, grandparents, great grandparents and so on.

He was vaguely insulted at being distantly related to Dumbledore. His Great aunt married one of Dumbledore's sons. He blanched when he seen a Snape on there. A Karen Snape. But he was also aware of a lot of muggle surnames on here. His family was humongous. They branched out and his father had three siblings. He was the only boy however. But the generations before his father was pretty wide. In one family where a Jarred and Katharine Potter married and had five boys. He wondered if any of them were alive. He would bet they were but so distant that branched out that he would never have the chance of meeting them.

He was aware of marrying into the Hufflepuff family and Ravenclaw. But, it was all by marriage. Nothing pureblooded.

Harry had spent over two hours in his family vault. I think that's all for now Sterling. Thank you for coming with me."

Sterling smiled, "Of course Harry. No problem." he said, locking it back. Harry activated the bubble the second he stepped away from the vault.

Harry had a lot to think about as he played with the ring on his middle finger...

The first of September, Harry was a bag of nerves yet again.

Candy had stayed all night and was going to take him to Kings Cross.

Harry had all ready packed, and as he stood and looked himself in the mirror, he sighed harshly and groaned, "I can't be that nervous!"

"Why not? Can't you be nervous?" asked Candy.

Harry shrugged, "I never get nervous."

Candy smirked, "I can see that you don't. But, you're going to Hogwarts, You won't be on your turf anymore."

Harry grunted, "Got that right. I'm having doubts."

"Harry." Candy crossed her arms, "Go! You need it."

Harry shrugged, and turned, "You have everything right?" he asked.

She smiled, "Yes, I do! Lily is in the car in her carrying basket. She wasn't to thrilled on being forced into it."

"I don't blame her. I know how it feels to be caged." He said using his brush to pull back his hair in a low band.

"Are you trying to look as imposing as you can?" teased Candy, seeing his outfit.

Black leather pants, his black belt that had the silver studs, and black leather boots, and he was wearing a simple black t shirt tucked in loosely. His tattoo could be shown every so often, when ever he raised up his arms or moved in a certain way. He had a leather cord around his neck, and the cross earring was replaced by a dragon earring, which had a stunning curse absorbed into the soft metal.

Harry smirked, "No! It's just I like these pants and don't wear them often."

She laughed, "They are nice!" She admitted.

Harry rolled his eyes, but smirked as he slipped in his magical contacts, and winced at the sting. He had gotten quite use to it but it still stung.

The mixed smell of Calvin Klein cologne and cigarettes lingered on Harry as he slipped on his black leather jacket.

Grabbing his wallet, chain, and keys he took one last look around.

“Got everything you need?” she asked.

Harry nodded clumsily, and walked out into the cool newly September weather. His face and actions betraying the emotions and nerves he felt inside.

Kings Cross was packed to the brim with people walking in all different directions.

Kissing Candy g’bye, he strolled over to Platform 9 and 10 and looked dully at the solid barrier.

“I swear to Merlin if you were bluffing Dumbledore, I’ll kill you.” He whispered under his breath as he moved casually and nonchalantly slid through the barrier between the platforms.

Harry released a sigh of relief, when his face didn’t smash into anything.

Scar covered by his thick black hair, he strolled over, to see the brilliant scarlet steam engine. Children shouted their bye’s and some parents sobbed.

Harry hoisted his trunk and cat basket off the trolley got up onto the train and after about ten minutes of looking he found an empty seat in the back. Sliding the trunk up into the overhead compartment, he released Lily who meowed and purred with delight at being let loose.

Harry bent down and peered out the window to see different families. Harry glanced over with narrowed eyes to see Tonks standing by the platform her eyes gazing around. Her hair was a sandy blonde and

her eyes were the color of Candys. Harry's eyes narrowed, and wondered if she was trying to imitate her, to throw him off.

Taking his seat he propped his feet up as Lily bounded up into his lap, and curled herself up. Harry ran a hand over her fur as he pulled out a book, and stuck his nose in it, and waited for the train to move.

The moment the train took off, his compartment opened and a girl with long brown curls, and tender cocoa eyes.

Harry paid no mind to her as his face stayed in the book, "Excuse me!" said the voice.

Harry pulled the book down, "Yes?"

She looked puzzled, "I've never seen you before."

"Likewise." said Harry simply.

She stepped in all ready wearing her robes. She had a silver prefect badge clipped to her breast pocket robe.

"Do you go here?" asked the girl looking around and back at him.

"Now I do, why? Is it a prefects duty to bother those who aren't doing magic?"

She was puzzled, and opened her mouth to say something, when the door opened, "Everything OK in here Mione! No trouble?" asked a red haired boy with to many freckles to count. He was tall and lanky. But Harry was taller.

The girl scowled, "Say my name right Ronald. No, I was just talking." she snapped.

'Ronald' took one look at Harry and all ready made up his mind about the charcoal haired teen.

"Who are you?" he asked, with a smug face.

Harry who had put the book back in his face lowered the book and eyed the boy.

"I am me." said Harry, he knew he would get either a rise or a huff.

"And who are YOU." said Ron in a slow voice, as if he was a child.

"I am what I want to be. Who are you?" asked Harry, politely.

The brunette sighed, "Listen, we're just being nice and cordial. You could at least give us your name." said the girl.

"What's your name first?" asked Harry.

"Hermione Granger." she said, timidly.

"Hmm... pretty name." He said, as she gushed in the cheeks.

Ron rolled his eyes, "Look man who are you? Are you even allowed on the train? You don't even look like our age!"

"I'm fifteen." said Harry, his eyes lingering on Hermione who had her head bowed ever so slightly.

Ron gaped his mouth open, "You are not!" he then said indignantly.

Harry laughed, "Yeah, I am. The names Harry by the way, Harry Potter, and if you spread it around the train I will hex both of you." said Harry simply.

Ron's mouth did more than gape, and Hermione's eyes widen, as she looked about faint.

"Harry?" Her eyes unlike Ron's didn't flicker up to his scar.

Ron did however, "Show us!" He demanded.

Harry scowled at him, "I don't have to show you anything." said Harry firmly.

“Wow! I seen you in the papers, but... I didn’t know you were going here. You were gone for so long.” she told him.

Harry nodded, “I would have preferred to stay gone, had the damn Headmaster hadn’t dragged me.”

Hermione’s eyes shot up in surprise at the way he addressed the Headmaster.

Ron just stared at him with a piercing gaze.

“Uh... where have you been?”

“Here and there.” the boy shrugged his shoulders.

“Oh, uh wow. Well, we’re going to go. Just make sure you don’t use magic on the train. It’s not allowed.” she turned and pushed Harry out the door, who was still staring at him as the shorter girl pushed him away.

Harry scowled and sat down and placed the book back in his face. Hermione, was all right, that red head, though there was something seriously wrong with him.

About halfway through the train ride, Harry was half asleep, when the door to his compartment opened and two red heads poked their heads in. “Perfect! He’ll never know!” whispered one.

“Think it’s wise! He looks new.” said the other.

“Oh yeah! We’ll be gone before he wakes. He’ll have no idea.”

“Well then! My great brother! Take the lead.” said the other voice.

Harry grabbed the hand out of nowhere, his eyes still closed at the boy who had his wand raised, “I really really would advise not to do that.” said Harry in a slow voice.

His eyes opened, to stare back at double the red and freckles.

“Oh no! I’m not showing you my scar.” He grumbled.

The twins looked at each other, “Oh! Your Potter right?” asked one with a smile.

“Yes, we’ve heard of you!” said one

“It must have been our ickle Ronnikens.” said the other.

Harry snorted, and let go of them. He immediately took to liking them.

“Ickle Ronnikens ey? Thanks for the information.”

They grinned and sat down one on each side, “George Weasley at your service!” said the one on his right.

“Fred Weasley! We’re...”

“The most obnoxious Mischief makers, since the Marauders!” they said at the same time.

They stood and bowed, causing Harry to crack up laughing. He chuckled and clapped his hands with a shake of his head.

“So you think you can beat my dad and godfather in the mischief pranking biz eh?” Harry teased crossing his arms.

Their mouths gaped open like fish. Harry chuckled, “I have no worms sorry!” He said opening his hands.

They closed them and looked at each other, “You mean to say!” said George.

“That your father!” said Fred.

“And godfather!” George pointed out with a grin on his silly face.

“Is the mischief Marauders that we respect so highly?” the twins said flawlessly at the same time.

Harry just laughed, "Yes! James 'Prongs' Potter! Sirius 'Padfoot' Black, Remus 'Moony' Lupin... and..." Harry scowled, "The last isn't worth mentioning."

Their eyes shot up in surprise, "THE Lupin? As in Werewolf and professor?" inquired Fred.

"You mean the one who howls late at night on a full moon?" asked George with a grin.

Harry couldn't stop laughing at these two, they were some characters.

"That would be the one." said Harry, crossing his arms at the boys face.

"Wow!" they said dreamily.

Harry just smirked, "So you boys think you can out do my father? Tsk tsk. I'd be careful when you do."

They gaped at him, "What are you saying?" asked Fred standing and putting his hands on his hips.

"Are you saying that we can't outdo them?" asked George.

"Let me tell you something Mr. Prongs Jr." teased Fred, with a point at Harry who just watched them amusingly.

"The Marauder may have built the foundation! But we are building the castle to pranking!" said George standing next to his brother, raising his chin in the air.

Harry just quirked an eyebrow upward, "Yeah, but just because you guys are MAKING the castle doesn't mean you can shake it." a devious grin spread across Harry's handsome face.

The twins had enough experience to know when a challenge was being promoted.

"We! Messrs Fred and George Weasley!"

“Except your challenge, and pray that you don’t run out screaming in embarrassment.” said the other Weasley as they bowed in unison.

Harry laughed lightly and clapped his hands, “Excellent guys. That was frigging awesome! No one has EVER impressed me that quickly.”

The twins beamed, and stood up right, “That’s right! That’s right!” they said, with their chins in the air.

“I’ll need to get my own little posse, and when I do, we’ll set terms...” suggested Harry.

The twins grinned, “We’ll give you!” “Two weeks!” said George.

“To gather your posse together.” “Then we’ll talk over rules and boundaries.” “And then begin! Our terror on the school at large.”

Harry just smiled, “You do that boys! We’ll see who shakes the foundation of that school.”

They just smiled, “Well we’re off good fellow!” said the other doing a very dramatic bow.

The other followed suit, “To hunt unsuspecting students, to test our abilities!” Fred grinned, and winked, before the two stepped out of the compartment together.

Harry laughed and shook his head as he looked down at Lily who just meowed up at him.

“I think I’ll have fun.” murmured Harry with a quirky smile.

The rest of the train ride was uneventful, Harry seen a blond boy pass but thought nothing of it.

As the darkness tumbled over the land outside the moving train, Harry got up to change into his robes. They were traditionally black till he was sorted.

With no shirt on Harry, tied his own belt instead of the traditional black belt. He wasn't going anywhere without his potions. Who knew when you needed one?

The door opened, and a girl yelped, in surprise. Harry stared up at a blazing red faced girl as she stared struck at Harry's chest. "Can I Help you?" asked Harry, simply.

Her mouth opened, "Uh... I'm sorry!" she gasped, swallowing her breath as she stared at his chest a bit faint.

"It's all right! Haven't you seen a guys chest?" he teased, with a smirk.

Her face flamed up, "Uh... well.." she turned, to run but Harry stopped her.

"Wait!" said Harry, as she turned and looked up at him, her eyes wide, "I.. I uh..."

"What's your name?" he asked. "Hannah." she said, quietly.

"Hannah Abbotte." Her face flushed, as she looked the other way. Her honey blonde hair was curled ever so slightly.

She wasn't very skinny, or thin for that matter. She had curves and her face was chubby and round. Her dark blue eyes looked embarrassed, and the flush in her cheeks was most attractive. The robes she was wearing had the Hufflepuff emblem on it, and the black robes showed that she had more curves than most girls her age. She was a bit chubby in the middle, and she had bigger thighs. She was your average girl. The one that all the girls would look down upon because of her size.

He smiled, "Nice to meet you Hannah! Wait a moment, and let me slide this on." He said, feeling he shouldn't be rude or impolite.

Hannah turned her face away, and fidgeted. "Could you please close the door?" he asked.

She nodded and did, as he tucked his white t shirt, and then the vest. He grumbled with the black tie. "Gods these things are so medieval." he mumbled.

She gave a giggle as she watched him struggle with the tie. She diverted her eyes from his but she was giggling at the way he kept moving it around making it even worse than ever.

"Here! Let me!" said Hannah after a moments pause.

Harry let go and allowed her too. "What's your name?" she asked, working her magic on his tie.

"Harry Potter." he said quietly.

Startled, she stopped fumbling with his tie, "Oh! Uh... Nice to meet you." she reframed from staring up at his scar as she went back to his tie. "Where have you been?" she asked curiously.

"Here and there." he told her. He laughed, "Actually, I lived in the muggle world." She smiled, "I'm half and half! Mumma is the muggle." she said, "I live in Kent."

"London! The southern side." he told her.

"Live by yourself?" she asked.

"Yes, always have."

"Oh, everyone thought you were dead." she said, moving away now that she fixed his tie.

He smiled, "Thanks!" He said touching it and sitting down. She smiled at the kitten and as soon as she sat down, Lily padded over and licked her hand affectionately.

"I'm glad they did. I didn't want to be seen or known." He told her.

Hannah smiled, "I guess, I can understand that. I wouldn't want all that fame either. Then again no one ever gets recognition in Hufflepuff." she said, finally looking up at him.

She had gotten over her immediate shyness, and Harry was glad. He was happy to note that through out the conversation she did not once look up at his scar.

The doors opened and two others came in, a short brunette girl with brown eyes, and a boy who was taller with black hair and a long thin face.

"Hannah! There you are! We wondered where you were!" said the girl with a smile.

Hannah smiled, "I was talking to my new friend!" she got up and closed the door. "Guys! This is Harry! Harry this is Suzan Bones my best friend, and my other best friend Justin Finch Fletchley!" she said smiling brightly.

"Hi!" They said at the same time.

Harry smiled, "Hello! Hannah was just telling me about Hogwarts. It's my fifth year but first year here."

"Oh wow! We've never had a transfer." said Suzan sitting down interestedly.

Harry smiled, "Well, I'm not a transfer persay. I was taught magic by a close friend."

Justin scratched his head, "Hmm... I'm muggle-born. I had no idea I was wizard till I got my letter."

"My auntie is a part of the Ministry! Wizengamot." said Suzan.

Harry looked at her, "Amelia Bones?" he asked.

Suzan smiled, "Yes! You know my aunt?"

Harry smiled, "Yes, nice woman she is." he said, honestly.

It was about fifteen minutes before they got to Hogsmeade Station, and the four of them were getting along quite well. Harry found them really amusing and nice to talk too.

Harry learned a lot from the group.

"What house do you think you'll get into?" asked Justin.

Harry thought about this, "It varies. I think its between Gryffindor, Ravenclaw, and Slytherin." He admitted. "As loyal and hardworking as I am... Hufflepuff doesn't fit in with my personality." he admitted.

"Slytherin? Are you serious?" asked Justin a bit weak.

Harry sighed, "Look, not all Slytherin's are terrible people. Every house has its traitor. When I ran away from my relatives at five years old, a Slytherin Wizard took me in. He took care of me, fed me, and taught me everything I knew about the wizarding world. He was a good guy despite what others would say. There are a lot of dark wizards in Slytherin I'll grant you that, but there are your good ones, and I'm not evil, I may have a dark side, but that's only because I've had to raise myself in the means I had." He told them.

They were stunned into silence, when Hannah said, "No matter what house your in, I'll be friends with you! We're Hufflepuffs! We shouldn't judge."

Justin thought about that and nodded, Suzan had all ready made up her mind with a smile. "That's true! We're sorry." he said honestly.

"That's OK. It's not your fault really. It's what you've heard. For instance Peter Petigrew came from Gryffindor.."

"Oh yeah!" said Suzan. "My auntie is the one who helped get Sirius Black free."

"He's my godfather." said Harry.

“Wow! That’s cool.” said Justin.

The doors opened and the blond boy poked his head in with a sneer, “I heard Harry Potter was in this compartment.”

Justin and Suzan looked at each other and at Harry whose eyes narrowed, “Yeah I’m here what do you want and who are you?” asked Harry simply.

The boy stepped in, and smirked, “Names Malfoy! Draco Malfoy.” he sneered at the others around him as he held out his hand.

Harry just looked at his hand, “Just because I have your name doesn’t mean I’m going to shake your hand. I don’t know you and you don’t know me. Until then, keep your germs to yourself.” He insisted with distaste.

The boy moved his hand away and crossed his arms, “Where’ve you been?” he asked.

Harry furrowed his eyebrows, “Why should I tell you?” asked Harry.

“I just asked!” said Malfoy.

Harry cocked his head to the side, “Right.”

“What are you doing talking to THESE puffs?” asked Malfoy with disdain.

Harry stood and crossed his arms, “I’ll talk to whoever I please, and you will keep your mouth to yourself about my friends.” He said, dangerously.

Malfoy looked affronted, “Fine! See ya Potter.”

“Not if I can help it.” muttered Harry as the door closed.

Suzan, Justin, and Hannah looked at Harry, “Thanks!” they said in unison. “They like to bother us!” said Suzan.

"We know how to defend ourselves, and we really don't care what others think of us! We like them underestimating us." said Hannah.

Justin smiled, "That's right. We know we can wipe the floor with Malfoy if we tried."

Harry laughed lightly, really enjoying their company. He then told them about the Weasley twins and the challenge, that they had set up.

"Hey whichever house you get into, we'll still have fun, you're one of us now."

The train slowed to a stop and Harry felt a lurch in his chest. It was time...

Stepping off of the platform, Harry felt the wind swish through his black hair, he heard a gruff voice call for first years.

Harry stalked over to the large giant with a scraggily beard, "Excuse me, where do I go?" asked Harry.

The man looked down, "Blimey I 'ave no idea!" he told Harry.

"I'm not a first year but I'm to be sorted, I'm fifth."

"Well then! Yeh get into the boat." He instructed.

Harry shrugged, and did as he was told when a three little scared girls clambered in.

"You can't be a first year." said one. Harry laughed, "No, I'm a fifth." He told them.

"Oh! You new then!" said one.

Harry nodded, "What's your name?" he asked, one of the girls.

"Jessica! This is Mindy! We met on the train!" said the red haired girl with pigtails.

The girl with a pug nose and brown hair grinned, "Yeah we hope we're in the same house. It'll be sad if we're not." said Mindy with a sigh.

Harry held in a gasp as he looked at the gorgeous castle in the distance. All the first years were in awe, and their eyes glowing. Harry's dazzled underneath his dark hair. He stared around him when there was a soft dip from the sea. Harry looked over and thought he saw a black tentacle pop up and squirt water.

Harry had to really duck unlike the first years, to keep from knocking himself out on the overpass.

Harry was so nervous that he tuned out McGonagall and her silly speech. He wasn't a first year so he didn't listen. She felt his eyes on him but did not look up at the stern woman.

When Harry entered through the double doors he felt a sickening sensation. He hated attention, more than anything.

But his eyes were drawn upwards where all the kids were gasping in awe, and with good reason. The night sky that was the ceiling was absolutely spectacular.

Harry felt eyes on him and narrowed them as he came down to see several pairs. Mostly the teachers. Diverting his attention, he stopped in front of the hat with the kids. He was so tall he stuck out.

Just as the sorting hat was about to open its brim to sing Dumbledore took the notion to stand up.

"Before we begin with the first year sorting. I would like to go ahead and sort the new fifth year. Please give a warm welcome to Harry Potter." It was instant madness. Gasps, whispers, and even a couple faints was all the Great Hall could hear.

Harry groaned inwardly and bowed his head, as two of the girls he had been in a boat with gasped up at him in awe. Harry groaned, and shook his head.

“Hey! Its OK!” Jessica took one hand as Mindy took the other. Harry just smiled weakly, and murmured to himself, “I hate attention.”

“Mr. Potter!”

Harry sighed, and let go of the little girls and walked up to the black sorting hat. His heart pounding as he lifted it and slid onto the stool and slipped the hat on and closed his eyes. His heart thumped and ached.

“Well! I never thought I’d see you Potter. You’re much older but your education is outstanding. No, you didn’t go to any school at all. You were home tutored, and by Zabini by no other.” Whispered the hat silkily in his ear.

Harry kept his eyes closed, “Yes, he was a good teacher.”

“Yes, Parker Zabini was particularly difficult to place, but never have I ever seen a head as full as yours Potter. Very interesting indeed. Mmm... you have so many qualities... you are a cunning and sneaky, yet your personality and intellect is far above your age. Oh yes, and your courage and love for friends and others that are looked down upon in society. You are an enigma Potter.” he said into Harry’s ear.

“Yes, well find me a house where everyone will be shocked from the floor up! I’m here to change a few things.”

The hat snickered, and shook upon his head, when its tip turned to Dumbledore and said allowed, “Are you sure you can’t make a house with EVERY quality! This is getting ridiculous Dumbledore!” he said, causing a startle from people.

Dumbledore’s beard twitched, “I have NEVER had a problem with sorting a student!” He went silent and went back into Harry’s head.

“You have to draw even more attention don’t you! You little shit?” Harry questioned in his mind.

A snicker came from the old rugged hat.

“Well fuckin sort me!” Harry hissed. “Put me in a place so unexpected! A house is a house, and I have every quality. Everyone has qualities some just more than others.” Harry told him.

“Hufflepuff!” Was the final announcement.

..... Heheheh (Grins and dances happily)
Trust me! I didn't expect myself do that!

Chapter Nine: What is a Hufflepuff?

Hufflepuff stood and cheered so loudly, Harry thought his eardrums were going to be nonexistent by the time it was all over. Harry slowly stood, and whispered, "Are you sure about this hat?" he asked.

The sly voice snickered, "Oh yes, very sure."

The houses were stunned into pure silence. A look of shock was on everyone's face. Harry just smirked.

"G... G.. Go on Mr. Potter." croaked McGonagall weekly.

Harry stood quietly and walked casually over to the largest house in Hogwarts.

A smile flickered on his face as he was greeted, with a clamor of claps and smiles.

"That was the longest and most shocking sorting, I have ever witnessed." said Justin, smiling.

Susan hugged Harry and Hannah hesitated for a split second before getting a hug out of Harry.

It took a lot for Hufflepuff to finally calm down.

Harry took a seat next to Justin and a chubby boy he did not know.

His hair was curly and his eyes were wide and his mouth was gaping open.

"W... W.. welcome to H.. Hufflepuff." he coughed and smiled, "I'm Ernie Macmillan! Prefect!" he said proudly puffing out his chest so Harry could see the silver badge.

"Nice to meet you!" stated Harry.

Once the hall was quiet the hat opened its brim once again.

"I'm not entirely sure that was the best decision. You've done a fine thing Dumbledore." said the hat dryly.

The hall stared up at the hat with curiosity. No one had ever heard the sorting hat speak its mind.

"This sorting business is starting to get quite ridiculous. Potter is a perfect example of this. You divide everyone, away from one another. This isn't the way to go about things."

Everyone's eyes moved from the hat to Harry, who cursed, "Damn hat!"

McGonagall was flabbergasted, she was loosely holding the roll of names staring at the hat unsure of what to do.

"Being divided is what makes you weak. The simple minded purebloods believe everything is pure and should not be tainted by what they believe unworthy! Courage, loyalty, intelligence, and ambition is in all of us.

"Slytherin is no more evil than Hufflepuff is. Gryffindors are no better than Ravenclaw. Being labeled is what put our world in jeopardy in the first place.

'Muggles are important to our society, whether you want to believe it or not. If we don't spread ourselves we'll all die out eventually.. While the population of us grow from 5 million to 10 million, known witches and wizards.. The number of muggles exceeds far more in population than you can imagine.

'One day our magic will be tried for treason and one day every pureblood wizard who deem others unworthy shall fear the wrath of those who believe in everyone. This is a warning. It's your own fault that evil in this world is flourishing so fast. I can only hope that one day you shall come together, join hands and realize you're all the same. Potter, has qualities from every house. I have never in my years of life as a hat ever sorted a wizard with more characteristics than Potter. Hufflepuff was just one of the four houses he could have

been in.” The hat suddenly went silent, leaving the clinking of china and coughs of students.

The ring in the hall was quite large. No one could seem to figure out what to say or do. Even the Weasley twins were just staring at the hat not moving a muscle. Dumbledore was stroking his beard.

“Whose first?” said the hat suddenly, causing others to jump.

“Er... Euan Abercrombie.” McGonagall said breaking the stunned silence.

“What was that all about?” whispered Justin.

Harry shrugged, “I guess, I confused the hat.” Harry offered. He didn’t even know. He felt singled out. Did the hat really have a hard time sorting him? Harry’s last prediction wasn’t Hufflepuff. He thought if anything Gryffindor would have fit him. But Hufflepuff? Harry then had to wonder if the hat had a reason. If there was more to Hufflepuff than its soft exterior. Which ever it was Harry was going find out.

Susan smiled, “I’m glad you got in!” she whispered across the table.

Hannah nodded, just as the little girl Mindy, was sorted into Hufflepuff. Harry cheered along with the rest of the Hufflepuffs, as the little girl bounded over. She beamed at Harry before taking her seat next to a little boy who had been sorted.

The red haired girl got sorted into Ravenclaw, and Mindy looked down a bit sad.

The sorting ended with Wilson Eric, who was welcomed to Gryffindor.

After the last of the cheers, Professor Dumbledore stood, and the whole hall went silent.

“I have a couple announcements before we start with our brilliant and delectable feast. First note, that the Forbidden Forest is just that... forbidden. Prefects you will meet in the Prefect Chamber where the Head Boy and Girl will be to give out instructions for your patrols and

duties. The restrictions and rules are much tighter this year. We are delving deeper into a time of war and caution. Please be careful, watch yourself, learn, and remember guidance and help is always here at Hogwarts when you need and ask. Let the feast begin.” with a clap of his hands the plates filled to the brim with delicious food.

Harry turned around to see eyes on him, almost every Hufflepuff was looking at him.

“Maybe now you can change something.” said one of the girls her eyes glittering. She wasn’t the prettiest, as a matter of fact, she looked as if her nose was off center. Her hair was a frizzy brown, and pulled up in a ponytail, and her face was round and pudgy.

“Change something?” asked Harry, curiously.

“What Eloise is trying to say, is that Hufflepuff is a running joke.” said Hannah with a sigh.

“Why?” asked Harry. “I guess its cause of the name, and the only notable Hufflepuff is Cedric..” There was a long pause after that name.

Harry tapped his mouth, “Cedric, Cedric... I’ve heard that name.”

“He’s dead.” said Susan quietly. “He was killed last year, when You Know Who came back.”

Then it clicked in Harry’s mind, “Oh!” his green eyes wide, “I see, yes now I know! Someone close to me told me about Moody being attacked and replaced by a Deatheater, and that they turned the Tri Wizard Cup into a port-key.”

“It wasn’t very graphic in the paper. I guess the Ministry is trying to keep it hush hush.” said a boy who just piped in.

His hair was folded over his ears, and his eyes were as dark as olives. He was a thin peaky boy.

“Name?” asked Harry. “Zacharias Smith.” he said simply.

Harry nodded, "I don't listen to the Ministry. That's not where I got my information from." Harry helped himself to some mashed potatoes, when he felt eyes boring into the back of his head.

Harry glanced straight ahead at Hannah who was right across from him.

"What's wrong?" asked Hannah.

"Look over at the teachers table. Tell me if anyone's staring at me."

Hannah glanced over, and back again, and took her pumpkin juice. "Headmaster and McGonagall."

Harry's eyes narrowed, "He's pissed." whispered Harry.

"Huh?" asked Justin.

Harry shook his head, "Nothing!" said Harry waving his hand and going back to his food.

The food soon vanished from the table and Dumbledore stood once again. Harry by this time was starting to feel quite tired. He glanced up to hear what the old man had to say.

"After the terrible incident last year, I am pleased to welcome two teachers to our staff. Your defense classes will be doubled to make up for the lack of. Professor R. J. Lupin has decided to resume his post as Defense Against the Dark Arts teacher. As such he'll be here this Friday."

There were claps and whistles, as several people really liked him. Harry would have clapped along with them, but he had to play dumb.

"Also the other Defense Teacher has not made his appearance..." the doors at that moment opened at that moment, and Harry smirked, as he seen his mentor and tutor stroll in his all his glory.

"Professor Parker Zabini." said Dumbledore.

Harry just shook his head, "That little bastard!" Harry whispered, and started clapping.

The Hufflepuffs were less adamant but seeing Harry clapping they of course joined in. The Slytherins were clapping loud as well, knowing that Zabini was a Slytherin. The Ravenclaws did, but most of the Gryffindors stayed planted in their seats with scowls on their faces.

"Harry! Do you know him?" asked Ernie, wondering why he was clapping.

"Yes!" Harry said smiling. "He taught me everything I know." he admitted, as Parker turned and winked at Harry before nodded,

"Thank you Albus! I really didn't need that big of an entrance. I simply got caught up!" he said, handing Dumbledore a set of files.

Harry knew Parker had taken it upon himself to make sure he stayed safe.

When Dumbledore dismissed everyone, Harry clambered out from behind the benches, and smiled, "Will someone wait for me?" he asked. "I have no idea where I'm going to go!" He admitted.

"I'll stay!" said Susan. "I'm a prefect, and I know the password." she said, warmly.

"Thanks!" He said, as Justin came over, "I'll wait too!"

Hannah didn't want to be left out, besides, she met him first, "We'll all wait! We're friends." she grinned, and stood beside him.

Harry just laughed at Ernie's stunned face, and strolled up to the teachers table not looking at anyone but Parker who smirked and leaned his head back.

"Well well well look what the cat drug in." Teased Harry placing his hands on the table.

“Hufflepuff Potter! What the fuck did I teach you?” whispered Parker, but all the teachers caught it.

“There’s nothing wrong with it!” Harry winked, and Parker nodded, they were sharing a silent conversation as they talked.

Harry then went serious, “What about your Inn?” asked Harry concerned.

Parker waved his hand, “It’s all right! Its under construction anyway. I decided to take a year or two off.”

Harry shook his head, ‘Oh!’ he moved, “These are my friends, Susan Bones, Justin Finch-Fletchley, and Hannah Abbott. We met on the train.”

Parker nodded, in respect, “Harry, I’ll see you later.” he winked, at Harry who nodded.

“See ya Parker.” he turned to the Hufflepuffs. “Someone ready to show me the common room?” he asked.

Harry was shown the way to the Hufflepuff Common Room. It was on the bottom floor concealed behind a large human size stone. Hannah touched the stone and it slid out of the way. Harry had to duck while walking through, and as he did he stopped at a large room, where nothing but portraits were moving around in their friends sniggering to one of them.

“To get into Hufflepuff Common Room you have to choose the right portrait. It changes every semester to a different portrait.” Susan told him.

“Interesting!” said Harry, as he stared at the portrait.

“But before you can say the password, for the first semester you have to answer a riddle to get the right portrait. Don’t worry, you only have to do it once, until next semester.” Justin told him.

“I was never very good at riddles.” said Hannah.

"Where's the riddle?" asked Harry.

"Over there on the wall!" pointed Justin.

Harry walked over and took a look at the scroll on the wall.

I cannot be felt, seen or touched

Yet, I can be found in everybody;

My existence is always in debate,

Yet, I have my own style of music.

What am I?

Justin groaned, "If a first year got this, I'm going to be humiliated."

Harry smiled, and thought about it, "Soul!" Harry said, out of nowhere.

The portraits did a wild jump and a beautiful curly haired woman was in the middle, "Password?" she asked, in a giddy angelic voice.

The group stared gaping at Harry who shrugged, "Parker made me think outside the box."

"Erm... Dragon Hide." said Susan, the portrait flipped forward, and Harry was the first to glide through.

The room was interesting to say the least. The colors were bright, and the couches were all purple and the pillows were yellow with badgers on them. The fireplace glowed and a large Hufflepuff symbol was above it. Book cases lined the walls with all sorts of reading material.

"This is the Hufflepuff Common Room! Girls! We'll be back! Harry follow me!" Justin showed Harry up the steps and into the standard room. "Aw... you're by the bathroom." said Justin with a smile. "You're also by me."

Zacharias and Ernie came over with a smile, "Welcome to the room Harry! You know, now that you're here we'll probably get a lot of recognition." Ernie told him.

"We were very surprised you got in." said Zacharias.

Harry shrugged, "What's wrong with being loyal?" asked Harry, turning and walking out with Justin.

"Nothing! I think its just the name. Plus, we haven't won the house cup in fifty years or more."

Harry arched an eyebrow, "Man, whose won it?"

"It's went back and forth for years. Slytherin to Gryffindor, back to Slytherin."

"Looks like those two dominate this school." commented Harry.

"Got that right! We hardly have any chance! Even the Ravensclaws get irritated. Everyone's so biased. Ravensclaws are the only ones that look at us with respect. The others don't care. Even Gryffindor, as nice as they are to us, they treat us as if we were little kids, as if we can't defend ourselves."

They got back to the common room to see everyone sitting around. They all turned to see Harry, and it went silent.

"Did you fill him in?" asked a seventh year boy walking over.

Justin nodded, "Yes, I told him as much as I could think of. About how Slytherin and Gryffindor dominate."

"Great! The names Tobey Niles! It's my last year at Hufflepuff and I got pushed aside for Head Boy, by the Gryffindor seventh year." said Tobey scowling. "I swear I know I did better than him!"

Harry frowned at the brown haired man, "I'm sorry, about that. I hope we can change things around here." said Harry biting his lip, great picking up Candy's habit.

"That's why you're here! We know it!" said a girl walking up with a smile.

She was gorgeous, her hair was strawberry color, and it tumbled in locks down her back. Her eyes were a light brown and her face was lightly tanned. She had a cute thin body, and was wearing a prefect badge.

"I'm Kiara Keiser, by the way! Our house is quite united. We stick together no matter what. That's why we are the largest, in the school. We accept everyone flaws and weakness are prized here. It's what makes you who you are. We aren't all wholesome, we are all different. Some are courageous, some are more intelligent than your average Ravenclaw, and some are even more ambitious than a Slytherin." she glanced over at Tobey who bowed his head with a smile.

"But we all have one thing in common. We really try our hardest not to judge, and take people for granted. I guess that's why our name is so watered down, so looked down upon. We have no definite trait. It's said that loyal and hardworking are our traits, but that's not really the case. The badger is a warm creature who works hard and makes no serious judgments. That's what we are. We get a long for the most part. We fight and quarrel but when it comes to standing together, that's one thing we have over these houses."

Harry couldn't help but smile, the whole room was giving their undivided attention to what was being said.

"The best example of someone with a lot of courage would have to be Cedric Diggory. He died going up against You Know Who. His body was brought by via port-key. We are still vague about the whole story." said Ernie sitting on the edge of a chair.

"We are surprised that you got in. We thought for sure Gryffindor would take you." said Tobey.

Harry laughed, "Actually, I thought Slytherin." he admitted.

“But, when the sorting hat, made that statement at dinner, it all made sense.” said Kiara. “The sorting hat knows what its talking about. Each of the four founders place their personality, wisdom and brains in that hat.”

“He’s also cute!” giggled a girl in the back.

Harry looked down when he heard a lot of murmuring, ‘yes,’ and the guys rolled their eyes.

Kiara smiled and flicked her hair, “Harry, we need your help. It has come to our attention that we need to be recognized. For the sake of Helga Hufflepuff and our world we need to be recognized and known.”

“And we need your help.” said Tobey. “We’re not above asking for it.”

“We’re not so proud that we can’t ask someone for help. We knew when you were sorted into the house, that you were going to change things. We could tell by the way you look! The way you act. You aren’t the average stereotyping qualities. Wholesome, pure, and overly nice. From the rumors we heard from the train you sounded kind of rude! Especially to the two star Gryffindors.” Kiara pointed out.

Harry smirked, “Talking about the red head and brown haired prefects?”

They nodded, “They pretty much run this school! And on the opposite spectrum, is Malfoy and his cronies.” Kiara informed.

Harry really hadn’t expected this type of outcome or welcome into Hufflepuff. He hadn’t expected to get into this house, but now that he was he was seeing a lot of things. He was finding out new things on the first night. He had a lot to think about.

Harry walked over and sat down next to Hannah, “What is the status of the teachers?” asked Harry.

“Snape is a treacherous little twit!” said Kiara. “He favors his house and loathes the others. He’s not near as terrible to the Ravenclaws as

he is to the Gryffindors. He pays no mind to us and thinks we are stupid and underrated. He thinks Hufflepuff shouldn't even BE a house." said Kiara with fire in her eyes.

"McGonagall... she's a weird one." said Tobey taking the stage. "She's a fair woman. But she ignores us."

"What do you mean ignores you?" asked Harry.

"She pretends as if we aren't there when we're in the hall. The only one who is even remotely fair to us is Flitwick, the Ravenclaw Head of House, and our own Head of House, Professor Sprout."

Kiara nodded and added, "Binns isn't much to yack about, and Professor Lupin was always very nice to us. Treated us really well. Hagrid, the Care of Magical Creatures Teacher is pretty fair toward us as well."

Harry was glad he got off on the right foot with the Hufflepuffs, but he had no idea what they wanted him to do. I guess they wanted him to show them that not all Hufflepuffs are pushovers and that they are more diverse than any of the houses. Harry had a feeling that was why the sorting hat placed him here.

In all honesty, Harry was the most diverse, he befriended goblins, werewolves, vampires, and elves, as easily as normal witches and wizards. He had a lot of the magical beasts and creatures on his side. Some were outside in the Forbidden Forest at the very moment watching over him making sure he was safe.

He wasn't going to do any of this for Dumbledore. In all retrospect he didn't want to be here, but now that he was here, it was time he take over and do things his way.

The common room portrait opened again and Professor Sprout entered a short chubby woman with curls and a kind paternal face.

"Harry dear! The Headmaster wants to see you. You must pick your classes electives." said Professor Sprout with a smile.

She seemed overjoyed with the thought of Harry in her house.

Harry nodded, and stood, "See ya guys!"

"Do you know how to get back?" asked Justin standing.

"I'll figure it out." said Harry smiling, knowing he had the map in his robes.

Professor Sprout smiled, and touched Harry's arm in a motherly way, "C'mon dear! It won't take long." she said, not being able to touch his shoulders.

He was much too tall. Harry had a feeling the Headmaster wanted to talk to him about more than just his schedule. He would soon find out exactly what the old man wanted. Harry knew he was banking on his 'weapon' to be in Gryffindor so he could keep a watch on him and dig his clutches deep into Harry's affairs. The Deputy Headmistress Minerva McGonagall, was a blind follower of the crooked nosed headmaster, and would do anything and everything he said without even considering the consequences or how another might feel. She simply felt that if Dumbledore thought it was best, then it was. That type of loyalty was the same thing when it came to Voldemort and his followers.

Dumbledore made be fighting for the light, but he's using the power to his advantage to manipulate people to do his bidding. Like Tonks, Kingsley, Alastor Moody, and McGonagall. Snape, he wasn't sure about him. He took Parkers words to heart. That man had no ties. He could go either way.

It was then that Harry got to the stone gargoye. Professor Sprout smiled brightly, "Fizzbee Whizzbee!" (sp?) The gargoye lept aside.

Harry sighed, and stepped onto it. "I'll see you later Harry!" called Professor Sprout.

Harry nodded, and all too soon he was facing the black door. "C'mon in Harry." called Dumbledore's joyous voice.

Harry scowled from behind the door and entered the large round office.

“Yes Headmaster.” Harry knew, he had to be cordial and polite now, that was until the man started talking about topics that was not Hogwarts or school related.

He beamed, and his eyes twinkled as he sat behind his desk straight up.

Harry gazed his eyes around and they fell on the Headmasters and Headmistresses inside their frames. Most snoozing some talking to their neighbors.

Harry smiled when he seen the gorgeous crimson and gold phoenix.

“Wow!” said Harry walking over.

The phoenix raised its head and let out a quivering note that sent Harry’s mind into pure bliss.

Stroking the phoenix it moved from its gold perched and perched on Harry’s shoulder.

Dumbledore arched an eyebrow upwards in mild surprise, “Fawkes, seems to really like you Harry.” He told, him.

“He’s an amazing creature!”

“Yes, do you know about Phoenixes?” asked Dumbledore.

“Yes, I studied them.” he turned, “What can I Do for you Headmaster?”

“Aw.. Yes. You have a set of electives you may take.” He told him. “Theres Muggle Studies, Arithmancy, Ancient Runes, and Care of Magical Creatures.”

“I’ve had enough experience with muggles, seeing as I lived as one. I know Arithmancy pretty fairly, I think I could keep up. Ancient Runes

would be an art I'd really like to learn, and Care of Magical Creatures sounds interesting. So the those three?" he suggested.

Dumbledore's eyes twinkled merrily, and Harry held in the urge to snap at him for it. 'What was he twinkling about? Was Dumbledore that confident that Harry was going to be easy to manipulate and move onto the chess board? He really couldn't be. He must think that since he was a Hufflepuff, it would be simple.' Harry snorted on the inside, and thought to himself, 'We'll see you stereotypical old man.'

"I think we could arrange that. And since you are at a beginners level in Ancient Runes, I can have Professor Lupin tutor you three times a week. He's rather gifted in the Ancient Runes."

Harry bit back a smile, as he thought about the pleasant werewolf. "All right Headmaster!" Harry said, backing up.

Fawkes was still on his shoulder, and it felt good. He was now rubbing his head against Harry's cheek and making cooing noises.

Harry stroked it, pleasantly, as Dumbledore watched serenely for a moment before adjusting his glasses, "I also wanted to ask you about the terms we agreed on."

Harry turned his head, "And what about it?"

"I don't think I can allow you to leave. It wouldn't be right of me."

Harry's face turned the color of stone, "Professor we agreed. I have a few personal matters to tend too. Things that can't be ignored or forgotten about because of Hogwarts. If you don't give me permission, I'll simply do it anyway." Headmaster Dumbledore frowned, "Harry, that would result in expulsion."

Harry just grinned, "You're not going to expel me. You wouldn't. I could torture the hell out of everyone here, and you wouldn't expel me. I know you wouldn't. You tried like hell to get me here and under no circumstances are you going to expel me. Think of what Mr. Fudge would say?"

Dumbledore gave a resigned sigh, “Mr. Potter, you really want to go to these lengths?”

“I want my freedom Headmaster. I’ve all ready gave you my letter to Hogsmeade giving permission by my ‘legal’ guardian Sirius. But that’s as far as I’m going when it comes to legality. You promised me that I could leave when I needed too. I won’t miss classes, and my grades will stay up. If you want you could have Parker Zabini or anyone of your teachers accompany me.” He offered, Harry felt a soft tickling sensation and snarled angrily.

“I wouldn’t do that if I were you Professor! Get your nose out of my mind.” Harry snapped.

Dumbledore looking quite shocked, got out quickly. Harry’s eyes blazed, “If you want me to cooperate, then you best stay out of my thoughts.

“My apologies Harry. I was just trying to understand you is all.” said Professor Dumbledore, pretending to feel bad.

Harry knew better. The green-eyed boy was all ready aware of Dumbledore’s game, but this game was going to be played by a different set of rules.

Harry also didn’t mention that if it wasn’t Parker or Remus, that he was going to sneak off from them by either stunning and putting them to sleep or just memory modifying them. They weren’t going to find out about Candy if he could help it. He knew it was a matter of time, but Harry wanted to keep that secret for now.

Dumbledore could hardly deny his accusations, and gave a nod, “I will allow you to leave Hogwarts as long as you are accompanied by a member of the staff.”

“Good, if that is all. I’ll be going now.” Fawkes looked almost sad that Harry was leaving.

“I’ll see you again boy!” said Harry stroking the gorgeous bird. It chirruped, and flew up and back to its post and watched Harry intently moving its swan like head back and forth.

“Harry, are you all right with being Hufflepuff?” asked Dumbledore.

Harry smiled, “It’s the perfect House Headmaster. G’night.” He turned, and walked out, not giving the Headmaster another chance to speak his fragile little mind.

Harry pulled out the blue map and allowed it to guide him back to the Hufflepuff Common Room. He seen all the names of people and noticed that Snape was in the dungeon part, he seemed to be pacing back and forth. Something struck him as odd as he did. The dot in front of Snape was Draco Malfoy. Harry wondered what they must be saying. He didn’t dare go down there, he knew that the Slytherins would have detection charms. But that just made his mind go into overtime. Surely, they were only student and teacher. Did they know each other outside of school? Harry thought about this as he touched the stone and then a memory flashed into his mind. When Harry was in the Spiny Serpent a man named Lucius Malfoy was talking to Parker in a quiet conversation at the bar. Lucius Malfoy, that must be Draco Malfoy’s father. They looked identical.

“Dragon Hide.”

Harry had to remember to talk to Parker tomorrow about it.

Author Notes:

Darak- Thank you! Sorry about the typos in my stories. I really do try to re-read my stuff before posting. Forgive thee author.

Jill: Sorry Jill, I know a lot of people are asking WHY for Hufflepuff. I hope I answered it in the chapter. I hope I can convince you and others that Hufflepuff was a good choice.

Syvixxe: Thank you! Harry is cunning, my answers to why have been answered, I hope. If you have anymore feel free to drop me a line. I

didn't get your whole email address if you want email me at yahoo foxieroxiesmiles you know all about the (at) symbol.

Imaginaryfriend101- Thank you! I honestly had no idea I was going to do that. I really honestly didn't. I actually had Ravenclaw ready for him and then I did more studying into the houses on a bunch of different websites, and chose Hufflepuff out of nowhere.

Vindex- I'm not THAT mean am I? (Grins innocently)

O.o() There will be an interaction with Ron and Hermione. Its too good not to pass up. But, I never said they'd get along well.

Katy-ster687-I'm not going to leave anything amiss. I promise.

Goddess of Black roses: I was researching the houses. I think Hufflepuff (cause of its name.) Is very underestimated. Harry's personality is so diverse that just one type quality house won't do.

Virginia Riddle Malfoy: I'm sorry. But your reason is what I want the other students and teachers to believe! When you underestimate the boy who lived simply cause of his house qualities, what happens?

Joe: No! Harry/Hermione is NOT going to be a ship. There may be a little flirting and insinuations and maybe even a little something something, but nothing is serious. I want to press on Ron's little temper a bit. (Too much fun to play with.)

Nonjon: I've never done slash. But, I don't think THIS Harry would fit with it. I may try my hand at slash after this. The reason I changed screen names, is because the stories I wrote overwhelmed me and I completely ended up with a thick brick wall. Bad idea to start loads of stories. You get confused and overloaded. So I'm doing ONE at a time now. Btw, I didn't get your whole email.

Black Rose: Thank you

Shadow: Sorry about the mistakes! I really try to read and double read my stuff. I don't do it intentionally. I miss a lot of stuff occasionally.

Mintapotter: Don't worry! This won't go soft. Promise. Maybe I can persuade you.

Signeous. Lmao! I love it! Its on paper right now! (winks)

Uten: No no! Lily is Harry's cat! Remember? Sirius bought it for him for his birthday. Sorry if I confused you.

((OK tell me everyone how well do you like Candy?))

Chapter Ten: Questionable Theories

The candles flickered ominously on the stone wall. A man in black and a white mask entered the room and stared back at his master. He bowed low and kissed the hem of the Dark Lords robes.

"I suspect you have news for me?" asked Voldemort, his eyes lingering on the white mask.

"Yes, Master. Potter was placed in Hufflepuff."

Voldemort's eyes shot up in surprise, "Hufflepuff? Potter? My supposed downfall?" the wizard snorted, "You're joking right?"

The man shook his head, "No master, I am not. The sorting took quite a long time."

Speechless was just one of the many things that the Dark Lord was at the moment.

"You got watch on him don't you?" he asked, suddenly.

The Deatheater nodded, "Yes Master, we didn't pull up unless you said something." "Good, keep watch. Get one of the new recruits to befriend him." He ordered.

The Deatheater bent low and nodded, "Yes Master, all will be done accordingly."

"I have to wonder if the old man told Potter the prophecy yet or not. I have to know before I make a move."

"I will find out."

"Good go on." He ordered waving his hand.

When the Deatheater left, the Dark lord stared into the fire, "What are you trying to pull Potter?"

Wide awake Harry splashed his face with water, and stared up at himself, the nervous part was over, now it was just the fact of shaking this castle the way it should be.

After a quick shower, he dressed in his new uniform. Pulling his black hair back, he snagged both wands. The one he used all the time was in his wand holster on his forearm and the other was in its wand holster on his thigh. Buckling his belt, Justin staggered in looking as if he had been ran over by a bunch of Hippogriffs.

"How the heck can you be so.. Awake." grumbled Justin falling into the stall and closing the door.

Harry snorted, "I just am." he said as Ernie staggered in behind him and soon the rest of the group. Zacharias just nodded yawning widely.

"Wait for me!" murmured Justin, flipping on the taps.

"I'll be in the common room!" said Harry grabbing his wallet and chain.

When Harry made it downstairs he seen Susan and Hannah talking to one another.

"Hey Harry! Is Justin still up there?" asked Susan with a smile.

Hannah smiled, "He's always late. We had a bet that he was in the shower right at this moment."

Harry laughed, "Yeah he's in the shower. Nearly fell into the shower."

Susan smiled, "That's Justin. What electives did you choose?" she asked.

"Arithmancy, Ancient Runes, and Care Of Magical Creatures." he told them.

"Oh wow! I got Divination and Muggle studies."

Hannah piped in, "I got Ancient Runes and Care of Magical Creatures!"

Justin came down his hair soaking wet. "Dry your hair Justin!" insisted Susan.

"Huh? Oh right! Thanks for that! I forgot." He smiled cheekily and pointed his wand at himself.

"Let's go! I'm starved." insisted Harry.

As Harry and his new friends made their way toward the Great Hall, he heard whispers from other houses. "There he is!" "Oh wow he's hot." "Did you see his scar?" Were some of the many things said.

It took Harry biting his tongue to keep from hexing them into giant slugs.

Hannah, Susan, and Justin could tell Harry wasn't very happy with the whispering and tried to keep him in as good of a mood as they could.

Harry was happy that they were going out of their way to make him feel better.

They entered the Great Hall, to hear the early morning quirks. Complaints about school being too early and their classes being boring, some kids ran out of the hall half dressed with toast in their mouths. Others were talking and chatting with one another. The first years were still staring struck up at the gorgeous ceiling in absolute awe.

As Harry got to Hufflepuff table he was approached by the same blond boy as yesterday.

Harry cut him off, "If you really want to start something, we can do it when the teachers aren't watching. Until then keep your peaky little nose to yourself." he growled.

Malfoy just sneered, "I wasn't going to say anything! You don't belong in Hufflepuff!"

Harry arched an eyebrow, "And why is that?"

"You just don't!" said Malfoy sourly.

"Well that's for me to decide not you! Now go away so I can eat." Harry turned away from the blonde who took offense to being cut off. Malfoy stormed off, causing Justin to snort, "A bit of a baby wouldn't you say?"

"Bit? I thought he was the biggest whiny arse." Ernie piped in. He had just appeared, his hair was still frazzled but otherwise he was awake.

"That was wicked the way you handled him! You didn't give him any chance to speak." said Susan proudly.

"Why would I?" questioned Harry, taking two pieces of toast, butter, and cinnamon off the table.

Professor Sprout wondered over with everyone's schedules. "Here are your schedule dears. If you have any questions don't hesitate to ask!" she said in a jolly like voice.

Harry took the schedule and gazed at it, "Charms, Potions, Arithmancy, and Defense Against the Dark Arts today." he said with a smile.

"I have the same except Muggle Studies in place of Arithmancy." said Susan.

"I didn't take Arithmancy. I took Divination, and Care of Magical Creatures.." said Justin.

"I'm taking Care of Magical Creatures." said Harry with a smile.

"Great! We have that Thursday. Hagrid's not really the best!" Justin whispered.

Susan smiled, "I heard Hagrid was leaving though. Going on vacation or something."

Harry frowned, "Vacation? During school? Why didn't he go during summer?"

"Who knows!" Hannah shrugged.

Finishing off his breakfast Harry stood, "I'm going to get my books! Someone coming with?"

His new friends jumped up, just finishing their meals.

Charms was the first class of the day and it was with the Gryffindors.

Zacharias and Ernie were walking with Harry and his new friends. Zacharias was talking about Quidditch.

"I've flown a few times." admitted Harry. "It's fun."

"You'll have to try out!" said Zacharias.

"We don't have a captain this year." said Justin with a wince.

Ernie nodded, "It's going to be difficult. We've always been smashed by Gryffindor, Ravenclaw, and Slytherin." he said dully.

Hannah nodded, "It's kind of sad. I became a Chaser in third year. I suspect that Daniel Doge will get Captain. He's the sixth year Keeper. Pretty good too. The only reason Gryffindor wins so much is because of their seeker, Ginny Weasley. Slytherin wins by playing quite nasty."

"What about Ravenclaw?" "Their seeker is Cho Chang. A real beauty." said Justin with a grin.

Susan scowled, "Shut up!"

Hannah laughed, "She's pretty good! Roger Davies is the captain."

"What about Slytherin's seeker and captain?" asked Harry.

Hannah snorted, "The one the only Malfoy."

Harry glanced at them, "He's the captain? Are you bloody serious? He's too arrogant."

"That's what we think. But they only win because of dirty tactics." Zacharias put in.

"I'm gonna try out for beater!" said Ernie.

"You know, Harry. You ought to talk to Daniel see if you can try out for either Seeker or Beater position." Susan suggested.

"He's too big for seeker." commented Zacharias.

Susan turned her face toward Harry and rolled her eyes "Well then Chaser."

Harry laughed, "I don't know. Maybe."

"It doesn't hurt to try out!" said Ernie. "We could really use you. Maybe as a reserve if anything."

Charms class was all ready filled with the Gryffindors. They had evidently been the last ones to arrive.

"Aww... there's the last of the Hufflepuffs! Have a seat!" Flitwick squeaked pleasantly.

Harry moved down the rows and took a seat next to a chubby Gryffindor. Her sandy brown hair fell loosely around her shoulders, and her eyes were green but not as bright and vivid as Harry's. They seemed to have a mix of blue and green giving her the pale look. Her skin looked as if she'd been using a Tanning Potion. She was quite curvaceously plump. She wasn't unattractive quite the contrary.

"Hi!" she said her eyes sparkling. She positively glowed when Harry nodded to her.

As Harry listened to Flitwick address the class, he felt eyes on him. This happened a lot lately. Cocking his head to the right he seen the red haired Gryffindor Prefect who was named 'Ronald' looking at him

but as soon as Harry locked eyes with the boy he turned away quickly. The brunette on his right that Harry knew as Hermione hissed to him and shook her head before turning her attention back to Flitwick.

Flitwick's class was quite easy, they were suppose to learn charm for lifting and carrying items, as well as the silencing charm.

Harry all ready knew both of those. Parker had drilled it all in his head. The Slytherin had started with the most useful charms instead of the easiest charms to do.

Harry made his ink bottle race around the desk in a matter of moments. It wasn't before long Hermione Granger got it, and the Ron was scowling at her and every time he looked at Harry his eyes would narrow either with anger or jealousy.

Justin proposed the latter. "He's always like that! I tried talking to Hermione last year about a Transfiguration paper." whispered Justin, "He got all jerky with me to the point where I just walked away telling Hermione to forget it."

Harry rolled his eyes, "His brothers seem all right."

"They are!" said Susan hearing the conversation. "They're hilarious, always up for making you smile."

"Unless you are on the receiving end of their joke." said Hannah sourly. "I was! My hair was green for five days." she shook her head, as Harry snorted with amusement.

Susan smiled but gave her friend a sympathetic look as Justin sighed, "I got pinked!": he told Harry who laughed, "Yeah well, I've issued a challenge with the Weasley twins."

Their eyes widen, "You said something about that on the train. Are you serious?" asked Susan.

"Yeah, but I need help." He looked at his three friends.

"Help? You mean, US pull pranks?" asked Justin a smile on his face.

“Yeah, c’mon! It won’t be dangerous. Just harmless fun.”

Susan smiled, “I’d love too!”

“Mr. Potter! Would you kindly demonstrate to me the Locomotor Charm?”

Harry nodded, “Sure, give me an object.” said Harry simply.

A quill was placed on his desk, apparently Flitwick thought that was all he was capable of doing.

“Locomotor quill!” The wand directed at the quill it moved and Harry moved it around the desk with ease.

“Well done Mr. Potter! Five Points to Hufflepuff.” he said excitedly.

“Now try this.” He insisted placing a stuffed animal down.

Cotton? Charming a cotton was simple. It was a soft fabric that didn’t need as much as force as something heavy. Did this dwarf think he was a novice?

“Locomotor animal!” Harry said clumsily. As easily as the quill it raced around.

“Excellent Mr. Potter. Five points to Hufflepuff, I trust once you’ve practice you could do something more heavy.”

“I can all ready do it.” retorted Harry, feeling insulted.

Professor Flitwick stopped, and glanced at Harry, “Oh really? Would you kindly demonstrate then?” he asked, squeakily.

Harry thought the dwarf was a fair dwarf, Apparently not.

“Sure!” Harry raised his wand arm and pointed it at the desk behind Flitwick, metal and wood combined made for a difficult race.

“Locomotor desk!” Harry hissed. The desk gave a jolt and out of nowhere it whizzed to one end of the room and back again.

Harry noticed Ron looking sulky in the corner and Hermione’s mouth was open.

“Where did you learn that?” asked Hermione out of nowhere.

Harry shrugged, “Here and there.”

Flitwick looking impressed smiled brightly, “Ten points to Hufflepuff for that excellent performance.” he said giddily. “Miss Granger! Would you kindly take a stab at it?”

The brunette stood with confidence her chin in the air, and pointed her wand at the desk. “Locomotor desk!”

The desk gave a jolt and slowly slid across the room. Harry could tell Hermione was putting a lot of energy into it for as soon as it got halfway across the room she let go breathing heavily. She sat down exhausted. “Very good Miss Granger! It is difficult. You must practice with the smaller things that way you don’t over exhaust yourself! Five points to Gryffindor.”

Flitwick went over the last few years of Charms. Harry had all ready mastered these. Starting magic at a very young age gave you an advantage.

Harry found out through Parker that the reason the Ministry doesn’t want children handling wands or doing magic is because the younger they do magic with a wand the more powerful one would become, that was why generally a lot of purebloods became powerful, for the simple fact they grew up around it and their parents or sisters and brothers can teach it to them before Hogwarts. Harry touched his first wand at five years old, at most six. Which would be why Harry’s strength with his wand and magic was so steady.

From what Harry read out of the boring History books he was fed at Breakfast, Lunch, and Dinner for a whole month, it sounded to Harry that the Ministry was so frightened and arrogant at being showed up

by a simple child that they put serious restrictions against it. It wasn't for the protection of the children and muggles. It was protection against their pride. Parker had always been anti-government, ever since he could remember. Parker had even spoken out against the Ministry at several rallies and gatherings. Harry accompanied him several times to these and they were quite interesting.

By the end of class they ended up with homework, for those who couldn't cast the locomotor charm they had homework. It was Wednesday and it was suppose to be accomplished by next class, which was on Tuesday.

As Harry walked out with his friends, Hermione and Ron stopped him, "How the hell is it you know magic when you've never had schooling?" demanded Ron.

Harry turned and tilted his head, "Why the fuck should I tell you?" asked Harry his green eyes staring dangerously at the red head.

"Because! Its not logical! You've never had schooling!" piped in Hermione.

"Doesn't mean he doesn't know magic!" snapped Hannah.

"Oh an by the way if you're so smart you shouldn't start sentences with because! Bad grammar." Harry said ever so politely.

Hermione glared at him, as Ron scowled, "What would you know! You're just a Hufflepuff! The cast off house!" Ron shot.

Justin jumped toward him but Harry and Ernie both held him back. Hannah and Susan were holding Zacharias who was fuming.

"C'mon, guys! They're not worth it. We have Potions." said Harry turning.

"What's wrong! You a puffin' chicken?" called Ron.

Harry kept walking, and his friends followed.

“Harry! Why didn’t you kick his arse! You know you could have!” said Justin, his ears flaming red.

“Don’t you get it Justin! He’s just doing it to get a rise out of you. We’ll show him up! In all due time.” Harry smiled and continued on his way toward the Dungeons where the Ravenclaws were all standing and waiting.

“He hardly ever says anything to us.” said Zacharias. “But when he does.” he scowled deeply.

“Drop it guys! You know you’re better! You don’t need to prove it by getting detention.” Harry pointed out.

“There are other ways to punctured a guys ego! Believe me, I know.”

The Ravenclaws nodded in respect to the Hufflepuffs. They weren’t in the talkative mood because of the teacher they were about to face.

The dungeon doors banged open, “Enter you lot.” growled Snape dangerously.

As far back as possible Harry sat. “Hurry up! Sit down!” he growled, and the dungeon doors slammed shut. Only the lit fire, was the only source of light in the dark gloomy dungeon.

“This is the most important year, and if you screw up its your heads not mine.” Growled Snape.

Harry just sat there listening to the man drone on. He could tell that the other two females in Hufflepuff, Eloise Midgeon and Sally Ann Perks, were looking a bit frightened and unsure.

Zacharias was just looking nasty at the Potions Master, while the others stayed expressionless.

Snape waved his wand and the blackboard appeared with very untidy scribbles, it was small too. Harry focused his magical lens in on it, when he faintly heard, “Pair up! Get to work.” he ordered.

Justin and Harry immediately paired up as Hannah and Susan paired up.

"I can't even see that." whispered Justin.

"Half a cup of gillyweed, one-third pint of knotgrass..." Harry read off the ingredients as Justin scribbled them down.

"Just ignore him when ever he comes near." whispered Harry.

Justin gave him a weak look, as he nodded. Harry focused in on the potion, he had never done this particular potion but he was a pretty fair potion maker. Harry vaguely listened to the growls, and sneers he was giving Ernie and Zacharias. It was taking Zacharias' strength not to deck the sullen teacher. Ernie was a little more calm than the peaky boy.

Snape glided over and glanced over Harry's shoulder, "Better than I expected." He said slowly.

Harry's head jerked up at the sudden compliment, he stared up at Snape who just arched a dark eyebrow before walking away.

Justin's mouth was gaping open. Harry glanced at Justin who was speechless. "Close your mouth." Hissed Harry.

Snapping it shut he cleared his throat, "Er... give me the er..." "Wildflower stems?" suggested Harry handing him a half a cup.

"Yes."

Harry couldn't help but wondering what the hell was going on, with the Potions Master. He was sure from the stories and information from Parker and Sirius that Snape hated anything Potter. The queer personality of the Slytherin Head of House boggled Harry through the whole class.

Even Susan and Hannah were looking at Harry questionably. Harry shrugged on shoulder, "No idea." He mouthed.

"When you are done!" Snape spoke finally. "You will bottle the samples and place them up here." He ordered, opening the cabinet.

Harry took the bottled potion and placed it in the back after labeling their name on it.

"I'm surprised Potter." said Snape not looking up. His eyes were on the student planner.

Harry stared at the Potions Master, "Surprised at what?"

"That you don't play into the Headmasters hands." he said in a low voice, that only Harry could hear.

Harry's eyebrows moved upwards, "Right." Walking back he sat down and waited to be dismissed.

"Two foot of parchment! That man is mad!" said Zacharias as they got back to the main floor.

"Mad? Are you just realizing it?" asked Ernie, "Two foot! He's an absolute ding bat."

"What was up with him being nice to you Harry?" asked Susan.

"I have no idea." Harry said honestly. "From what I heard he hated Potters."

"What do we have?" asked Justin digging around for his schedule.

"Grr! We got Divination!" said Justin. "I don't!" said Harry. "I've got Arithmancy."

"I got Muggle Studies." said Susan.

"I'll see ya at lunch!" said Harry.

"Wait! Do you know your way?" asked Hannah concerned.

"Yeah! Don't worry." He winked and strolled off.

Harry got to the Arithmancy class and strolled in, to see a beautiful female teacher. Her eyes were a crystal gray and her face was round and her hair was a dark black down her shoulders and in a bunch of braids. She looked quite young. And instead of wizard robes, she was wearing normal muggle clothes. A cute black dress with a white middle. Her chest was nicely shaped, and her curves fit well in that dress.

Harry was happy that he was the first to enter. She looked up, "Good morning Mr. Potter! My names Madam Gibson. Take a seat." she said, with a smile on her face.

"Thank you miss." he said, strolling to the front and sitting directly in front of her desk, where she was perched. Harry got a nice look at her legs.

"Do you know much about Arithmancy?" she asked.

Harry grinned, "I know enough miss." moving in his chair, he could hardly stop his eyes from traveling over her.

She smiled, "Good, that way I don't have to start from scratch."

Harry could resist, "You look quite young for a teacher. No offense to your education miss." he said, with a smile.

Madam Gibson looked mildly surprised, and laughed genially, "None taken Mr. Potter. I am quite young. Professor Vector is teaching the younger ones, while I teach fifth year and up. I was his intern for two years."

Harry smiled, "I see, I bet you're well educated." He said, as Hermione entered the room. Her mouth gaped open slightly hearing Harry address their teacher.

Madam Gibson laughed softly, and tilted her head, "Thank you Mr. Potter. G'morning Miss Granger, how was your summer?" she asked, pleasantly.

Harry saw the tint of redness in her cheeks, and smiled, she wasn't as modest as she seemed. He thought to himself.

As everyone piled in, Hermione took the seat next to him. But he didn't speak to her.

Madam Gibson soon jumped off the desk, and Harry got an eyeful, and smiled to himself, as her eyes passed him and around the rest of the class, "G'morning everyone. Welcome to Arithmancy 5! First off, I'll take roll call and then we'll review what we've learned so far."

(A.N. I know nothing about Arithmancy. I think its about Greek numbers. So, I'm just going to skim over it.)

After the roll call, they were given packets. Harry skimmed through the first few pages realizing he had this same thing two years ago from Parker. Things must never change. He thought to himself. Unless! Harry smirked, Madam Gibson was seeing Parker at one time. Harry had to remember to ask.

Class was interesting, well at least the teacher was interesting. Hermione Granger, though she was a knut a dozen. She wouldn't stop challenging him. Every time he got an answer right, she would scramble to answer the next.

Harry figured if he ever got her in bed, she'd try to dominate him. A smile stretched his face, 'He wouldn't argue with that. A dominate female in bed.' the smirk that was on his face must have caught Madam Gibson's attention because she asked him a question that wasn't in the packet. Harry answered it with ease.

"We will soon be pairing off and you will both be working together on a couple projects that I have created for the term." the bell rang, signaling everyone to get up.

Hermione passed him and stuck her nose up in the air. Harry just rolled his eyes, and bagged his stuff, when Madam Gibson came over.

"Parker has told me a lot about you Harry." said Madam Gibson.

Harry glanced up, "Did he now? Was it good or bad? I got to know so I can redeem myself." he teased playfully.

Madam Gibson laughed, "It was all good. Talked about how fast of a learner you were." she said, leaning against his desk.

Harry's eyes did some traveling, as he smiled, "Well, Parker was a pretty good teacher, unless you had something to do with that?"

She laughed, "You don't miss a beat do you Harry? I bet you recognized that packet. Parker said you would. Yes, I helped Parker. He didn't tell me who though. He just told me he had a special kid who was in need of learning. Parker is a good friend of mine."

"He picks his friends well." Harry said with a snarky little smile.

She laughed, "Parker said you were the wild wanderer type."

Harry scoffed, "I am not!" he defended. "I can't help it if I find you attractive." He smiled innocently causing Madam Gibson to go into an array of laughter.

"You shouldn't be hitting on your teachers! Highly inappropriate!" she chastised wagging her finger. But the blush was on her cheeks and painting them red.

"Aww... shoot! Do I get detention?" he asked, with a fake defeated voice.

She laughed, "No, I think you'd enjoy that too much."

Harry made a mock face, "No I wouldn't! Detention would be... excruciating." He said, smiling cheekily.

"That innocent look doesn't go well with you." she insisted.

Harry laughed, "I better go! Got my friends waiting for me. ER... what's your first name?"

Madam Gibson gave him a playful glare, "Geri." she told him.

He smiled, "Nice!" He winked, "See ya." skiving out quickly and toward the Great Hall.

Harry bounded between Justin and Ernie at lunch.

"Hey! Where were you?" asked Justin.

"Talking to the teach." Harry said, piling his plate.

Hannah and Susan came in talking with one another, "Ooh! I hate that stupid Gryffindor Parvati!" scowled Susan slamming her books down.

Harry looked at her, "What happened?" he noticed Susan's robes they were filthy.

Hannah scowled, "I wasn't there till the end! Parvati Patil shoved Susan to the floor and called her a disgraceful little Puff."

Susan didn't speak she grabbed the milk with too much force causing it to spill. "Gosh! She lives next to me! She's 'always' done that to me!" Susan scowled.

"They use to be best friends. Before Hogwarts." Hannah filled in.

Harry listened and frowned before waving his wand to clean the spill.

"Why does she do that?" asked Harry.

"Parvati and Padma Patil are the two girls who think they OWN the school. Just because of their looks." answered Eloise Midgeon from the far end of the table.

"Padma isn't half as bad as Parvati, but that airhead takes the cake." insisted Hannah.

Harry frowned, and looked at Justin who shrugged, "What?"

“Why don’t you guys do anything?” asked Harry curiously.

Justin frowned, “We don’t need detention.” said Justin.

Harry frowned, “You won’t stick up for your friend you mean?” challenged Harry.

Ernie glanced over, “It’s against rules.” said Ernie.

“Rules are made to be bent. Every rule has a loop hole. They are made to be broken! If you really want to show up the other houses you needed to stop avoiding trouble.” Harry stated. “You need to stick up for yourselves and stop ignoring the rest of the world around you. You have to tell them face to face that you are not going to take it! If you don’t they’ll keep on doing it.”

“It’s no big deal.” said Susan, waving a hand. “You get use to it.”

Harry scowled, “You guys are absolutely mad! I’m going to Defense.” the boy with the tail stood and walked out leaving the Hufflepuffs stunned.

“What was that all about? You’d think he was upset because we didn’t hex her!” said Justin.

“I think he is.” said Eloise from afar.

Harry strolled into Parker’s room to see the Slytherin coming out from behind a portrait. He glanced up and smirked, “Hey Harry! How’s your first classes?” he asked.

Harry nodded, “Ok.” Harry slid up onto Parker’s desk and frowned, “I think the sorting hat made a mistake.” he said frowning.

Parker arched an eyebrow and sat behind the desk, “Oh? Why do you say that?”

Harry sighed, “You know how I’m all about force, defense... that sort of thing.”

Parker nodded, "Yes."

"Well, the Hufflepuffs aren't like that. They're so passive. They allow others to walk all over them."

Parker arched an eyebrow, "Oh what happened?"

Harry huffed and told Parker everything from the way Susan acted to the way they tried to tell him it was all in the rules. He then told him about what the Hufflepuffs did last night and how they acted.

"They say one thing but mean another. I think they're scared but what's to be scared of? So you get a few detentions! As long as your point is made. Oh and what is it with Snape being NICE to me?" Harry demanded staring at the Slytehrin who arched a bushy eyebrow upwards, "Nice? What do you mean?"

Harry snorted, "Snape! He didn't sneer comment or say anything rude at all to me! He was civil. Even sort of half way complimented me." he pointed out.

Parker laughed, and leaned over, "I think, Harry it has to do with the instructions he was given by either Dumbledore or Voldemort. Most likely Voldemort."

Harry didn't understand, "Why would Voldemort want to be nice to me? He wants to kill me...." Harry trailed off and a look of realization hit his face, "Unless..." he looked at Parker who sighed and leaned back, "I think, we have bigger problems, than expected." said Parker tapping his fingers on the table.

"Why? I'm his enemy! I'm the one who cast his body out! Why would he even think that I'd turn dark like that?"

"Probably because of your lifestyle." answered Parker. He tapped his fingers and looked at Harry, "We might be able to use this to our advantage. I'm guessing Dumbledore knows but doesn't want to tell you." Parker scowled, "Another one of the old man's exploits!" growled Parker.

"If you hate Dumbledore so much why are you here?" asked Harry.

Parker looked up and rolled his eyes, "If you don't know, then I'm going to send you straight to detention to write lines, and hopefully then you'll read between them." stated Parker in a sarcastic voice.

Harry rolled his eyes, "To protect me." Harry murmured.

Parker meant it when he said lines. Harry still had an ache in his hand from all the times he did them.

"I'm going to have to contact a few people tonight. Vander should be taking post tonight or tomorrow. If not tonight, I'll ask his daughter."

"I can't see Voldemort rightfully giving up part of his power."

"He won't be! If you were to somehow join him and be his 'right hand man.' there would be absolutely nothing that could stop you two from tearing this world to pieces. Dumbledore would be hopeless." said Parker lowly.

Harry scowled, "Don't even put me in that scenario. I might act like a git and a little thief, but I'm not an evil tyrant."

"I know that. You know that. But not even Dumbledore knows that." said Parker slowly.

Harry blanched, "You mean that senile old man thinks that I'm going to go evil just because I don't listen to every word he says?" Harry jumped off the desk.

Parker nodded, "Apparently so, from what I've gathered."

"Gah! I'd like to wrap my fingers around that old man's throat and...." Parker cleared his throat loudly when people started entering the classroom.

Harry stopped what he was doing and placed his hands to his side. "Well, you know what I mean." said Harry slowly.

Parker snorted, "I think I do."

Harry was mildly surprised that all four houses were gathered in the large room. He looked at Parker, "We do have two teachers! Remember?"

"Oh yeah." said Harry slowly.

The Hufflepuffs came in and Blaise Zabini entered. Her eyes were the same color as Parker, a light golden brown and her hair was a honey brown. She bounded over, "Uncle Parker!" she said, hugging him happily.

Parker smirked, "Well Miss Blaise! How you doing?" he asked, his niece who nodded, "Good." she looked at Harry in a weird way before turning back to Parker and smiling, "I can't believe you're here! Why?"

Parker smiled, "Aw, because I want to be. That's all."

Blaise gave him that look, 'yeah right.' before he told her to take her seat.

Harry had his seat at the front with the Hufflepuffs. When the Gryffindors entered, Hermione huffed and stormed to the back. Apparently she had been wanting the front.

When all thirty something students were inside, Parker used his wand to slam the door.

"Mighty large class we got here. I wanted all you together for a reason." said Parker sliding over the desk and stopping at the end only to sit there.

"Professor Lupin will be here Friday to help me with the class. In the meantime, I would like to talk to you. We don't have much time, to get you all ready for everything that is out there." said Parker simply.

"That's why I'm here. That's why we have two professors instead of one. Your defense classes are going to be everyday but Tuesday. You'll also have a three hour class on Saturday."

A few groans a few curious glances were shot Parker Zabini's way.

"You must learn to defend yourself! I doubt any of you could cause anyone to bleed with the poor teachers you've all had." he antagonized.

A few scowled at him but Harry was non-plussed. It was true.

"Professor Lupin and I, have gotten together and come up with an idea. A brilliant idea that will test everyone's skill." he grinned evilly, causing a few non-slytherins to shift uncomfortably. Harry smirked, they had every reason too.

"If I recall a lunatic in your second year tried to start a dueling club only for it to end in laughs and jokes!" said Parker.

A few nodded, the girls huffed. "That's what I thought. Well, this year we're starting that Dueling Club up, but instead of some famous overzealous lunatic running it. It'll be a Slytherin and a rightful Gryffindor. You'll have a captain from each team. The way you'll choose it is a battle between you and your house. For instance, Blaise and Pansy! If they were the last two and Pansy beats Blaise somehow somehow, she becomes captain." A smile slipped on Parker's face at everyone's stunned and excited face.

"I think dueling on your own accord is the best education that anyone can give you." said Parker.

"The dueling will start October 3rd. That's Saturday. So you have vaguely a month and one day to prepare yourselves. While in class, you will have access to shelves of books. It is your choice to plan and get yourselves ready. If you must know you will be going up against sixth and seventh years. The fourth year and younger will not be competing but simply observing and taking notes." said Parker with a smile.

"That's right you will be going up against people that are older than you."

Blaise raised her hand, "Will there be twelve captains or four?" she asked.

Parker smiled, "There will be four captains. One to represent each house. Whether it's a fifth year or a seventh year. The one who prevails becomes the captain. Simple as that." He looked around, "Anyone have anymore questions?"

"Yeah! When will it start?" asked Malfoy, from the back of the room.

"I just told you, October 3rd!" snapped Parker firmly. "You'll want to listen to me otherwise I will ignore you or take house points."

There was a scowl across the Slytherin room, and one mumbled, "Not to your own house."

Parker snorted, "Try me." he said dangerously.

Everyone but Harry shifted. Even Blaise shifted in her seat. She had never seen her uncle's angry side.

"That's what I thought." Parker said lowly.

Parker went around asking each student a question. Sometimes it was about shields other times it was about strategy.

"October 3rd, at one o'clock, we'll meet in the Great Hall, and we will begin. We will choose the captains. And then every Saturday 12:30-4:00 every single week we will have our dueling competition. You will be drawn at random. All duels shall be recorded. The points will be as follows, one point for a one on one duel. Three points for a two on one duel, six points for a four on one duel. Two points for a two on two duel. So on and so forth. At the end there will be three runner ups and one victor. The prize shall be declared later."

Hermione raised her hand, "Sir, what are the rules and restrictions?"

Parker smirked, "Don't kill each other. Barely fine, but don't over do it." he insisted, causing a few odd looks throughout the room.

“No, I mean, physical fighting is that restricted along with weapons and what not?”

Parker smirked, “When you are in a battle are you going to stop and think...” he put a finger to his mouth like a girl and mocked one, “Oh should I use this or this! No wait this might hurt them...” Parker snorted, “You want too hurt your opponent., not take your time choosing between your wand or a rock.”

“But sir this is just class!” said Hermione weakly.

“Out there isn’t.” said Parker simply. “If I stuck you in a battle right now you wouldn’t stand a chance.”

Hermione’s mouth opened feeling a little ego deflated. “I think I could...” she added hesitantly.

“Oh really? Miss Granger?” he looked down at the paper. “Aw yes... up here then! Wand out.” he instructed.

Her eyes widen, and Ron opened his mouth to protest, “Wait! She had...”

“Five points from Gryffindor for speaking out of turn... er... Mr. Weasley! Miss Granger, up here now.”

Ron’s mouth clamped shut, as Hermione stood up coolly and glided up to the front of the room.

“Now, from what I heard you are quite a capable witch. No?”

Hermione blushed in the cheeks, “Well how about going up against a few of our students! I mean, I don’t like deflating people’s egos! I was told you got top grades in all classes?”

Her cheeks were blazing by now, with humiliation. Harry seen the tactic he was using. ‘Quite clever you little bastard.’ thought Harry to himself. ‘Pumping her head up so far that she’ll lose her concentration.’

“Great! Now, is there anyone who would like to duel Hermione?” he changed names, and grinned while looking around.

No one's hand went up, “Aw, c'mon! I'll choose someone or let her choose.”

Hermione looked around the class when Pansy Parkinson stood.

Hermione scowled at her as Pansy smirked, “I'll do it!” she said her wand out.

“Great!” Parker waved his wand at the desk and table it disappeared leaving quite a nice sized platform.

“Up front and center!” as soon as the girls were facing each other with equal loathing looks, Parker ordered them to bow. “BOW!” ordered Parker firmly. “Now, take ten steps backwards and slowly turn around wand up.”

He nodded in approval, “Now on the count of three, and ONLY three you can cast your spells. Nothing illegal, borderline illegal fine, but nothing illegal.” he stated firmly. “One.... Two.... Three!” moving quickly the spells couldn't have been shot off faster.

Hermione took straight forward attack shooting streams of complex spells so fast that Pansy hardly had any time to erect a shield. Pansy shot a tickling curse but Hermione deflected it easily.

Hermione shot so many streams that eventually Pansy couldn't put up a shield fast enough and fell to the ground in laughter and dancing feet.

“Accio wand!” shouted Hermione, and Pansy's wand that was loosely in her hand flew up into the curly brunettes hand.

She smirked with vindiction as Parker Zabini released her.

“Maybe, I underestimated you Hermione.” said Parker with a nod of respect. “Five points to Gryffindor for that wonderful performance.”

Pansy got up humiliation painted all over her face.

“Now, why don’t we take it up a notch.” said Parker with a smile. “Are you willing to go one more?” asked Parker pleasantly.

‘Uh oh!’ thought Harry. Hermione nodded eagerly, “Yes Professor.”

“Great!” his eyes traveled the students and looked at Harry who cocked his head to the side. A half wink was all Parker gave.

“Now, would you mind if I chose someone this time?”

Hermione almost frowned but ego bigger than reason, she agreed.

“Great! Harry? Come up here for me.”

Hermione snorted softly, causing Parker’s eyes to travel over her, as Ron snickered along with the other Gryffindors.

“A Hufflepuff!” Squeaked Parvati with laughter. “Are you serious Professor?”

“Ten points from Gryffindor Miss Patil.” growled Parker angrily.

He was more angry than any of them had seen him. “Parker!” hissed Harry.

Parker cleared his throat, “Miss Granger!” he said curtly.

It was all ready proven that if he said your last name that he had turned against you but if he used your first name it was a good sign.

“Are you ready?” he asked.

“Yes Professor.” she could hardly conceal a smile. He had no actual training. Boy who lived or not. This would be too easy.

Harry faced Hermione and they bowed. It was a bit more elegant than Pansy and Hermione. Ten steps backwards, and turning around Harry's wand was held loosely in his hand as he waited.

"One... two... three." Harry didn't move. Hermione did the usual she started shooting off many spells. Harry just murmured something out from under his breath and a large wall shield was erected in front of him causing the spells to bounce off and back at Hermione who gasped and tumbled out of the way.

"Reducto!" shouted Hermione fiercely. The red light hit the wall and shattered but not without it shooting back.

Harry was ready with a very complexed spell that shot out at Hermione in a bright magenta. The girl had no idea what it was but when she tried to dodge it followed her causing gasps from the room. It wrapped her up like a snake in coils. Harry whispered something to his wand and it obeyed his command lifting the small girl up causing her feet to dangle from the floor. Harry then murmured something else and she started spinning. Shrieking she shot a spell at it but it made it spin faster, and faster. Harry made it spin so fast that when it slowed down she passed out, her face a tinge of green.

Harry summoned her wand, and everyone's mouth was gaping open as Parker clapped, "Excellent! Absolutely brilliant display Harry! I taught you well kid!" He said causing others mouths to fall open.

"What did you do to her?" growled Ron standing angrily.

"Nothing! I just spun her around! She passed out from the force. It's better than puking." said Harry simply.

"Ennervate!" Ron revived Hermione who groaned and whimpered, "Oh! Sick. Sick." she gasped.

Harry snapped off a stud from his belt and it inflated into a potion. He walked over, Ron scowled at him but Harry ignore him. "Here Hermione! Take it! Trust me." said Harry firmly.

Hermione glared at him but could hardly handle the nauseation feeling much longer and took his phial.

“What was that? I have never heard of that!” asked Hermione struggling to her feet and shivering dizzily.

Harry shrugged, “Parker taught it.”

“Who?” asked Hermione.

“Me!” said Professor Zabini.

“Oh!” said Hermione, and then it dawned on her. “He taught you?”

Harry smiled, “Just because some of us don’t have school doesn’t make us weak.” he told her.

Ron was sulking in the corner, and the Hufflepuffs were nearly dancing they were so excited. Ravenclaws were just looking in awe and the Gryffindors were scowling. They hated to be shown up by a Hufflepuff.

“Thank you Harry! Everyone take your seats.” ordered Parker.

Once everyone got back in their seats he started pointing out Hermione’s flaws. The girl went red and tried to defend herself but when Parker pointed out that Harry took her down in less than five minutes, she had no other way of defending her suggestions.

The bell rang, and everyone stood. “Harry! Stay after!” Parker insisted.

Harry nodded, and told his new friends he’d see them later. Hermione was looking curious and quite nosy and Ron was giving Harry glares.

A.N. I wanted to point out a few things before I sign off. The rest of my chapters are going to be quite long and therefore I won’t be able to post every single day or twice a day, like usual. Please forgive me on that. I haven’t decided what I’m going to do about Candy. To let them two be together may mess up my whole idea for the story. You know? Also to answer the question about Harry’s morals, think of him

as a bad arse type of modern day robin hood, except no green tights. He steals from the rich and cheats when needed so he can survive, but he does NOT cheat or scheme against people who he respects. Where Harry is from, it takes a lot to win his respect and those who do get rewarded with his kindness but those who don't... hehe watch out. Thanks for the reviews BTW.

Chapter Eleven: The Vampire Side of Life

After a long talk with Parker, Harry left and headed back to his common room where he was bombarded with questions on how well he knew their defense teacher.

I just do! OK? said Harry simply. "Don't worry yourself with that." Harry had a lot to think about that night as he undressed. All the boys were in the room doing different things.

"Whoa! Harry, where did you get that tattoo?" asked Ernie coming up off the bed to get a good look at Harry's back.

Harry had been going through the dresser in the corner. There was one for each student with their names written on it.

Harry glanced back at himself instinctively, "Sometime last year. I think it was around my birthday. I've had this one for a long time." he pointed to his shoulder to the gothic writing. "This was done by a muggle man who owed me a debt and since he couldn't pay me the money, he owned a tattoo shop and suggested to give me one." Harry smirked, "So I got it."

"That's wicked." said Justin with a smirk. He was sitting on the bed going over his potions notes.

"Yeah, I didn't get the dragon to move because I thought it was kind of eerie having a dragon roam on certain parts of your body."

Zacharias snorted, "Yeah." He smiled, "Oh I forgot to tell you I overheard Daniel talking to Madam Hooch! He is the captain and that try outs would be in the next coming week."

"All right!" said Ernie with a big grin.

Harry smiled and slipped on a black long sleeved shirt, and black muggle baggy jeans.

"Where you going?" asked Justin, looking up.

“Can I trust you all to keep a secret?” asked the black headed teen.

“Yeah, but what you doing?” asked Ernie.

Harry smiled, “I’ll tell you when I get back.” He hoped by then they would have forgotten.

Harry pulled a few things out of his trunk and tucked them in, before lacing up the combat boots.

Grabbing his leather jacket, he walked over to the window and unlocked it.

“You’re seriously not going to jump out it are you?” asked Zacharias standing quickly.

Harry laughed, “Of course, I am! What did you think I was going to do? Go downstairs and dodge every bloody teacher in Hogwarts?”

“You are absolutely mad! You can’t jump! IT’s high up!” squeaked Zacharias, looking out the window and down at the black ground that he could hardly see.

Justin wasn’t too worried about it and neither was Ernie, after what they seen in Defense they decided that underestimating Harry’s abilities might not be a good idea.”

“Don’t’ you worry about that. Just promise me Zacharias that you won’t say nothing?”

Zacharias glared at him, “I told you I wouldn’t!” said the boy feeling quite insulted.

“Good! Now, I need this window to stay unlocked, got it?”

The boys nodded, “Good luck Harry with whatever it is your going to do.” said Justin going back to his homework.

Yeah man! Good luck.” Ernie commented as well.

“Do you need help then?”

Harry smiled and clipped a potion phial, “Nope.” Harry jumped up into the window and peered out before coming out of it and standing straight up on the ledge of the sill.

Zacharias watched apprehensive and even Justin and Ernie watched their new roommate.

Harry gulped the dark slimy looking liquid before his whole body went into a relaxed state.

“Feather-light.” Harry murmured this a bit disoriented. He then jumped and Zacharias hissed and looked over the ledge to see nothing. “I hope he didn’t just commit suicide.”

“Yeah right!” snorted Justin. “Have faith Zacharias.” suggested Ernie.

“Hard to when you see your roommate jump 200 feet.” he commented dryly.

Harry was laying flat on the grassy ground just below his tower. His limbs were so light and immobile just about. He waited for the feeling to return. The potion lasted ten minutes. It didn’t take long for him to fall either; with the momentum he had gained from 200 ft. He landed on his back, just like he wanted.

Now it was a matter of hoping that no one came out to see him lying on the ground trying to get the feelings back in his body. He felt as if his limbs had went to sleep on him. But, when your body falls asleep your weight gets heavier. This was reverse affect, it made your limbs a lot lighter. Harry couldn’t feel the ground but he knew it was there. All he could do was stare up at the starry night sky. IT was after nine o’ clock at night and Parker had told him to meet by the edge of the only cherry tree on the Hogwarts grounds, and that was just inside of the Forbidden Forest. The trick was getting past Hagrid, and his trusty boarhound. With Harry, it wouldn’t be no problem at all.

Once the feeling came back and Harry’s body was in proper working order he stood and did a small stretch before focusing his magical

lens' in around him. Everything heightened to a radioactive green and movements of humans were portrayed as bright red while movements of animals was betrayed by ultraviolet purple.

Harry moved stealthily into the night. He moved into the shadows like a flawless animal. His flexibility was absolutely astounding. Harry could only thank Vander for this. Parker wasn't the only person to teach him a thing or two.

Harry got to the edge of the forest when bright purple took its place. Harry gazed in closer to see it was Hagrid's boarhound. It was sniffing around.

Harry cursed himself for not thinking of removing his scent.

"Rocha Ao Cao Femea!" Harry hissed this as he pictured a poodle in his mind and the rock next to his foot morphed into a female poodle.

Harry smirked and then jabbed his wand, this was pure evil but he had to do it. "Femea do hormone!"

The final words hit the poodle, and it triggered exactly what he wanted.

The boarhound started sniffing around and then took off at a run at the morphed in-heat poodle who gave a female bark and started running away. The large wrinkled dog chased after him.

"Have fun ol' boy." he commented. "At you're getting some."

Harry crept silently into the woods and gazed himself around. He seen a radioactive green figure in the distance. That had to be Parker.

The closer he got the more he could make out Parker's small gestures and movements. He could tell the Slytherin was wearing a black robe with a hood.

"Parker!" Harry said quietly from behind. Harry knew better than to sneak up on a SLytherin unexpectedly, unless he wanted to face the consequences that came with it.

"Merlin's balls where have you been?" he hissed, as Harry approached.

He shut off the magical lens colors by closing one eye and reopening it. "I had to wait for the potion to wear off! I also had to send an in-heat female poodle to lure that ugly dog away from me." Harry pointed his thumb over his shoulder.

Parker gave a harsh laugh, "I knew conjuring and transformations would come in handy."

Harry smirked, "I'm still waiting for the animagus promise you made me."

Parker just smirked, "You really want to be a animagus?"

Harry shrugged, "Would help me!"

Parker rolled his eyes, "I'll think about it and get back to you."

"What are we doing?" asked Harry, shoving his hands in his leather jacket and pulling out a pack of cigarettes the teen hadn't had a smoke in almost forty eight hours. That was not a good thing.

"C'mon!" Parker motioned for the teen to follow him through the woods.

C'mon did not answer his question one bit.

They treaded deeper and deeper into the forest. The sound of crunching leaves and snapping twigs was followed by the noise of billywigs and fireflies. The glittering full moon lit the forest just enough for the student and teacher to see ahead of themselves.

"Do you even know, where the hell we are?" voiced Harry quietly.

Parker shot a look at Harry, "Of course I know." he retorted. "We're... going forward!" The hooded mentor waved his hand in front of him.

Harry snorted, that was Slytherin terms for, 'How the hell am I suppose to know?'

"I was told to go east of the cherry tree and stop in a clearing that was like a circle." commented Parker.

"Hmm... Ok." muttered Harry, inhaling the smoke he had so missed.

It was ten minutes of more silent ear thumping movements before they moved themselves into the clearing.

Harry stopped in his tracks when he seen a built bon-fire and a half a dozen occupants around it.

The only female in that group came running and jumped eagerly in Harry's arms, where deep chocolate brown hair fell all around and her skin cool and deathly pale. Her eyes were an icy blue and her face was the same long and oval features as her father Vander.

"Shari!" Harry was not at all startled, when the vamps legs wrapped around his waist.

Her arms locked around his neck and her smile while beautiful could be scary if you didn't look past her sharp white teeth.

"Harry!" she squealed with delight.

Parker's eyes widen slightly, at the greeting Harry got from the cute vamp.

Vander waltzed over in all his glory with a vampirish smile.

"Any other guy would have blood running down their necks." commented the snarky vampire.

"Hey ya Vander! Ya know I love her!" He said grinning as he held Shari who laughed delightfully.

"When you gonna marry me?" Shari teased.

Vander chuckled as well as the other immortal beings gathered around. Parker was wary but wasn't likely to show his discomfort. How Harry could be relaxed and comfortable around neck sucking beasts, Parker will never ever know.

Harry just smirked with amusement, "Not sure you can handle me babe!" he teased with a wiggle of his eyebrows.

Laughing, Shari just gazed her eyes on him, "Oh really?" her arms tightened around him and her legs tightened around his waist. "Would you like to find out?" she purred to him.

Vander laughed, "Not now Shari! We're on important business! Hit on him later."

Shari pouted as she released her legs from Harry's waist.

His arm looped around her little waist and held her snugly to his side.

"Oh all right!" huffed Shari, who rested her head against Harry's shoulder.

"Everyone!" directed Vander. "This is Harry's mentor Parker Zabini. You are forbidden to harm him or anyone Harry brings with him." ordered Vander.

They all nodded obediently understanding their leader. Vander had been the leader of the vampires for a while now, since the last one was decapitated by a slayer, fifty years ago.

"We're all here to protect Harry at all costs. Remember, a lot of us owes our existence and lives to Harry if you do not remember." he stared hard at everyone who nodded firmly.

Shari gave a shudder in Harry's arms. "Worst day of my life." she said softly in his ear.

Harry held her more tightly, he remembered quite clearly.

Not all slayers had redeeming qualities. This was not Buffy the Vampire Slayer series where the slayers are perky and professional. No, some are sadistic and repulsive.

They liked doing things to humiliate the captured vampire or vampiress.

Shari was half vampire half mortal. She could be killed by 'Avada Kadavera' or a crucifix, but she was deathly allergic to garlic and Holy Water. Her skin was also very sensitive to sun light. She could still go out in the day but she preferred the night time to be with her friends and father.

Harry had somehow stumbled upon a slayer who had Shari all tied up and straddled with hardly a stitch of clothing left. Having removed everything but her bra and panties the young girl was crying with terror. The slayer who had been a sick man in his early thirties was advancing on her, his fingers clawing and curling around the elastic fabric of her bra.

Harry could hardly bare to watch. He had to wait till the sick bastard was distracted with himself, he couldn't risk getting the girl harmed in the first place.

When the man yanked the last of her clothes he started to undo his pants when Harry acted...

With the spells he knew at the time, he shot two painful curses and a well placed stunner he had just been taught by Parker.

The slayer was down and Harry wasted no time in cutting her free with his knife. Back then he didn't know the cutting hex yet. He was only twelve years old.

Harry had taken off his sweater and leather jacket and wrapped her up in it when Vander first appeared.

Harry had been very clear when he said, "I've never seen this body." which indicated that Vander could do what he pleased with the stunned slayer and Harry wouldn't act. Harry hated the abuse of

females and women. He always had a weak spot then again it could always be because of the preaching Parker gave to him every single day and the thought of hurting someone like his mother or a little girl was just pure evil. The only exceptions he made was when they were either insane or without an ounce of care or empathy for another.

But, when Harry saved Shari that was the beginning of Harry's relationships with Vampires. He was forever in Vander's debt.

Harry helped a few other times as well. Usually when a slayer found a vampires hideout, which was quite rare.

"We have set up location! This is a perfect place for all of us to hide out. No one would even think about finding a vampire or two or even six in the Hogwarts Forbidden Forest, so we're killing two birds with one stone." said Vander motioning for the only true mortals to follow them over to a set of black tents all in a row.

"What about the daytime? What if Hagrid or someone comes in here and sees all these tents?" asked Harry, cautiously as he entered the largest tent.

"Aww... that's where it gets even better! We have these specially made to go INTO the ground, ten minutes before day break." said Vander proudly.

The room was humongous, much bigger than the outside.

"This is where we all meet at night to discuss our guarding posts." The chairs were all black and a large round table with bloody snacks in glass plates, they were formed into candies and Harry could tell Parker looked faintly ill at the sight of them.

The room had torches lit all around and there were comfort chairs as well, recliners, and even a few love-seats scattered here and there.

There was art work on the walls and some of it made Parker rather ill. They were shots of vampires sinking their fangs into a screaming woman, but the scream could not be heard. Some of them were quite

sexual while doing it as well. Vampires had an odd taste and disgusting. Was all Parker could think of.

“Take a seat and we’ll all get started, I’ll introduce you to everyone you don’t know.” said Vander as Harry took a seat next to the vampire.

Shari scrambled in his lap, facing sideways. Parker sat in front of Harry and arched an eyebrow up, Harry just smirked.

Harry was soon introduced to each vampire, (not really all that important) and got a little history out of them all before Vander pulled out another blue print of Hogwarts and its grounds.

“Dobby and another house elf at the very moment are guarding the entrances in and out of Hogwarts, the passage ways. If Peter Petigrew could give any useful information it would be the secrets in and out of the school, and when Remus told us that Peter knew as much about the school as he did, that really worried us.”

It was always typically told that Werewolves and vampires did not get along. That was not true however. Both being naturally dark and night creatures, the two beasts got a long quite well, under most circumstances.

Shari wouldn’t stop goofing around and making light of the situation. She would wiggle in his lap causing Harry to force himself to shut off all his hormones. She had a habit of doing this every time he seen her. She was always wearing muggle clothes. Then again the mortal part of her was muggle. Harry didn’t know the full details on how this came to be and decided not to ask. At the moment she was wearing a black short skirt and a black thin fabric long sleeved top that pressed against her chest nicely. She had black pantyhose and sandal like high heels to match. It seemed that all vampire females were always gorgeous. He figured it must be the blood inside of them.

“Shari!” reprimanded Vander, glowing at his daughter. “Leave Harry alone so he can concentrate.” he insisted pressing his pale hand against her knee to stop her from moving about.

Harry just smirked at Shari who pouted and rolled her eyes, "Fine fine fine!" she mumbled crossing her arms. She was playing around as she always did. She was the most playful person Harry had ever met.

Even half vampires aged a lot slower and lived a lot longer lives than mortals and wizards do. She was the same age as Harry, even if she was a bit more developed, but all vampires were. Their only flaw was their temper, when it flared it flared, but Shari had always been able to calm her temper, unless you made her mad beyond belief. Harry shuddered to think what a vampire or even half vampire could do to you if they were mad enough.

"I understand Vander! I want to thank you all for doing this and thank you Parker." said Harry honestly.

"Your welcome Harry! I believe it would be best if you told everyone about Candy." said Parker, looking at Harry whose face fell, and bowed his head.

"Oh yeah, her." he murmured. "What about her?" asked Vander.

"Well... she's currently carrying my baby."

Mouths dropped open and Vander's eyes widen, "Oh bloody hell! That's going to cause a big problem. If Dumbledore or Voldemort found out." the vampire whistled causing Harry to groan and press his forehead against Shari's shoulder, who looked at him, "You're having a baby? That's so cute!"

"It's not cute!" murmured Harry.

"This changes things." said Vander slowly rubbing the hair on his chin.

"I promised that I would be there for the child." said Harry quietly. "She's about eleven weeks at the moment."

"Does anyone know?" asked one of the vampires.

"Parker is it! And now you guys." voiced Harry.

The vampires looked at one another, "You know.." started Shari, "Since I can go out in the day time, maybe I could meet with her and make sure she stays safe." she suggested.

"I also have another problem. Dumbledore is reading my mail." said Harry.

"That's not surprising." said Vander.

Parker looked up, "What can we do about this? He can't write anyone! Especially Candy! IF it gets back to anyone that Candy is pregnant who knows what will happen."

"I don't want to know!" said Harry. "The child is going under the name Evans. That's my mum's maiden name."

"That's a start." Vander looked at Shari, "Meet with her tomorrow Shari, make sure she has everything she needs."

Shari nodded, "Will do daddy!" she squealed with a smile. "I love babies!" she said, with a giddy nature.

Parker wondered if she liked them for breakfast or dinner? But decided not to voice this.

Harry seen the look and rolled his eyes, "She's half and half Parker." said Harry.

Parker arched an eyebrow, "Oh! I wondered why she wasn't AS pale but still pale all the same." commented the Slytherin.

Shari just smiled, "Yeah my skin isn't as chalky." she said proudly.

A few scowled at her, and Vander just smirked, "OK, back to the business at hand. Enough about skin." murmured Vander, "You're making me hungry."

Parker's face fell and Vander chortled seeing Parker's stressed out face.

Harry just smirked as Parker shot him a nasty glare, "You just wait Harry James."

Harry just snickered and looked at Vander who winked, before addressing the vampire next to him that had silvery gray hair.

I wanted to ask a tiny favor from all you readers. I have a small one-shot called Angel in Waiting. Would someone read it and tell me how it is? Its only got three reviews, and I thought it was one of my better ones. Its about Sirius and going through the veil.

-Thank you!

Chapter Twelve: Slipping into uncharted territories

The following days for Harry were much the same. It was almost too repetitive for Harry's liking.

The challenges in Arithmancy proved to be quite interesting.

Hermione was constantly trying to correct him on anything he did, and tried to challenge him and Madam Gibson seemed to really enjoy it.

People in Defense classes were huddled together in their own little house groups and studying over books. Hermione and Ron seemed to be the most obsessive in this department.

Harry just talked to Parker during classes, and earned several scowls from the Gryffindors, for being there in the first place.

When Remus Lupin came back Harry gave him a smirk, as the werewolf walked around a bit tired from the full moons affect.

It was after class when Parker asked to see Harry. When the door was closed Remus ruffled Harry's black hair, "How you doing kid?" he asked, leaning against the desk with a smile.

"Great Moony! How you feeling?" asked Harry concerned.

"Better." said Remus with a smile. "I heard everything that has happened. Even Candy." he said softly.

Harry nodded, "Yeah, I don't know what to do about Dumbledore or Voldemort if they found out." he admitted.

Remus gave a soft smile, "Worry about it later." he insisted calmly. "You're not without help Harry, and I don't mean Dumbledore or any one else! I mean Parker and I are here."

Parker smirked, "You bloody hell know it Harry. We don't leave you hanging, just like you don't leave us hanging."

Harry smiled, and couldn't explain how much he cared about Remus and Parker. They both took turns in helping Harry over the years and Harry had to do something to help them in return.

"Has Dumbledore interrogated you or even suspected you of knowing me?" asked Harry.

Remus laughed, "No, this is the first time I have EVER fooled him." He frowned, "I got angry when I found out where he had sent you." He ran a hand through his brown hair that had its tips frosted gray. His face was tired yet it had a youthful look to it.

"I had yelled at him and raised all kinds of cane. He didn't listen. He never listens to anyone. He thinks he knows everything." Remus sighed and shoved his hands in his pockets. "I respect the man and I am ever grateful for the schooling he gave me, but for the fact that he sent you off to them horrible people and then he couldn't find you after that." the werewolf shook his head, "It burnt me up."

Harry leaned against the desk, "Does he really think I'm going to go evil?" he asked.

Remus frowned, "Yes." he said glumly. "Because, you are so uncooperative and he can't read you. He's told us to walk a thin line around you. To be careful what we say or do."

Harry scowled, "Ooh, I... gods! That old man! He's so senile! Just because one person doesn't listen to him he thinks I'm going to go evil! I might be a dark little arse hole sometimes but that doesn't mean I'd stoop as low as the bastard who murdered family!" he growled, and turned the other way.

His green eyes were blazing and Remus and Parker shared a look.

"Harry! Before you go and do something irrational you must think of the consequences." said Remus concerned.

Harry growled, "Don't you think I know that?" he crossed his arms, nearly shaking.

"I need a fuckin' cigarette!" Harry said, not giving a care about who might know. He grabbed them out of his pocket, and Remus and Parker looked at each other. Cigarettes was better than hexing.

Harry's nerves weren't helping, he leaned against the desk arm folded and the cigarette lit, as he took a drag he felt the stress slowly fade but it was still there hanging on by a thread.

"That old man is walking into some uncharted territories." Harry said in a steel like voice.

"What are you going to do?" asked Remus.

Harry shrugged, "I'll figure it out later. I need someone to send a letter for me to Candy."

"I can do it." said Parker. "You won't be followed?" asked Harry.

Parker snorted, "Hell no."

Remus rubbed his chin, "I want to know what's up with Snape. Why he is being so nice to you Harry. I think it's a warning sign."

Harry agreed whole-heartedly with what Remus was saying. Remus had told him and showed him memories of how his father James and Snape were toward one another.

"Sirius wanted me to tell you hi, and that he'd like to meet up on the next Hogsmeade trip."

Harry thought about this, "All right. Meet in the Three Broomsticks?"

"I think he'll agree to that." said Remus trying to calm the boy down who had his mothers Irish temper.

He soon left a little less stressed but his eyes glowered at Dumbledore during dinner. The old man decided he didn't want to take notice, but Harry knew Dumbledore could feel his eyes.

As the days continued on, Harry did everything in a repetitive order, it was starting to drive him insane.

Harry was still working on Madam Gibson, he'd do his best to get her to blush, and blush she did.

Harry was vaguely aware of the weird attitude Snape had toward him. He was almost too nice for the teens liking.

Remus was right when he said that couldn't be a safe thing.

Which leaves Dumbledore, and that old man never ceased to amaze him.

By the end of the month Justin had spotted a listening charm in their dormitory. This had been a fluke accident when Justin was practicing a dicing hex from one of Parker's defense book and out of nowhere sparks flew and when Harry did a magical scan he glowered when he discovered that the listening charm was there but not before Justin had diced it.

Harry's face flushed an angry red, and he sent a letter with Lily into the dark forest late at night. She was a brilliant letter giver. He'd even send letters to Vander to give to Shari to give to Candy.

Dumbledore seemed to be avoiding Harry at all costs. Harry about had it with the old man and was about to lay some fierce hell on him.

After the warning from Remus and after the listening charm incident Harry wasn't sure how much more he could take of it.

Harry was so upset he was distracted in Arithmancy and when he was asked a question he ignored Madam Gibson, his face had a look of anger on it.

"Mr. Potter!" called Madam Gibson.

Harry glanced over, "What?" he asked, he had been flipping his quill between his fingers for sometime now. His foot was on the desk and as he looked at her, her eyes glared at him.

"I asked you a question." she said slowly.

He cocked his head to the right, "What was it?"

After class, Harry was packing up, when Madam Gibson stopped him.

"Harry! What's wrong?" she asked.

Harry shook his head, "Nothing." he said simply, keeping a straight face.

She put a hand on her hip, "Harry, you allowed Miss Granger to answer more questions than you."

Harry shrugged, "Wasn't in the mood for her precocious attitude."

Her hand touched his, and Harry almost flinched but because it was a 'gorgeous' female he did not.

"C'mon Harry, I know better than that." she said, softly.

"Nothing, I can talk about anyway." said Harry, glancing down at her hand on his.

"Does this have to do with Dumbledore?" whispered Madam Gibson's voice.

Harry blinked and stared at her, as she moved in a bit closer and whispered very quietly, "I don't follow Dumbledore. Ask Parker."

Harry's face was so close to Madam Gibson's he could feel her breath against his cheek. The temptation to kiss her was becoming intense. He knew he'd get smacked or sent to Dumbledore if he did.

The boy just gazed at her with his green eyes, "What are you saying, Geri?" he asked enunciating her first name.

"I'm saying, that I'm a Slytherin. I don't follow Dumbledore." she whispered to Harry, who tilted his head ever so slightly.

“How do I know that?” challenged Harry.

He smirked, “How about this for starters.” her finger nails grazed Harry’s cheek and her lips pink lips pressed in against Harry’s lips causing the teen’s mind to turn over and over. Not being one to ever pass up a kiss he deepened it, pushing his lips a bit more firmly into hers. The kiss had heat and it was quite intense.

When they parted she just formed a smirk on them kissable lips, “Now, you have something to hold over me.” she told him.

Harry moved his head to the side staring into her gray eyes, “You really think I would blackmail like that?”

She smirked, “No, but I want you to know it’s a secure thing.” she said, cocking her head to the right. “You can get a teacher in trouble, which means you can blackmail me if you needed.”

Harry pressed his nose against hers, “I hate Dumbledore.” he whispered. “He put listening charms in my dorm. He thinks I’m going to go evil.”

If anything could shock Geri Gibson, it was this piece of information. She backed up and her eyes widen, “He thinks YOU are going to go evil? Why?” she questioned.

Harry sighed, “I won’t listen to the old man. I don’t like how he’s running things. It old him before I came, that I was doing things my way.” he admitted.

“Spoken like a true Slytherin.” said Gibson with a smile on her face, as she leaned closer to him Harry just touched her cheek, “So why am I in Hufflepuff?” he asked the teacher.

She smirked, “To be underestimated.” her lips got closer and they touched Harry’s, who forced her mouth open tasted her sweet mouth.

“You have a good eye.” said Harry into her mouth. “And lips.”

She giggled, "So I've been told."

Being in pure bliss was the only thing that Harry could be in while leaving Madam Gibson's classroom. As he settled down in the Hufflepuff common room with his friends, Madam Sprout came through the portrait. Her kisses were hot!

"Mister Potter! Professor Zabini wants to speak to you." she said coming over to him and handing him a slip of paper with Parker's handwriting on it. "Thanks. I'm going to change and then go down." Harry told Madam Spout who smiled fondly.

After changing out of his school uniform he retied his hair up and stalked out the common room. Black T shirt that had the sleeves ripped off and on the back in white letters says, 'The Oz is Back.' And on the front was a picture of Ozzy Osbourne. Harry had went to his concert with a guy from the construction site. It was his first ever and it was awesome.

The black leather pants had a chain hanging down, where his wallet was connected in his pocket. His hair clasped back in a holder, Harry made his way to Parkers office, when he entered he was aware of 'Geri' Gibson, Remus Lupin, and Parker all sitting around talking.

"Harry! We've been waiting for you! Close the door." said Parker.

Harry did as he was told, and turned around just as there was a squeal and someone jumped in his arms again. It was Shari.

"Harry!" she squealed as always hugging him tightly.

This time Harry was quite startled, but he recovered quickly, laughed and hugged the vamp. "Hey black heart! What are you doing here?" he asked, as she giggled and wrapped her legs around his waist.

"I get so jealous sometimes." murmured Parker.

Geri just rolled her eyes and smacked Parker on the arm, "She's a young girl!"

“Same age as Harry.” said Parker.

Harry rolled his eyes, “What’s going on?” he asked, looking at Remus who smiled, “We’ve decided to hold a small meeting. I just got back from an Order meeting.” said Remus sliding into a comfortable chair he had conjured.

“Is there a silencing charm around here?” asked Harry.

“Yes! I also did a tracer for listening charms and I made the walls of the room to where no ghosts can float through.” he told Harry.

“Good!” Harry laughed as he nudged Shari off him so he could walk and slid in a comfortable chair across from Remus when Shari jumped in his lap quite willingly. Geri rolled her eyes silently but otherwise stayed perched on the desk just like she would in her classes.

Parker was in his chair behind the desk. “Remus hasn’t told any of us, we were waiting, but he did ask Shari to come along.”

Remus nodded, “I thought Shari could relate all this to her father without rousing suspicion if one of us decided to go into the woods. Hagrid is all ready suspicious when he found an in-heat poodle being raped by Fang.” Remus glanced at Harry who winced, “Oops, I forgot to change it back.” he murmured, causing laughter from everyone.

“You made a poodle in heat?” asked Geri shocked. “I thought that was like seventh year! They don’t even TEACH that at school.”

“I didn’t go school for a long time Geri!” Harry told him.

“Oh yeah, I forgot! You’re so smart. Of course!” she thunked herself on the head, “I gave you the Arithmancy packets.”

Parker chuckled, “Too much Zip Potion?” teased Parker, causing Geri to scowl and swat him on the arm, “No!”

Harry smirked, Zip Potion was the Wizards Tranquilizer, as bad as crystal-meth if you used too much. Harry had never touched it. As crazy as he could be; he didn't need to be crazier.

"Who was there and what was said?" asked Harry, his arms locking around Shari's small waist.

"Everyone, the Weasleys, Tonks, Kingsley, and Snape. He didn't have classes today. I'm guessing that Dumbledore's updating the teachers that are in the order."

"Did anyone find out what the deal with Snape is?" asked Harry.

Remus smirked, "Yeah, I asked today." leaning back he crossed one leg over the other his amber eyes dancing with delight, "Apparently, it was Voldemort who told Snape to be nice and to treat you well."

Harry frowned, "Snape told Dumbledore that he wanted me on his side ey?"

"Yes, and everyone was shocked. Only Kingsley believed that you wouldn't have anything to do with Voldemort or anyone like that." Remus sighed, "The Headmaster gave his statements about how you grew up and about how you were so uncooperative."

Harry scoffed, "The old man is spreading himself thin." he rubbed his chin firmly. "This schooling crap is proving to be a bigger hassle than I expected. I never figured that the old man would get it in his head that I was evil. I may be dark and wicked at times but I'm not evil."

Remus frowned, "There is another reason Harry, for the revelation."

Harry frowned, "What?"

"August 15th of last month, someone confronted your relatives and tortured them to near insanity while they were visiting a neighbors house. However, when investigators asked the neighbors about this they insisted they had no idea what was going on that the Dursleys simply got into a fight with one of the guests but nothing of the sort took place. They had no idea what magic even was. However, when

they got the neighbors last names it fit with your friend.” Remus said slowly.

Harry’s face remained expressionless, as he sat there his hand gripped Shari however, who did not flinch, but her small hand enclosed around his.

“Have you ever smelled bleach and ammonia as a child?” Harry asked.

Parker closed his eyes, and Geri looked at him confused. Remus glanced up, “No.” he answered.

“Well I have! I was four years old, I was shoved in there my arms and legs bleeding from the thorn switch that had been laid into me. Those fumes making you pass out along with the loss of blood. My magic was all that saved me.” Harry told them.

“I seen them again that night. The night I met Candy’s parents. Vernon was about to attack me again after all these years. I got pissed off! I used an unforgivable and a Oxygen Deflation Hex. I was pissed I felt the hate and anger of years of torture and abuse swell up inside of me. I did it without thinking, and then afterwards I felt like shit! I felt my insides curl with pain. I got sick after doing that. It was a time under pressure and under serious anger and hate. But, after I did it, I swore to myself I’d never do it again. But for that moment, it felt so good to give them what they deserved.” said Harry fiercely, his eyes as cold as eyes as they narrowed.

“Just because I cast an illegal curse does not make me evil. It makes me human. If I am evil of casting one curse then every Auror out there who has killed or cast the cruciatus or avada kadavera curse to take down a deatheater is guilty of being evil.” Harry said quietly.

“I never said you were Harry.” said Remus, slowly.

The werewolf felt his heart rip in two as he heard about the childhood Harry had to live in. The one he had to endure. It made him think of what Lily and James would say if they ever found out. They’d be spitting nails and rolling around in their grave that much was for

certain and he hated to see what happens when Dumbledore dies and meets up with them.

“But, if someone asks. Someone gets you under truth serum they could get it out of you.” Remus told Harry.

Parker and Geri's eyes were blazing, “This is why us Slytherin's have an animosity against Muggles! The ones who are so frightened and Medieval about magic that they harm one of us!” Parker growled lowly.

“If the right muggle found out about us, who knows what can happen.” said Geri quietly.

She turned the other way, and Harry thought he saw a tear but the next second she was facing them her face expressionless.

Shari who had been quiet growled, “Let me go over there and finish them off!” she suggested baring her fangs.

Harry just laughed, and shook his head, “No, you don't need to get caught. I'm sure there are wards all around that house. Did Dumbeldore say anything about me going back there?”

Remus looked the other way quickly, and Harry's eyes narrowed, “Moony.” he said slowly.

“You won't go back. NO matter what. I won't let you Parker won't let you.”

“I won't either!” said Geri firmly. “Don't leave me out of this!”

Shari sighed, “My daddy is going to have a field day with this one.” she said, tutting.

“What did he say about me going back there?”

Remus sighed, “He was working it out with Fudge and Amelia Bones, but seeing as you got them on your side they are very very reluctant,

but if Dumbledore keeps pressing in on it.” he whistled, “You may be forced.”

Harry’s eyes narrowed, “I’ll leave this country.” Harry hissed. “I’ll leave and never fuckin’ come back.”

Geri sighed, “Well what can we do? Is Dumbledore seriously going to do this? Does he know how they were?”

“I’m sure he does!” Parker retorted shaking his head. “I’m betting he thinks everything is black and white and that a tiny little talk will solve everything.”

Harry scowled, and rubbed the bridge of his nose, “He’s gonna wanna watch himself.” said Harry dangerously.

“What are you going to do? We have to lie low. He can’t know that you know.”

Harry leaned his head back against the black comfort chair,

“What else did he say?”

There has been a lot of talk about guard duty.” Remus told Harry, with a wary look.

Harry looked at Remus, “What’s up Rem? There’s something you’re leaving out.”

“I’m seriously not suppose to tell. It can be dangerous.”

“Moony!” Harry warned. “If this is to do with me, I have a right to know.”

Remus sighed, and rubbed the bridge of his nose, “The Department of Mysteries in the Ministry of Magic is being watched over closely by Order Members.” he started.

Harry moved his hands, “For?”

"The prophecy."

"Aww.. Yes the prophecy, that got damn thing is causing a lot of trouble and I don't even know the full contents."

"Well everyone is taking turns watching over it. Kingsley is there even as we speak."

"They really do follow him so blindly? Doesn't anyone ask questions?" asked Harry.

"A few. Moody does, I have, and even Snape has."

"Probably for Voldemort." murmured Parker.

Geri sighed, "I don't think Snape is for Voldemort."

Everyone glared at her, but she shrugged, "I don't. I just can't see him doing that again. A lot of people makes mistakes the first time but Slytherin's don't like making second mistakes. Sure, Lucius Malfoy is one but he's not making a mistake, he wants too. Didn't you tell me Parker that Snape was an all right guy?"

Parker scowled, "That was UNTIL Malfoy got a hold of him. Malfoy turned his world and many other younger Slytherin's upside down." Parker commented.

"I was too young back then." commented Geri.

"My dad and all the vampires has always stayed neutral. They don't want to get into the middle of it. Daddy said that Voldemort gave them an offer, but the vampires do better on their own. They hate following others especially wizards. It's worse than following Muggles." Shari commented. She never really had much to add to things except what she knew of her father, she just listened.

"The first Hogsmeade Vacation is this weekend." Remus looked at Harry, "You going to see Sirius?"

Harry nodded, "Yeah, I'm going. When's the Dueling Competition start?"

"Next weekend! Saturday, the first Saturday in October."

Geri smiled, "Are you trying out for the Quidditch Team Harry?"

Harry nodded, "Yeah this Thursday is Try outs after classes. I'm going to try out for both Seeker and beater."

"You're too tall for Seeker!" commented Geri.

"Beater would do you some good or chaser! Your father was a chaser." said Remus with a smile.

"I don't know, we'll see. Is that about all?" asked Harry.

"Other than reports from Snape, but he's not up in the ranks right now. Voldemort doesn't trust him as much as he did before."

"Voldemort isn't stupid." commented Parker. "He knows who to trust. What I want to know is what's going to happen to Azkaban?" Parker asked.

Geri frowned, "I forgot all about the other followers locked up. The Dementors are easy to be persuaded." she insisted.

"Dumbledore mentioned this, he's told Fudge but the Minister won't listen. He thinks it would be murder if he took the Dementors away from Azkaban. He's a bit worried about his comfy seat in office."

Harry tapped his lips with his fingers, "Is there anyone watching Azkaban right now?"

"Nope, Dumbledore doesn't want us getting too close. He thinks that's where Wormtail is."

"It's a pity the rat escaped." murmured Harry. "I'd like to see him get the dementors kiss."

Remus had a fiery glint in his eyes, "So would I Harry! So would I."

Parker cleared his throat, "You know, that's the scariest look I have ever seen from you Remus." Parker commented.

Geri agreed, "And kind of attractive." she teased, as Remus blushed, and bowed his head, "Yeah well..." was all he could say.

Talk turned light, and Shari turned to Harry, "Candy says hi, and she misses talking to you and that she gets an ultra sound next month on the twentieth and she wants you to come. It's at ten o' clock."

Harry nodded, "Thanks Shari. How is she doing?"

Shari shrugged, "She's a bit distant about the baby. I don't think she really wanted to have it, that much I could tell because most mothers go out immediately to buy things for the child and she hasn't bought anything. I asked. She said, it wasn't important. She was acting very weird about it."

Harry frowned, "I kind of thought she would. When she announced she was pregnant she wanted to terminate it. But, that's my child. Britain's law or not, I won't have her doing anything of the sort."

Shari smiled, "That's why us women like you Harry. You're are so honest." she said, sweetly.

Harry laughed, "Yeah, right."

"You are. You're really a good guy underneath all that hard shell." she said touching his shoulders.

Harry just stared at her, and she just cracked up into giggles, "It's true! I promise."

He rolled his eyes, but smirked at her, before flipping her hair out of her eyes. "How you getting out of here?"

"Transforming. I'm not a bat of any sorts, I'm a black cat." she told him.

He smiled, "I kind of thought you were."

It was fifteen minutes when they all separated, Harry walked with Geri to her office. There were only a few kids out and every time one neared him he would ask her an Arithmancy question.

They passed Hermione whose mouth opened and glanced behind her watching Harry and the teacher interact. For some reason she had a bad feeling about them two. They seemed too close for comfort, and the way he smirked at her and the way she blushed. Hermione bit her lip and watched them till they disappeared. She frowned and looked around her no one else noticed, she was determined to find out what was going on.

When Harry entered the office he turned, "I'm going to g..." But Geri had all ready slammed the door closed and pressed Harry's body against her and pushed her body into his, wrapping her lips around his mouth to take his tongue in with hers.

"Mm... never had a teacher attack me." said Harry playfully as his hands grabbed at her hips.

She laughed, "Now you have." she said, as her hands clawed at his shirt, Harry's tongue invaded her pink tongue forcefully. He pressed his body into her and she could feel him. One leg wrapped around him giving him an eye full underneath her skirt.

"You sure you want your student?" he teased.

She laughed, "Don't play stupid." she said, her teeth nibbling against his ear, he groaned softly feeling her tongue run over his ear. "I know you're experienced and I know you want me."

He smirked and chuckled, "That Madam Gibson I do!" He admitted.

She laughed, nibbled at his neck just under his earlobe.

"Would you like to see where the teachers sleep?"

"Would I ever!" whispered Harry pulling her to him and kissing her mouth...

A.N. I thought I would put in a bonus chapter, tonight because I was feeling really good. Hope you like! Next chapter the Dueling Competition and more suspense with Miss Know it All Granger... hehe. I have a LOT planned for this.

Chapter Thirteen: having the nerve

Harry had to dodge several teachers and prefects the following morning when he awoke at half past six and slid out of Geri's room.

He slipped into the Hufflepuff Common Room, soon after no one was up. The brightly lit room was bare.

Yawning, Harry went to his room to get a shower. When he entered Geri's room he realized just how good teachers had it here. The room was like a suite from the Penthouses in hotels.

Harry came out of the shower and as he dressed Justin stumbled in, "Hey man! Where were you? You didn't come back all night last night." he mumbled, washing his face with cold water to wake up.

"I stayed with Parker. We were talking." Harry told him, as he clapped his hair back.

"Oh I see!" Falling into the shower, Harry laughed as the teen was grumbling, and talking about how it was ungodly to be up at this hour.

Harry got another questionnaire from Zacharias and Ernie.

Harry brushed them off with simple answers.

Coming out fully dressed Harry grabbed his books and decided to head on down. He met Hannah and Susan on his way down.

"You didn't come back last night. We thought you had gotten in trouble." said Susan.

"No, Parker and I are quite close." Harry told them. "We just stayed up talking and I fell asleep."

"Oh!" said Hannah smiling, "OK, well we were just worried."

Justin finally joined them hair wet and all, as it usually was.

Daniel Dodge a chestnut haired boy came over, his face was long like a horse.

"Harry! I was told you were trying out? Tomorrow on the pitch." said Daniel with a smile on his face.

Harry nodded, "I'll be there."

"Great!" He pumped his fist in the air with a smirk, "We may just have it this year." He said turning and walking out with his friends.

Harry laughed and walked out with his friends. They were nearly to the Great Hall when Hermione stepped in front of Harry.

"I saw you last night." she said with a smirk.

Harry just looked at her coolly, "Saw me doing what sweetheart?"

"I saw you go to her office. I saw it."

"Really? Did you get an eye full?" Harry teased.

She scowled, "I don't have proof, but I'll get it. You are sick you know that!" she hissed.

Harry smirked and leaned over to Hermione, the Hufflepuff's were flabbergasted, having no idea why Hermione was verbally attacking Harry.

He was close to her, "Are you just jealous?"

She huffed, "NO! I'm not jealous." she scowled.

"Really? Then why is it your business?"

Hermione glared at him, "I'm a prefect!"

"And I don't care." retorted Harry. "I think you're just so bored, that you need to dig deep into other people's lives! You know sweetie

being a reporter doesn't require brains. You'd work well along side Rita Skeeter."

Hermione's face flushed a deep red, "Don't you EVER!" she growled, "EVER compare me to her!"

Harry smiled, "I just did." He kissed her cheek and walked in causing Hermione's face to flush and Justin to look stunned.

"What was that all about?" questioned Justin as he sat down next to Harry.

"I don't really know. I think she's talking about how Parker had been talking to Madam Gibson and how I walked her to her office, we were talking about Arithmancy and I guess Hermione gets it in her head that something's up! Honestly, I'm fifteen." he bit into an egg sandwich and glanced up at the teachers table to see Geri leaning over and talking to Parker whose mouth was full of egg. Remus was on the other side of Parker.

Everything went smoothly in Arithmancy, except Geri not making as much eye contact with Harry as she usually would but when she passed him she'd give him a sideways glance.

Hermione, as far as Harry could tell was watching them. He didn't want to alert Geri, but he wanted to know what she knew. He doubt she knew everything. She probably just seen them talking and laughing. Was that reasonable cause for her to confront him? She really can't be that dense. Harry tapped his feather against the table, as he thought about this.

Defense Against the Dark Arts was the same thing as it always was. Harry didn't study because all the books Parker had, Harry had studied them over and over again and if he picked one of those up again he was going to get sick.

So, he just teased and goofed around with Parker, who leaned his head back, "Geri." was the first word he said, causing Harry to roll his eyes, "What about her?"

Parker snorted, "I know, you and her were together." in a voice that only Harry could hear. Remus was helping a couple of the students.

Harry's face stayed expressionless, "How do you know that?" he asked in a low voice.

Parker snorted, "I was with her too! I can tell. She looked much more relaxed today, and I know you walked her to her office."

Harry just rolled his eyes, "Maybe."

Parker laughed harshly, "Maybe, right!" nodding slowly, he couldn't help but smile at Harry and his crazy ways.

"Was she the oldest you've ever had?" Parker asked.

Harry rolled his eyes, "No, she's only twenty two!" Harry voiced. "The oldest I think was eh... the woman who started it all for me."

Parker's eyebrows shot up, "Oh yeah! The widow you worked for!"

Harry nodded, "Yep, she taught me a lot. More than just how to wash dishes and weed her garden."

Parker chortled, and shook his head, "You're going to top me you crazy kid."

Harry rolled his eyes, "It just happens. I can't turn it down."

Parker smirked, "Have you ever thought of finding someone to have a real relationship with?" asked Parker.

Harry was a bit startled by the question. He stared at Parker who leaned his head back watching Harry closely.

"I... well, I've never really thought of it." he admitted. "I mean, there really isn't anyone out there..."

"Bull shit." said Parker not allowing him to finish that sentence.

“Dammit Harry!” he hissed causing others to look over. Remus even arched an eyebrow.

Harry frowned, “What? I just don’t think...”

“You don’t think? You have the personality that a girl would fall to your feet!”

“I don’t want that.” Harry said suddenly. “I don’t want a girl who worships me. That’s disgusting. I want someone whose fun, who smiles, who laughs, who doesn’t give a flying shit that I’m Harry Potter.” He said and sighed and leaned against the desk, “Besides, now I have a baby, and if my prediction is correct, Candy won’t be around much longer after she has it.”

Parker frowned, “How do you know this?”

“I’ve known her for months Parker! Do you know why she got pregnant in the first place? I bailed her out of jail on public intoxication, indecent exposure, and she had pills on her. Do you really think that this baby will change her ways?”

“I guess not.” he looked at Harry, “You really think she would though? You’ve been pretty good to her.”

“Yeah well, she doesn’t like guys who are good to her. Her last boyfriend beat the shit out of her and she went back and back and back.” Harry said, sourly. “A lot of girls don’t like nice guys. I’m not exactly nice either.” murmured Harry.

“To women you are. Especially the ones you care about, especially. That’s why they like you.” said Parker. “Even if you think you don’t care about them. You know deep down you can’t help it.” he teased, with a smirk on his mouth.

Harry scowled, “Shut up Parker.” Harry said, turning the other way.

“Is there a problem with ONE?”

Harry scowled, "You know very well why I can't have a steady girlfriend."

Parker cocked his head, "Aw, yes! You can't have one because of Voldemort. Yes, you can hide behind that as much as you want, but you and I both know the truth." stated Parker firmly.

Harry glared at Parker, "Whatever." he murmured. 'Man! That was lame!' thought Harry. 'Whatever! Oh yeah good comeback.'

"It was just a suggestion Harry. You know Voldemort doesn't scare you that much." muttered Parker.

"He doesn't scare me." admitted Harry. "What scares me is that someone gets killed."

"Anyone can get killed. But why should you choose for them?" asked Parker. "Isn't that what Dumbledore does? Makes decisions for someone."

Harry's green eyes narrowed on Parker, "Don't you EVER!" Harry said slowly, "EVER compare me to that old coot."

Parker just smirked not at all frightened by the look, "Well then?"

Harry scowled at him summoned his bag, "Fuck you Parker!" Harry growled, and stormed out of the room leaving the class' mouth open.

Parker just shrugged, "He'll be back." murmured the Slytherin.

Harry scowled and made it out onto the Hogwarts Grounds. 'How dare Parker, compare him to Dumbledore like that!' Harry was so frustrated, he plopped down on the ground and threw his pack aside.

Harry didn't have to put up with this! It was madness. It was the biggest mistake he had ever made coming back here. It's not worth it. Thought Harry.

‘Oh but it is worth it.’ murmured a silky little voice in his head. ‘You know you want to avenge your parents, and every other innocent being who died.’

“Why should I have to play the bloody fuckin’ hero!” Harry yelled out loud really to no one except the voice in his head.

‘Very good question.’ said his conscience. “Yeah and do you have the answer to it?”

‘No, but you do.’ scrunching his nose Harry snagged a rock and threw it hard into the lake causing a ‘plunking’ noise and a splash of water to come up.

The cool wind whipped through Harry chilling his nose and cheek. His green eyes gazed around him and he seen a third year Care of Magical Creatures class not to far away from them. He hoped they hadn’t heard him talking to himself. They’d really think he was mad.

“Meow!”

Harry turned, and glanced down to see a fluffy black haired cat standing there staring up at him, the eyes were an icy blue.

He smirked, “Hello Shari.” he said, as she purred and rubbed herself against him.

Harry laughed, and rubbed her head, “How you doing? I figured you’d be asleep.”

She just meowed and bounded in his lap, and looked up at him with her eyes.

Harry laughed, “I wouldn’t turn here, Hagrid is just down there as well as a class full of children.”

She just meowed and purred while licking his hand. “I need to give you a nickname so I don’t give you away.” he voiced.

She looked up and wiggled her tail. Harry smirked, "Your middle name is Vanessa. What do you say to that?"

She meowed and purred, giving him the OK.

"Wonder why I'm not in class?" She meowed, and sat in his lap and stared up at him.

"Parker pissed me off." She meowed again and pressed her paws against Harry's chest and leaned up and rubbed her face against his cheek.

Harry couldn't help but chuckle, "He did the worst thing someone could do."

Meowing again, Harry answered her, "She compared me to Dumbledore."

Shari gave a long meow, as if in surprise. Harry laughed, "Got that right. I got ticked. I had to leave before I started a duel between us."

Harry continued conversation with Shari, when he heard someone making their way over to him.

He tilted his head to see Hagrid a few feet away from him. His scraggly beard and beady eyes glistening. He was wearing a wool coat with loads of pockets.

"Hullo Harry! I nev' got ter talk to yeh!" he said, with a smile.

Harry never did speak to him in Care of Magical Creatures because. Ron, Hermione, and a chubby boy was always having conversation with him.

Harry stood up, Shari in his arms. "Oy! Yeh got yerself a cat! I'm allergic. What' its name?"

Harry smiled, "I have two! This is Vanessa and my other is Lily, she's asleep in my dorm I think."

“Why aren’t yeh in class? Don’ yeh have Defense?”

Harry bit the inside of his cheek. “Well, I was dismissed early.” curved Harry.

“Would yeh like to come around me hut an’ have tea? Since Defense is yeh last class?”

Harry opened his mouth to decline but there was something about the large man that made him say yes. Whatever it was, he would curse himself later for it.

Hagrid’s hut was gigantic. Fang came bounding over and started sniffing and barking. Shari hissed and nearly clawed Harry. “Vanessa! Don’t!”

“Down Fang! Get over their yeh dunderhead!” Hagrid shooed Fang away who bounded on the bed staring at Harry’s cat and licking its chops.

Shari glared at the dog just daring it. Harry nudged her, “Stop it!” Harry told her.

She looked up at him and he stared at her making her ‘meow’ innocently. He knew she wanted to tease the dog.

“Don’t even think about it.”

Hagrid chuckled, “Yeh like some tea?”

“Sure.” Harry sat down at the scrubbed wooden table.

As Hagrid poured him a mug of tea that looked as if there was too much water in it.

“So how are yeh doin’ in school ‘Arry?” asked Hagrid happily, as he slurped at his tea.

Harry forced himself to sip the tea, that was not sweet at all.

“Eh... pretty good, how are your other classes going?” asked Harry, his hand continuously stroking Shari’s black fur. Harry was aware of her nearly falling asleep.

He beamed, “They goin’ great! Third years are begging me to show ‘em a Unicorn.” he looked quite downcast by it.

Harry smiled, “Unicorns are rather amazing creatures.” He told Hagrid.

“Yeh know abou’ em? I nev’ taught em ye’!” announced Hagrid. “Did Grumbly-Plank?” he asked.

“No, I’ve always known about them. So, where have you been?” asked Harry veering the question.

Hagrid looked uncomfortable for a moment, “Ere an’ there!” he coughed, “Ow’s Hufflepuff? It sooten ya just fine?” he asked, trying to get away from the question Harry asked.

Harry hid a smirk, “Yeah its all right. But where you’ve been? I’ve missed you in class?” asked Harry again trying to sugar coat it.

Hagrid smiled, “I can’t tell ya Harry! Sorry.” he then said, out of nowhere, “But I’m back now, and you won’t ‘ave to miss me anymore.”

Harry leaned back and studied the large man, he had to have some sort of creature in him. Giant most likely, and if Harry was thinking right he would bet that he went looking for the giants to try and communicate with him. Harry felt sorry for Hagrid doing Dumbledore’s bidding. He wondered how bad it could have gotten?

“Well, all that matters is you got back all right.” he said, playing with the tea. Shari was fast asleep in his lap now. She should be she wasn’t usually awake this early in the day.

Hagrid beamed, “Thank you ‘Arry!”

There was a knock at the door, and Harry gazed his eyes over and adjusted the lens, and almost groaned, it as Weasley, Granger, and the chubby boy he always seen running around with them.

Harry looked down at Shari, as Hagrid stood, “Ello! Ron! ‘Ermione, and Neville! ‘Ow are yeh? C’min and join me and ‘Arry with a cuppa!” he said, pleasantly.

Hermione glared at Harry and Ron opened his mouth but Harry just smirked at them daring them to say something in front of Hagrid.

Neville looked uncomfortable, “Neville Longbottom right?” asked Harry being cordial to the boy.

He nodded quickly, “Yes.” he responded, shyly.

Harry pulled up a seat, “Sit Neville!” He was hoping he’d sit before the others.

Neville smiled and took his seat, as Hermione and Ron greeted Hagrid with enthusiasm but they were apparently uncomfortable in being in the same room as Harry.

“What’s her name?” asked Neville patting Shari’s head.

“Vanessa.” Harry told Neville who smiled, “I thought I saw a red kitten?”

“You did! That’s my other cat Lily. My godfather bought her for me, and well this one just sort of grew on me.” he smirked at the cat who glared up at him. Harry just winked at Shari. If cats could, they would have giggled, but instead she just purred.

“Why did you run out of Professor Zabini’s class?” asked Hermione nosily. Her cheeks were a rising color of red.

“Personal reasons.” muttered Harry.

Ron glared at Harry, “You’re a Hufflepuff how do you get along with a Slytherin.”

Hagrid went pale, and Hermione bit her lip and shot Ron a cautious look. Neville looked apprehensive.

Harry tilted his head to one side, "The way you act is the reason why Voldemort is who he is today." he said slowly,

Neville fell out of his chair, Hagrid flinched harshly, Hermione gasped, and Ron's face went so pale you'd think his freckles jumped off his skin.

"Slytherin is just a house." Harry said slowly. "There are your average dark witches and wizards in that house, but every house has a traitor." the black haired teen voiced his words slowly. "Gryffindor..." He sneered, "Peter Petigrew."

"How do you know..." "Sirius is my godfather." Harry retorted, "You all turn people evil. The way you go on about others and nag at them. Didn't you hear a damn thing the sorting hat said to you on the first day of school? That being divided is what was going to destroy this world. Slytherin's are just as good as Gryffindors. Gryffindors are the same as Hufflepuffs. You read so much into magazines of Witch Weekly and the Daily Prophet. All of that is garbage just like the whole damn Ministry of Magic. It's bull shit! It's people like you and Malfoy who turn this world upside down, choosing sides." when Harry finished, Hermione was beyond speechless, and Ron was scowling at him.

Hagrid didn't know what to think, between the orders words of caution and Harry's honest statement.

Neville smiled, "That is true." he said, being the first to speak. "I think we read to much into the houses and treat others in a way we shouldn't. I'm sorry Harry!" He said holding out his hand to Harry with honesty.

Harry smiled, "S'all right. It's not really your fault. It's how you've been raised. You've never had to make your own decisions." shaking the boys hand, Neville just smiled, "He's right you know." He looked at Hermione and Ron who scowled at the same time.

Shari was listening this whole time and meowed, as if agreeing with Harry.

He tickled her under the chin, "I think, I've worn out my welcome. Good afternoon Hagrid, Neville, I'll be seeing you around." He winked to the boy before slipping out but not without a pat on the head for Fang who licked his hand eagerly.

The Quidditch Pitch the next night was packed with Hufflepuff's trying out. Harry felt odd for being in the group. He wasn't one for following orders. He hated doing what other people told him to do especially when they were so close to his age.

Harry had borrowed Susan's comet, for the tryouts. He was trying out for three positions. He had flown a few times and considered himself a moderate flier. But, he had never played Quidditch.

Daniel came out in his Quidditch Robes, they were a purple and yellow. Harry almost gagged, 'Maybe we need a new change of robes?' thought Harry to himself, as he asked people who were trying out for Beater on one side, Chaser on the other, and seeker. The people who were trying out for the multiple positions were to stand over to the side next to the seekers. It was only two other people besides Harry.

"All right! All the chasers forward!" he called.

Harry walked forward, as well as fifteen other students, ranging from all ages and sizes.

"We have two positions to fill, and fifteen people trying out. First I want to see how well you guys can fly and handle a broom!" called Daniel. "All the girls on my whistle I want you up in the air." he ordered.

Harry watched, as the girls flew behind Hannah who was leading them. Hannah though she was chubby was a good flier. It surprised him.

There was one young girl in particular who was doing great. She was itty bitty. She had definitely had to be prepubescent, she looked like she was ten years old. Her hair was clipped back in a pin and it was pale, and her eyes were a pale blue.

He wondered just how old she was. His eyebrows shot up when she passed Hannah in moments on a Nimbus 2000. Daniel was watching as well. Harry didn't know much about Quidditch but he knew she'd be a perfect asset.

There was another really good flier. It seemed that the girls really had it going on. The other was a brunette and was small but not as small as the blonde haired girl. She moved good, but when the bludgers came out that brunette was really frightened and nearly toppled off her broom as she watched on whizz straight toward her. The blonde however ignored the bludgers, and when it came to passing the quaffle she caught it all times but two.

When it was the guys turn, Harry was the only one in his year. Harry shot up into the sky and waited, the wind was chilly but otherwise the afternoon was perfect for a game of quidditch. He was wearing muggle clothes, a pair of baggy loose fitting black jeans, one of a million pairs he owned, his t-shirt was a rare white and he had a black wind breaker jacket on but he had taken it off. When he shot up into the skies he had no idea he attracted plenty of females attention and a few 'guys' as well.

Harry flew and it felt so good feeling the wind his hair, and the free feeling he got while whipping around and not paying any attention to anyone else at the moment. He felt as if he could do anything in this world no strings were attached. It was relieving.

"Harry! You're a great flier!" squealed Hannah flying over with a bright smile on her face.

"It feels good to fly!" He said, quietly.

Hannah smiled, she had never seen a lot of relief on his face. He was always so tense and guarded, and one hundred percent alert, but up

in the sky she could see the fifteen year old, Harry really was, and it was nice.

Daniel was impressed with Harry's carefree flying and with some of the moves he had no idea how the teen learned it. It must be natural. He seen the trophy room and Harry's father on it. He smiled, watching Harry before flying up as well to meet the group of boys.

After a free fly, Daniel released the bludgers. Harry dodged them with ease and sped up and slowed down and did turns that Daniel didn't think he could do. A lot of the guys got hit and some of them were just to big and fat for it.

Harry was a good flier and Daniel was thinking he would make a good seeker as well.

The quaffles came and Harry was quick with grabbing the ball and throwing it at Daniel.

Daniel was impressed when Harry got several passed him in quick succession.

"Bloody hell excellent!" said Daniel pumping his fist in the air.

Feeling the adrenaline Harry flew back down to the ground as Daniel immediately dismissed the kids who didn't do very good. That left five chasers that were to be decided later.

It was the Beater position next, and Harry was once again up. His face slightly red from the chaser workout he flew up again, the blood pumping in his ears.

They were paired off into teams two and two would go up at a time and they would swing bludgers back and forth, and the ones who got hit the most would be out.

Harry slammed bludger with the bat with full force and it went whizzing and knocked a third year right off his broom. Luckily someone had been underneath to catch him.

Ernie and Harry worked decent as a group, and Daniel was impressed by the hitting abilities. But Harry didn't like the bludgers missing his bat and hitting his arm. That was painful.

"Potter! Are you doing this to make it harder on me?" growled Daniel with a smirk on his lips.

Harry shrugged, "Want me too?"

"What's the other position?" asked Daniel.

"Seeker."

Daniel smiled, "I see!" He zoomed away just as Ernie was hit in the shoulder.

Harry got hit several times but was able to keep his broom steady, and keep from wincing in pain.

Harry was decent at knocking the bludgers out but he wasn't good at making them go to specific targets.

Harry was out of the skies with a bruise on his cheek and his face and hands filthy with sweat and dirt. He had fallen twice. Beater position wasn't for him. He had the strength but he didn't like throwing his arm out of place.

When it was time for the seeker position it was against Harry, Zacharias, and a young girl who looked to be about twelve, but she insisted she was a fourth year. Her eyes were a light hazel and her hair was in pigtails, and it was an auburn brown with curls on top. Come to find out she was Kiara's little sister, Tanya Keiser.

First they tested the speed of each person battling for the position. Daniel watched from the sidelines with Hannah who was smiling as she seen Harry out stretch Zacharias by a long shot and the little girl was ahead of Zacharias but wasn't no where near as fast as Harry. He had a natural speed.

“You’d never think because of his size that he’d be good!” said Daniel, “At seeker anyway.”

“He did good on the beater up until his arm started to tire out.” said Hannah.

“Yeah but he was still better than a lot of the ones we have.” he commented.

“Think he’d be good competition against Ginny Weasley?” asked Hannah.

Daniel smirked, “We’ll have to find out!” he said, before hollering for Harry and the other two to stop.

They released the bludgers and told them to continue to race each other all around the pitch as the bludgers were targeting them at random.

Tanya was almost frantic the second time she was hit. Harry dodged and ignored them until one hit his shoulder, but Harry ignored the thumping pain, as Zacharias struggled to keep up. Zacharias was good, but Harry was better. Zacharias had also tried out for Chaser and did it quite well.

When they stopped, and Hannah controlled the bludgers. Daniel called Tanya and Zacharias to over.

“This is quite simple. I’m releasing the snitch. First to catch it goes up against Harry, and we’ll go from there.” Daniel allowed the gold snitch to fly away before Tanya and Zacharias mounted their brooms and shot off upwards.

Daniel blew his whistle, and Harry watched it closely. It was weird how about ten seconds before Tanya caught the snitch Harry had seen it hovering over by the opposite end of the pitch.

Zacharias cursed as he came down begging for a rematch.

Daniel stopped him in his tracks, and told Harry to go against Zacharias. Too bad Zacharias wasn't fit for Seeking, because Harry caught it a few minutes after they were in the air.

Zacharias pouted and walked away grumbling.

Now it was Tanya and Harry. Harry smiled at the girl who gave a hesitant smile.

"All right, you two battle, the first gets the top slot and the other gets reserved."

They nodded, and once up in the air the snitch was released. The two were good no doubt about that. Harry had the speed and the sight. Tanya had the energy and light weight.

Harry thought could make his body go light in the air with his own doing. For some reason Harry felt more right flying this way than Chaser and Beater put together. Beater was not for Harry, and Chaser although Harry was great at it, he didn't feel connected like he did with the seeker position.

The only problem with Tanya was that the bludgers sort of frightened her and always hesitated when one was near her.

The problem with Harry was... well he was exhausted from being knocked out by bludgers when he was trying for the beater position, but when it came time to catch the snitch, Harry was about a half a minute faster than Tanya. After that though Harry's body was sore and he was exhausted.

Harry got his pick, "Chaser or Seeker Harry? Your pick."

Harry moved his arm, "Seeker. Zacharias did great as Chaser."

Daniel nodded, "OK! Great! Tanya, will you and Harry work together? We need a reserved seeker?" he asked.

She smiled, "Of course." she was just happy to get on the team.

“Great! Now we have to go get our chasers and beater. That little girl, Kelly, she’ll do great.” said Daniel excited as he ran off, leaving Harry, Hannah, and Tanya.

“When would you like to practice?” asked Tanya.

“Not today.” said Harry exhausted, “That beater try out really did me in.” He moved his arms and winced, as Hannah laughed, “Tomorrow’s the first practice.”

Harry nodded, as he smiled, “We’ll talk about it tomorrow Tan.” He said, making her laugh, “OK!” she blushed as he used her nickname.

“I’m going to take a LONG shower.” Harry murmured handing Hannah her broom.

She smiled, “Thanks Harry, lucky I had my new one.”

Harry just smirked and walked off the field and toward the castle, when Parker came out, “I seen you! You did great.”

Harry glared at Parker, still a bit peeved.

“Harry, I’m sorry.” admitted Parker. He wasn’t use to apologizing. Slytherins hardly did. But, Harry was an exception.

“Don’t ever compare me to him again.” said Harry sharply.

Parker sighed, “I’m sorry! I didn’t mean it like that Harry, I honestly did not. I just want you to be happy and I think a steady girlfriend someone you could really care about personally, would be good for you.” he slung his arm around Harry who tensed up a moment but then relaxed and stared at Parker with a sigh. “Fine. I forgive.” he mumbled.

“Good! Because we need to get you ready for tonight.”

Chapter Fourteen: To Underestimate is to be destroyed

Harry studied with Parker for several hours Friday evening. He laughed when he sent the teacher/mentor flying into the wall.

"Tsk tsk!" teased Harry, causing Parker to scowl and stand and shoot a nasty hex which Harry dodge with ease. "Shouldn't get angry. Makes you mess up." he teased wiggling his eyebrows upwards, as he dodged Parker who shot more spells at him.

"You little shite!" Parker called, as Harry laughed loudly out loud.

"Yeah I know!" Harry just grinned widely, as he shot a fireball curse causing Parker to get blasted and his really nice blue robes got cinged.

"Grrr... you are quite lucky Mr. Potter!" murmured Parker who, looked down at his robes. "These were really nice robes."

Harry just smirked and stuck out his tongue and shot more spells causing Parker to dodge quickly. "Geez boy! Let up on me!" called Parker as he shot a curse back and forth.

Harry just smirked, and dodged a stunner. "Pshttt! What did you tell me about stunners Parker?"

He scowled at Harry, "I'm desperate! I can't let a fifteen year old kick my arse."

Harry just smiled, "Aww... why not?"

"Because, I just can't." said Parker simply as he shot a melting hex straight at Harry who did a slid to avoid it.

"You taught me well."

"That I did." said Parker in a dry voice. The Slytherin rolled his eyes, "You very well know why."

"Oh yeah, the humiliation and embarrassment." Harry jeered.

Parker scowled at him and shot a curse that Harry only deflected causing it to shoot back with force. Parker flew straight in the air and landed with a rough thump on the ground causing a shriek, "Uncle Parker!" shouted Blaise entering in horror.

"What did you do?" she growled at Harry who simply arched an eye upwards.

"He beat the shit out of me." answered Parker, as he got up, "Damn boy! You got better than I thought! You have some power in that..." murmured Parker, who smiled at his niece whose mouth fell open, "You let him?" Blaise asked mortified.

Parker snorted, "I didn't bloody hell let him! He's just gotten better." said Parker straightening his robes.

"I have been practicing." said Harry sticking his wand back in his holster. "I take it we're done here Parker?"

Blaise frowned, and glared at Harry who ignored her.

Parker smirked, "Yeah, oh! I never introduced you! Blaise, this is my surrogate brother, Harry! Harry this is my very high strung niece Blaise."

Blaise scowled at him, "How do you two know each other?" she looked at Parker who grinned, "I raised him and helped him out."

Harry nodded, "Yeah, he was my teacher."

Blaise looked between the two in complete shock. She had never guessed. She seen them talking in classes and Harry even told her uncle to f- off but she figured it was just an outburst. She had no idea they knew each other personally.

"Oh. How long?" asked Blaise.

"Since I was five." answered Harry.

This surprised Blaise, "You never told anyone?" Blaise looked to her uncle who shook his head, "Not my place to tell Blaise. Besides, no one needed to know that Harry was around."

"Oh, why were you two dueling?" asked Blaise, as Harry took a seat in a conjured green chair.

Parker sat the desk and drew up a chair for Blaise who plopped down in it.

"We do it every so often. To blow off steam, and just for plain old fun." Parker told his niece.

"Looked like what you were doing was dangerous!" said Blaise.

"Of course the spells were borderline legal."

Blaise glared at Harry who smirked at her, and leaned back.

Parker laughed, "Blaise leave Harry alone." he told the girl who looked startled at Parker's request. "I taught him nearly everything he knows." Parker told her.

"Oh, I had no idea, you two knew each other so well." said Blaise.

Harry smirked, "Hey Parker its after seven. I'm going to get on to the common room."

Parker nodded, "All right Harry." He winked at Harry who nodded, and smirked at Blaise, "Nice to meet you Miss Zabini." Harry gave a mock bow and swept out leaving Blaise eyes to narrow at the Hufflepuff.

As he headed on toward Hufflepuff Tower, he was stopped by two flaming red heads.

He smirked, "Well well well! Forge and Gred. What can I do for you two?" Harry asked, with a smirk he crossed his arms with amusement, as the two burly twins grinned mischievously.

“We want to inquire about the progress of your posse?” Fred asked, with a smirk.

“Yeah we are ready and waiting for you to make a move! It’s been weeks!”

Harry laughed, “Get back to me tomorrow night, that way I can talk to a few selected people.”

Grins spread across the duo’s face, “Tomorrow, seven o clock by Bronze Hog on the fourth floor.”

Harry smirked, “Got it!” Sliding by the twins, he made it to the common room.

“Harry! Whoa! What happened to you?” asked Justin coming over.

Hannah and Susan motioned for him to join them in the back at the usual table.

Harry slid in between the two girls as Justin sat across from him.

“Parker and I were dueling. I wanted to talk to you about the challenge I made with the Weasleys.”

Justin grinned and Hannah giggled, as Susan smiled, “Er... you told us that a while back. What type of challenge?”

“Prank challenge. Who can pull them off the best.”

Justin grinned, “Oh wow! I’d love to do it. We put our muggle minds together.”

Harry chuckled, “That’s what I was thinking of. What do you girls say? If not..” Harry leaned back with a smirk. “I can only get someone else to fill your space.”

The girls crossed their arms in a mock fashion, “of course, we’ll join you!” said Hannah.

“We’re not very good at it.”

“Speak for yourself.” said Justin with a smirk. “I have five sisters! I’m the youngest and only boy in the family. What do you think I had to do to survive?”

There was light laughter, and Harry arched an eyebrow, “Five ey?”

Justin rolled his eyes, “Yes five. All five muggles.”

“Only one lives on her own. So, I have to share a house four sisters including my mum. Dad is the only one around to keep me sane.”

Harry found amusement in this, and wondered how cute they were, but didn’t voice it.

That night Harry snuck out of the Hufflepuff dorm under his fathers invisibility cloak for the first time. He was dressed in all black from the jeans to the sweater. He usually didn’t wear sweaters, but the halls of Hogwarts were freezing.

He had his hair down at the moment. He skirted past two prefects, one of which made Harry look back with a grin. She was hot!

Harry glanced around, and slipped through a two stones to a dimly lit room. He seen someone sitting on a stone. On closer inspection he seen it was Parker, he was alert his eyes gazing around in quick succession.

“I’m here!” said Harry quickly, so he didn’t get hexed.

He came out from under the cloak to see Parker standing and nodding, “Harry, I’ve called you tonight for a reason.” Parker paced, and waved his wand around, “This is a place that I found by accident in my fifth year. I don’t think anyone knew anything about it.”

Harry glanced around it was huge, a large stone room that was absolutely freezing and every now and then a drip of water from the ceiling would fall. There were stones and old rocks that looked as if they could be moved.

“So what are we doing here? You never told me?”

“This has the most extensive set of charms I could place on it. No one knew of it but you and I. I hope no one else does. I’ve been thinking of a way to weaken Voldemort, but Dumbledore would never hear of it.”

Harry folded his arms, “I’m not Dumbledore. You made that mistake once. What are you getting at Parker?”

“Capture Deatheaters, bring them here. We’ll set up wards and our own small prison.”

Harry bit his lip, and then growled at himself for doing such a thing, “You mean... capture them all on our own?” A grin spread across Harry’s face.

He loved doing things physical. He was always eager to do something of the sort. Must be the Slytherin inside of him.

Parker nodded, “Yeah, it won’t be easy Harry. Please don’t take Deatheaters lightly, don’t take any of them lightly.” Parker said sternly.

Harry snorted, “Since when do I underestimate someone?”

Parker nodded, “True, but listen to me Harry this room must stay secret. That means no bringing chicks in.”

Harry rolled his eyes, “I’m not stupid Parker.” snapped Harry scathingly.

The Slytherin paced the stone floor and turned up at Harry, “We’ll need to make cells. I’ve all ready talked to Vander. His house elf and my house elf will watch over them. Wally and Leeza will be more than enough to take care of a few imprisoned Deatheaters.”

Harry liked the idea, “All right. What are we doing tonight?”

“I’ve all ready made the cells.” he waved his wand, “Revealo!”

Harry's eyes widen when the room suddenly expanded and about twenty glass cells were lined in a row.

"We can see in, but whoever is in them can't see out of them."

There was even an interrogation chair that had velcro straps which reminded Harry of a movie called 'Shocker'

There was a desk and two chairs. But other than that the whole room was bare with nothing else.

"What about going to the bathroom?" asked Harry consciously.

"I got that covered. I don't have plumbing so, we're going to have go through Medieval times." he told Harry, who frowned, but nodded, "All right."

"There's an attack in Paulson, tonight. The new recruits, about a dozen of them..." He trailed off looking at Harry whose mouth opened, "You mean tonight? Now?" Harry asked blinking in surprise.

"It's our chance to nab a few. The less he has the better off we are."

"How did you get this information?" Harry then thumped himself on the head, "Remus..."

"He got it off of Snape. I think Dumbledore has sent two or three people out there to stop it but not to capture anyone. They didn't want to risk it." Parker said with a roll of his eyes.

"When do we leave?" asked Harry.

"Now!"

"Now?" Harry's eyes widen, "Could you at least let me go get my leather jacket, and change into my boots? They have spell resistance on them!"

“Yes! Five minutes but be down here! We have to get off school property and then apparate.”

Harry nodded agreeing and ran back to Hufflepuff under his cloak.

He met Parker outside at the Hogsmeade Station. No one was out. He seen Parker standing and leaning against the ticket booth. Tapping his head he got rid of the disillusionment charm. He had left his cloak back at the tower and decided to take his chance with a charm instead. He didn't want to ruin his dad's cloak.

Parker nodded, “Are we ready? Let's walk to the Hogshead Inn and then we'll apparate. We need to get away from the castle.”

Lighting a cigarette he slid into a stride next to Parker.

It was quiet as they walked down the deserted village. The lights were out.

Taking a left turn passing Madam Puddifoots, they got off the main strip, and after a moment Harry seen the ugly severed Hogs Head sign above a dingy pub that if it had been in the muggle world they would have been shut down.

“You ready?” he asked.

Harry nodded, “Where at?”

“Just follow me.”

Harry nodded, and closed his eyes, thinking of where Parker was going to go. The link was instant, and as he did he felt a cool wind sweep around him... the distinctive crack was heard and nothing was left where Harry had been standing.

It was two a.m. when Harry staggered bruised, bloody, and tired to Parker's office. His face was purple with blood running down a large gash on his temple. It hurt like hell.

When Harry staggered in, he grasped the desk feeling faint.

“Whoa!” Remus came running through the room, having waited on them, and grabbed the teen who groaned, he could hardly see Remus, his eyes were focusing in and out.

“Man! Was it that bad?”

“It was bad.” came Parker’s voice staggering in looking exhausted with a bunch of bruises but nowhere near as bad as Harry.

“What happened?” asked Remus, as he levitated Harry onto the desk.

Parker slid into the chair exhausted, “There were more than twelve.” he glared at Remus, “There was about thirty of them! And only two order members and three Aurors!” Parker growled.

“If you mean Tonks and Kingsley!”

“And Moody...” Parker smirked, “That man still has raw energy.” he mumbled, as he leaned up and touched Harry’s forehead.

“So what happened to Harry?” asked Remus, who pulled out several potions.

Parker closed his eyes, “Five Deatheaters snuck up behind him as he was taking down two. They had tortured him pretty bad till I intervened.”

Frowning Remus, lifted Harry’s head and forced a potion down his throat.

“What did they use?”

“I think the Cruciatus! He didn’t even scream Remus.” Parker told him.

Remus’ face paled even more if possible. There was a cough from the teen who groaned, “Son of...” he shivered and turned over, and coughed even more.

“Is that all they used?” asked Remus.

"I'm not sure. That's all I seen. I seen Harry rolling around in pain." Parker frowned deeply seeing Harry in so much pain.

"I don't know."

Harry coughed more and groaned, "Ulgh." was all that came from the teen.

"Did you capture any?" asked Remus, looking at Parker

The wary Slytherin nodded, "They are all ready locked up. Three of the five that had been torturing Harry. Not bad for a start. I'm going to torture them myself." said Parker in a low hiss.

Remus didn't object at the point as he used his wand to heal Harry's cuts.

"What do we do with Harry?": asked Remus.

"He can sleep in my bed. I'll take the couch." Parker sighed, "Pomfery will shit if she sees Harry in this condition."

"Give Harry this potion when in two hours, and then this one before class." said Remus.

Parker's eyes widen, "Are you bloody mad Remus? Him go to class!"

Remus glared at the man standing, he was tired but he was glaring at Remus. "What choice have you got? Huh? Let Dumbledore in on what happened? He'll be far more ticked off, and we'll both get our arses kicked out of this school and no one would be here for Harry." Remus snapped angrily. The werewolf never cursed.

"I be fine! I go cass!" slurred Harry, half asleep half awake.

"He's fighting the potion." said Remus simply.

"Harry stop fighting it." ordered Parker.

“Are you telling me.” Remus was now able to think, “That Harry didn’t scream under the Cruciatus? How many were cast on him?”

“Two or three.” said Parker.

Remus’ eyes widen, “Oh gods.” he ran a hand through his brown hair, and he looked stressed.

“What? He’s ok! He’s not... insane.” said Parker, bending down. “He can talk, he can even understand, he’s fighting the potion.”

“No no! That’s not what I had in mind.” Remus paced the floor and stopped and looked back at Harry.

“What the hell are you walking around for?”

“I’ll kill him! I’ll if he did what I think he did.”

“Who what?” asked parker standing.

“If Vander Vladski did what I think he did...”

Parker frowned, “What?” he asked, slowly.

“Gave Harry a piece of him.”

“Piece? What you mean..”

“No no! Not a piece. Think of Shari.” said Remus quietly as he paced back and forth.

Parker’s face fell, “You mean Vander gave Harry... vampirism?”

“I don’t know. But the resistance he has...” Remus said waving his hand to Harry who kept going in and out of consciousness.

Parker sat back down, “I need a drink.”

“We have to ask Harry when he wakes. If not I’m going straight to Vander.” said Remus with a growl.

"Van save me life." mumbled Harry. "I saved 'ees." slurred the boy on the table.

"Harry did Vander give you a piece of him?" asked Remus.

Harry snorted, "No." he grumbled. "I begged him too but 'e didn'!" mumbled Harry half asleep. "No' go weey!" Harry grumbled. "I tir'!"

"I'll levitate him to my room." said Parker standing. "Go get some sleep Remus." he instructed. "I'll watch over Harry." mumbling the charm, Harry was levitated up into the air.

The next time Harry awoke, he felt as if his bones had somehow escaped his body and were laying beside him. That's exactly how he felt.

"What the..."

"Lay still! Tilt your head and take this potion." said the voice of Parker, next to him.

His eyes fluttered opened and he hissed from the light that was streaming in from the blinds.

A phial was placed to his lips, and he drank it down slowly. It was liquid and cool against his tonsils.

He felt his muscles relaxed and groaned, "Them damn Death munchers!" growled Harry, as he looked around him. He was in a large room, with dark blue and hunter green decor.

"This is my room. You were to out of it to go back to Hufflepuff. Plus, I had to give you a potion ever two hours."

Harry blinked, "I don't remember."

"That's because I shoved it down your throat as I made you sit up." .

"Oh. What about school?"

"You can go. You'll be OK, but you'll need to come back to me and take your potion! After Herbology."

Harry just nodded, "All right."

"You can wear a pair of my robes. We'll just charm the breast of it to say Hufflepuff."

Harry slid out of bed, and stumbled, straight to the floor with a groan. "Ow... Son of a..."

Parker helped Harry to his feet, who groaned, "I can hardly walk." He took a couple steps, but lost his balance completely falling back onto the bed.

Harry cursed, and glanced up at Parker who had his wand out, "Let me check you for a concussion Harry."

Harry felt a yellow warm light engulf his whole body. The tingling sensations shot up through him.

"Damn." said a resigned Parker, as he let go of the wand.

"You have a concussion. Pretty bad too."

Harry looked at Parker, "How am I going to get to class when I can't even walk?"

Parker started pacing, "I'll be back." He ran out of the room quickly.

When he got to the corridor, he started walking casually, passing every student in the hall. Entering the Great Hall, he glanced around to see Remus at the High Table. He had a bit of worry etched on his face, but it could always be passed off as the full moon coming up in the next week.

Remus made eye contact with Parker, slid next to him. "We got a problem." he mumbled.

Remus blinked, "What?"

"Harry's got a concussion." said Parker. "He can't walk."

Remus closed his eyes, "Don't tell me this."

"I just did." said Parker putting a piece of bacon up to his mouth to hide his words just in case anyone could read lips.

"What are we going to do?" asked Remus leaning over.

Parker looked around casually, he noticed Dumbledore staring at the Hufflepuff table intently.

"Damn, we have to do something. Dumbledore's all ready staring over at the Hufflepuff table!" hissed Parker.

Remus looked at him, "Polyjuice Potion?" he suggested under his breath.

Parker sighed, "Who will be me?"

"All Harry has to do is sit down." said Remus. "He can take your spot."

"Do you have Polyjuice Potion?" asked Parker quietly.

Remus smirked, "NO but Harry does."

"Does he?" Parker asked.

"He's always got potions on him." Remus told him.

Parker nodded, "Ok, I better get back." Picking up a few items, he exited out the easy way.

Entering the bedroom he seen Harry was passed out on the bed. He shook the boy who opened his eyes, "I'm ready!" He mumbled.

"No your not! Do you have polyjuice potion?" asked Parker.

Harry thought about this, "Yeah. It's in my trunk. In the lock box."

"Great. I'll get Wally to get it... you need to be me, and I need to be you."

Harry's eyes widen, "Me you? How if I can't even walk?"

"You can stay seated in at my desk."

Harry shrugged, "All right... I guess it'll work."

"Good! It has too. Why do you have polyjuice anyway?"

"Never know when you need it Parker."

Parker gave a nod, "We'll switch them. You be me, and I will be you. Shouldn't be that hard."

Harry smirked, "Just be sarcastic!"

"In other words act like myself." said Parker with a shrug.

"Yup. That'll work."

Parker turning into Harry and acting like him through out the day was NOT hard at all. His friends never suspected anything. HE caught Dumbledore staring at him for several long moments though at lunch.

Remus looked over at Harry/Parker, who was sitting there talking to Justin Finch-Fletchley.

"Are we meeting up with the Weasley twins tonight?" asked Justin.

Parker almost choked on his sandwich, "Yeah... I said we'd meet them."

"Great! I have many ideas. I hope you agree!"

Susan smirked, "I've never pranked anyone! I hope I don't get detention."

Hannah nodded, "We'll get caught and get into big trouble."

"They have to catch us first."

"Very true." agreed Justin.

Parker realized just how goody goody Harry's friends were and found it quite amusing, he had friends in the lowest of places, and then he had a group of goody goodies. It was laughable really. But, he could see why Harry liked, these three kids in particular.

Parker entered his classroom to see a replica of himself, with his head on the desk. "Parker."

Harry glanced over, "Oh hey P... eh.. Harry." he mumbled, as Parker walked over, and leaned down, "Did you take your potion?"

"Where is it?" he asked, drowsily.

"You didn't take it? It should be in one of these drawers." After a moment rummaging through he found the potion phial, and handed it to Harry who nodded, "Thanks Harry." A smirk slid across Harry's face as he said that.

"Take it." Parker murmured before sliding into a seat next to Justin and Susan.

Once everyone was in, Harry looked at the schedule to see Dementors on the schedule.

"Dementors... someone tell me what one is!" said Harry for starters.

In all Honesty the class went great. Harry was a natural born educator, and although he'd never admit it, Harry enjoyed teaching the class.

He had a fun time making Ron Weasley stumble over questions to the point where Parker took points off, causing scowls all around from the Gryffindors.

Harry and Parker pulled it off without trouble, that was until the end of the class period when Professor Dumbledore tapped at the door.

Harry looked at Parker who looked at the Headmaster.

“Good evening Professor Zabini! How is your class going?” he asked pleasantly, as he entered the room.

Harry nodded, “Very good Headmaster, we were just going over dementors.”

“Oh really? That’s quite interesting.” He said cheerfully, his eyes twinkling.

“Would you minded if Mr. Potter took over while I have a moment to talk to you in your office?”

Harry’s eyes locked with a replica of himself.

“As you wish Headmaster. Harry! Would you please come up and continue?”

Parker almost gulped, but decided not too and stood and strolled up, “Sure thing Parker.” He picked up the paper, as Harry stood and slowly walked with Professor Dumbledore to the office when he stumbled, and fell into a wall causing the real Parker to react, as Dumbledore turned around.

“Parker?” he asked, concerned, as Harry started breathing hoarsely.

“C’mom Parker up ya go.” Parker helped Harry up who almost groaned, but decided Parker didn’t groan in frotn of people.

Blaise ran up to Parker, “Uncle Parker you OK?”

“I’m fine Blaise.” Harry said dully, as he straightened up.

“Uh... I’m having a bit of trouble with my legs at the moment.” said Parker.

Dumbledore’s eyes arched upwards, “Why is that?” he asked, concerned.

The real Parker was almost frantic when the replica of him, who was Harry spoke, “Someone...” he glanced at Parker, “Played a prank on me last night, and now my legs are a bit immobile.” He hobbled to the room. “If you would Headmaster, I apologize for the inconvenience. Harry and I were just having a bit of fun last night.”

For the love of Merlins, Dumbledore bought it, and smiled, “That’s quite all right Parker! Harry, Miss Zabini would you please leave us alone for a few moments?”

Parker glanced at Harry who gave him half a wink, as Blaise walked out but not without a scowl to Harry.

“Parker, I wanted to ask you if you were at the sight last night?”

Harry leaned against the desk and folded his arms, “What sight? You mean the one in the papers on Brighton?” he asked.

Dumbledore nodded, “Yes, there are four missing death eaters... and my sources have told me that no one captured any.”

Harry’s eyes narrowed, “How the hell am I suppose to know about four missing Death eaters? I wasn’t anywhere NEAR the site last night. I was with Harry, all night we were going over spells and enchantments...” said Harry silkily.

Dumbledore frowned, “Then there must be something serious going on...”

“I don’t know Headmaster, I’m NOT in the Order.” stated Harry firmly.

Dumbledore sighed, “And I wish you would, be.”

"No. I will not be. I have my reasons for that one. I'm neutral and neutral I will stay."

"But you're here for Harry. You clearly told me that."

Harry was starting to stumble over his words now, "Harry's different. I don't want to get into that. I have my reasons, Headmaster, just like you have your reasons. Now, if I were you I would worry about the next attacks instead of a few missing deatheaters. Maybe the muggles had gotten the better of them somehow. You can't really tell me you underestimate muggles when they have items that we've never even seen?"

"You sound an awful lot like young Harry."

'Damn.' Thought Harry to himself, "Well, I did help raise him now did I?"

Dumbledore nodded, "I'll leave you to your class, then Parker. Who knows what Harry has done out there." He smiled, "Lemon drop?"

"No thank you." said Harry with distaste.

Dumbledore only smiled, "Need help getting to the class?" he asked.

"No, I'm sure I can handle it." Luckily Harry made it without falling over. Parker who was on the desk talking to the students and not even teaching them, Harry smirked, "Get off my desk Harry!" He mused.

"Aw... I was just getting the hang of this Parker." said Parker getting down as Harry fell into the seat with exhaustion. Parker could clearly see it on his face.

It took the rest of the day and a bunch of potions going down Harry's throat, for his limbs to start working again.

"Good! I have to meet the Weasley twins tonight." said Harry with a grin as he walked around getting the feeling back in them.

"We almost blew our cover." said Parker.

"Yeah, I know. But, we act enough alike, I don't think the man suspected anything of the sort." said Harry.

"I do however think he was suspicious when Severus Snape reported to him that four deatheaters were missing."

"Where are the deatheaters?" asked Harry.

"In the room. I have placed it under the fidelius charm. I'm the keeper for it." He told Harry who nodded, "All right."

Harry sat down in front of Parker, "Now what?"

Parker leaned back, "Now... we wait... we wait for what's going to happen next. When Remus gives us more information we'll plan until then... let's relax."

Remus walked through the portrait at that moment, "Did Vander turn you?"

Harry frowned, "No way."

Remus looked at him, "Harry, did he give you anything of him?"

Harry looked Remus in the eye, "No."

Remus sighed, "Why didn't you scream?"

Harry blinked, "Scream? Why would I scream and allow someone to see how weak and vulnerable I am?" asked Harry.

Remus gave him a pointed look, "You didn't scream when those curses hit you from what Parker said, and you were fighting the potion..."

"So! Just because I'm a wizard doesn't mean I can't fight off the pain." stated Harry.

“There’s something really freaky about you!” said Remus, wagging his finger.

“In the words of Americans.. No duh.” said Harry with a smirk on his face as Remus sighed, “Have you interrogated them yet?”

Parker shook his head, “No, Wally and Leeza are taking care of them at the moment.”

“I think we need to get to it.”

“After the Dueling Competition.” stated Parker. “It starts tomorrow.”

Harry checked the time, “Shit! I have to meet the Weasleys in ten minutes at the bronze hog.”

Remus smirked, “All right Harry! See ya later. Madam Gibson asked about you...”

Harry grinned, “Did she?”

“Yeah she seemed worried, about you. I told her that you were just fine. I didn’t tell her what we were doing.”

Harry nodded, “IT’s best we keep this between us three.”

Parker agreed, “As much as I trust Geri, I think the less who know the better. Besides, I’m not sure if she knows Occlumency...”

Harry shrugged, “I think I need to learn it. I only know how to divert the intrusion. But, if someone really really wanted to pry into me, I think they could get whatever they wanted.”

“We’ll talk about it later. You better get going.” said Remus with a smirk.

Harry winked, “See ya!” he darted out of the portrait, and walked casually down the corridor passing several kids who giggled at Harry and a couple first years gave gasps of awe.

When Harry rounded the corner, he seen two flaming red heads on the deserted floor. This was one where no rooms were in use. It was the east wing...

"What are you two wankers planning?" Harry strolled up and the two boys turned and faced him. Freckle to freckle ginger hair to ginger hair.

"Nothing my good mate." said Fred, with a grin on his face, that Harry didn't like very well.

George just smirked, he was a little less energetic but not by much.

"Have you made up your mind?"

"Yes we have!" said Justin showing up behind Harry.

A mischievous grin swept across his face, as Fred and George gave each other looks.

"All right!" A clap from Fred, showed his excitement.

"Rules." said George unfolding a parchment.

"Don't you think we should go somewhere a bit more secluded?"

George grinned, "Yeah... I would think so!"

"C'mon!" Fred and George lead Harry and Justin down the corridor to a tiny rickety classroom. Upon entering Harry could see a thick fog of dust and cobwebs hanging in the air and against the ceiling.

The doors shut with a loud squeak, and the dust flew up causing Harry to choke down a cough.

"It starts on Monday morning... nothing lethal, this is fun and harmless... intend to make people laugh and embarrass you." said Fred, giving it to George. "Number two... when Quidditch is near, no pranks are to be played..."

“Number three...no pranks during practice.” said George.

They looked at Harry and Justin who were nodding, “Fair enough... oh and number four... no cheating...” said Harry.

The twins gaved mock looks, “We would never!”

“Just making sure.” answered Justin.

The four of them conversed for the next few moments, before each sneaking out one at a time.

“What do you think Harry? Can we take them?”

Harry smirked, “Let’s not underestimate them.”

Justin nodded, “I know that all too well, mate.”

They walked the floors up to Hufflepuff, where they met an anxious Hannah and Susan. The two were going to be behind the scenes.

“I know Lee Jordan is going to be in on this. So, it doesn’t bother me that you two are behind the scenes.” said Harry. “Besides, when haven’t I cheated?” he mused.

The morning of the Dueling Competition, everyone in Hufflepuff Tower was tense. All the fifth years and up were nervous. The other kids that were younger were excited about watching it, and some were even placing bets on who would win.

Wearing muggle clothes, Harry slipped on the black leather pants, and black tank top, that had a white skull on the back of it. His hair pulled back and he grabbed the chain with his wallet and slid it in his pockets. Lacing up his black dragon hide combat boots, he heard Ernie and Zacharias talk.

Justin who was always a quiet riser, was sitting there scratching his head trying to get his brain to function.

“What time is the competition?”

"After Hogsmeade. Hogsmeade is cut short. Its from nine to one... then we have to be back here by one thirty for the competition that's being held in the great hall." said Harry.

Justin grunted, "Huh."

Harry turned to Justin, "Hey Justin! I'll be meeting someone in Hogsmeade, so I will catch up with you and the girls later." He told Justin who nodded, as he rummaged through his own drawer for clothes, "All right I'll tell them."

Harry was the first to exit out of Hufflepuff, he met Parker next to the Great Hall. "You going to meet Sirius."

Harry nodded, "Yeah.."

Parker nodded, and motioned for Harry, they entered a side room, "Remus sold me that two Order members will be tailing you so don't do anything you shouldn't."

Harry scowled, and nodded, "Ok. Thanks for the info. Tell Remus thanks."

Parker nodded, "Got it!" he patted Harry on the back who entered the Great Hall, in a slightly more bitter mood than when he had woken up.

Harry was in a carriage by himself, on the way down. The strange winged creatures that trotted down the Hogwarts path toward Hogsmeade, were interesting creatures. Harry hadn't had time to look up what they were but he was determined to find out.

Harry immediately spotted his ass watchers. They were so stupid about it and so obvious. Tonks being one of them and the stupid bimbo wouldn't stop tripping over things, then there was Mundungus Fletcher, How Dumbledore ever got that man to understand what he wanted was beyond Harry. He was staggering around counting something in his hands and mumbling to himself.

Entering the Three Broomsticks, his eyes searched the room until he seen Sirius in the back, tapping his fingers against the table like a kid.

Harry smirked, and glided over, "Hey Sirius."

His godfather glanced up and smiled, "Harry!" jumping up with enthusiasm he hugged Harry, who was once against startled. He wasn't use to all these hugs.

"Uh... good to see you too, Sirius! I have two followers." Mumbled Harry sliding in on the other side, and taking the offered butterbeer.

"Yes, Dumbledore mentioned that." said Sirius.

Harry rolled his eyes, "I hate that. I hate all this." he insisted, taking a long swig of the sweet and tangy beverage.

Sirius gave him a look of sympathy. "I know you do. But you're a Potter. You can always get around them."

Harry just smirked, the two talked for a long few moments about things.

"Has Dumbledore told you the prophecy?"

Sirius paled, "Uh... no... not the WHOLE contents. Just... the first bit."

Harry sighed, "He won't tell me and he's been avoiding me. He even changed his password."

Sirius whistled, "That's not good. There must be something else."

Harry shrugged, "I don't know." he said tapping his fingers against the table with anxiousness. He glanced over to see Tonks and Mundungas at seperate tables. Tonks watching him and Mundungas drinking deeply into a large mug full of mead.

Harry gave her a nasty gesture by flipping her off, causing her eyes to widen slightly. He just smirked, and turned back to Sirius who was now in stitches, leaning over laughing.

“That... was... un.. .expected.” He snorted, with laughter.

Harry shook his head, “Dumb arse.” he mumbled, taking a long swig of butterbeer.

“Would you like to go to Zonko’s?”

Agreeing with this the two, left the Three Broomsticks, with the bodyguards on their tail.

“Don’t they trust you?” asked Harry.

“Yes but they think you need more protection than just me.”

Harry snorted, “If they only knew.” his eyes flickered over to Shari who was standing next to a shop, with her arms crossed. She had been there this whole time but no one noticed. She winked at him as he nodded in acknowledgement.

“Only knew what?” asked Sirius.

“Nothing.”

Sirius looked over at Harry, “Hey Harry, you can tell me anything. I won’t go back to Dumbledore.”

They entered Zonko’s Magical Joke shop. “Let me get to know you a bit better Sirius. It’s nothing personal.” He told his godfather who looked a bit saddened, but nodded in understanding.

Changing the subject, Harry started talking about the Filibuster Fireworks. This got Sirius in the story telling mood about Harry’s father and their crazy pranks and parties they use to pull.

“I was told there was a dueling contest today in the Great Hall? That your teachers were pulling it off?”

Harry smirked, “Yeah... fifth year and up.”

“How do you think your going to do?”

Harry grinned, “I don’t know.” he shrugged, “We’ll see.”

Sirius seen a glint in the teens eyes, and knew that anyone underestimating Harry was going to ask for it. Too bad he couldn’t watch it.

Harry made his way back up to Hogwarts, just in time to meet Susan, Hannah, and Justin who had just appeared from a separate carriage.

“Hey Harry! Justin told us you had to meet someone.” Susan responded.

Harry nodded, “Yeah... my godfather.”

“Oh! Cool! Are we ready? We better get in there.” said Hannah with excitement.

The Great Hall was decked out with a large round dueling rink, that had silver stars on the floor of it. There were high rises, like in a football stadium, and the Headmaster and Deputy Headmistress were sitting not to far away from the stage itself. Then there was the faculty that was gathered around one part of the stage.

“Fifth through seventh year students over here!” called Parker, coming out wearing Slytherin green.

Harry walked over and joined his house mates on one side of the room.

Harry seen a smirking Ron and Hermione and an arrogant Draco, with his two fat arse cronies. He was whispering something something to them.

As he stood there someone bumped into him. He turned, to mouth something when he was face to face with a beautiful raven-haired girl. She was asian and very slim.

“Oh, I’m sorry.” she said, quietly glancing up at Harry who smirked, “S’all right. If ya had been someone else ya would have been hexed.”

She went red ever so slightly in the cheeks, “Uh.. The name Cho! Cho Chang!” she said holding her hand out.

Harry smirked, and stared at it, “Nice name Cho. Names Harry, but I think ya know that all ready.”

She giggled, and took her hand away, “Uh... you ready for the duel?” she asked.

“You bet I am. Are you?”

“Yes! I like dueling. But Charms is my favorite subject.” Cho told him.

“I see...” he smirked.

A few moments later, Remus and Parker both got up on the stage, and addressed everyone.

“Today we will be dueling for the top slot in captain. Those of you who WANT to be captain for Slytherin House, step right on up!” Parker called, and the Slytherin’s moved, and it wasn’t a shock to see Draco Malfoy prancing up on stage like he owned it, with a smug look. Blaise Zabini however got up as well, and even a seventh year boy who was taller than both Draco and Blaise.

“Is that all?” he asked. “Very well then... Ravenclaw House, those of you who want the Captain slot please come up and stand on my other side.” Parker called.

Harry wasn’t surprised that Cho Chang was one of the seven Ravenclaws who got up on stage.

“Is that all from Ravenclaw?” he asked, glancing around with a smirk. He gave Harry a half a wink before Remus took over.

“Those of you in Gryffindor who want to be captain please, come up here.” he motioned for them, “And stand on my side.” he smiled, as many of them moved.

Fred and George were the first two, and then Hermione Granger, Ron Weasley, and one more girl who was quite pretty if you asked Harry. She had a dark tan complexion and her hair was in a ponytail. He was sure she was part of their Quidditch Team. Possibly a chaser.

Remus smiled warmly, “Excellent, now all the Hufflepuff captains...” There was a snicker, from the other students, when Justin nudged Harry who shook his head, “No.” Harry didn’t really want to do this. But with all the looks he was getting.

“C’mon please we need you.” Justin said.

Kiera Keiser was one of the Hufflepuffs then Trevor the other prefect. HE wasn’t surprised when Zacharias Smith joined the other Hufflepuffs on stage.

He glanced over to see Geri sitting between Snape and Flitwick. She gave him a wink. Harry also seen a black cat perched underneath a table, and a smirk trailed his face when he realized it was Shari, watching her crystal eyes watching the dueling.

Cho Chang took out a girl that was a fifth year. Lisa Turpin.

It continued for about another hour, and Harry watched each and every Ravenclaw, categorizing them in the way he thought best. The one that surprised me was the pretty boy on stage, who also happened to be the Ravenclaw Captain, Roger Davies. He was fast on his feet, and knew some very strong hexes, that Harry had to respect.

At the end of the duel it ended up being Cho against Roger, and Harry watched as they formed complexed spells, and used their Ravenclaw brains. They were both fast but Cho was faster. As she shouted a hex that caused his feet to dance wildly he shot a very difficult bit of transfiguration causing Cho to gasp as she went flying

back by a large rock type of creature that resembled a golem. Now, that impressed Harry.

In the end Roger had Cho's wand but it had been long and tough and Parker was really impressed by the strength, the two had.

Harry was curious as of what the Gryffindors had in store, and it didn't surprise him when Hermione overpowered one of the Weasleys. She was good, but she wasn't fast, but she made up for her lack of speed with Transfiguration.

Hermione stayed up there and waited as another Weasley got up, Harry thought this one had to be George by the way he walked.

That started and George pretty much used prank jokes, but they were quite interesting. It made for few laughs when Hermione's hair was turned purple and then her chin grew two sizes to big, causing her to have a hard time speaking spells.

It wasn't until they were both tied up and twisted when Hermione won by a fluke.

Harry would have liked to see one of the Weasleys the captain. Not Ron though! He thought to himself, as Ron got up and did his best. To Harry's utter surprise Ron wasn't half bad.

But in the end Hermione won it all. It didn't surprise him but it surprised Harry how good Ron was.

He looked over at Blaise Zabini whose face was still flaming.

Harry wondered if he should talk to her, she was after all Parker's niece.

Soon it was the Hufflepuff's and Harry watched as Zacharias went up against the cute prefect.

Zacharias overpowered the seventh year prefect, in a matter of moments, causing her shriek as she went flying back with a strong

hex. Zacharias used several curses and hexes on her till she was immobile before getting her wand.

Parker was stunned, but didn't show it. Harry could tell however, because he gave Zacharias a queer look.

Tobey also didn't stand a chance against Zacharias. Tobey was body bind in less than five minutes.

"Harry Potter!" called Parker.

Harry moved across the crowd in all his muggle clothed glory. Some girls grinned as they seen him. He was the most unorthodox wizard of them all.

Harry and Zacharias just eyed each other with a nice amount of respect.

"Now, I want a clean duel all of you. You know what's at stake and you know nothing illegal." he repeated this over and over, and once Zacharias and Harry were given the floor, Harry waited as Zacharias started off with the same hex as he did with Kiara.

Harry dodged it with simplicity, and waited as Zacharias just kept shooting hexes and curses. Usually this would catch someone off guard but Harry had seen this before.

Harry just watched as Zacharias began to get frustrated. Harry had only moved enough to dodge the hexes and curses.

Harry just smiled, and waited for Zacharias to make another move, he was waiting for the right moment.

And when it came Harry struck, he used his conjuring abilities and conjured twelve dogs in quick succession then used a an engorgio causing them to grow large, and as he did this Zacharias, was using as many spells as he could but Harry had a barrier up before the first spell even hit it.

As he formed his black attack dogs, he waved his wand at them and then ordered them to attack, and the second the barrier came down the dogs barked and shot out after Zacharias, whose eyes widen in terror and tried to run, as he kept blasting hexes destroying a couple of Harry's dogs, but there were too many, everytime he blasted one two more would take its place, causing gasps and awes from the crowd.

"I'm going to get you Potter!" growled Zacharias with anger in his eyes.

Harry had never seen him so angry. Guess his pride and ego is really taking a beating. He smirked when the dogs tackled him, causing shouts and shrieks of terror.

Harry made the dogs to tackle him and not to attack, so Harry was worried, when they jumped on him. They were just licking him to death. But Zacharias was screaming as if he were being attacked. Harry's wand was out, "Accio Wand!" he shouted, and a moment later, a light colored wand flew from the mass of dogs, and into Harry's hand.

Harry rolled his eyes, "Finite!" he shouted, and the dogs disappeared, leaving a slobbery Zacharias.

There was a loud array of cheers, and Professor McGonagall was holding her chest with shock, and absolute awe of Harry's transfiguration skills.

"Please, it just licked you to death." teased Harry with a smirk.

There was silence all around, leaving Harry to smile, and wink at everyone, as Parker stepped up pride glittering the rims of his eyes. Even Dumbledore was watching amazed.

"That was a TERRIFIC! Battle, you both displayed excellent qualities! Harry Potter is the Captain of Hufflepuff!"

Zacharias scowled, "That was NOT fair! They could have killed me!" Growled Zacharias.

Harry smirked and gave him his wand, "They were conjured to have rubber teeth!" Harry shot, with amusement. "They wouldn't have hurt you! The most they could do was use their weight and lick you to death."

There was laughter, and Parker clapped him on the back, "Take your seats you guys! It was a fair fight. I heard what Harry conjured... I knew they were harmless ol' pups!" Parker who was trying to set Zacharias fears and anger aside, Harry glanced over to see Shari on her four legs, and she gave him a look with her eyes before bounding back, leaving Harry to smirk up on stage.

"This is closed! Harry is the captain! The first set of duels will happen the week before Halloween. You all may go."

Harry who was quite exhausted from the show, his friends greeted him and hugged him with congratulations.

It didn't take long for Harry to pass out on the bed. Zacharias who was still angry didn't talk to anyone for the rest of the night.

A.N. Besides this being a long and very difficult chapter for me, I've had a few run ins with gravity, the steps, and my clumsiness. SO please forgive me for the late chapter. I hope I didn't lose any readers. Forgive me. I will go back to updating every other day or so as soon as possible. I would like someone to leave me a review and give me action advice! I'm not the best when it comes to action, thriller, and gorey type of parts... so if you are good at it, email me! My email is in my profile. Oh and BTW, I discovered this awesome Fanfiction website that is in dire need of members. Its called harrypotterfandom with the www. And .com's in between it. Its like muggle net except they are quite lenient when it comes to stories... all ratings excepted, AND you can make your very own banner to go with the story. I thought I'd let you know... I'll be on my yahoo name tonight under FoxieRoxieSmiles so if you want to IM me about action parts or what not... feel free! I could really use your help...

Missing Piece in Ch 14

Harry watched as Draco Malfoy was called up to the stage first, Steven Sandsfield, the seventh year, was to duel Draco, and then Blaise would duel who ever won this fight.

Harry watched Blaise, she looked determined but Harry could see a similar wrinkle in her that he did in Parker. She was nervous as hell on the inside.

Harry mildly wondered if Draco had bought a few people out to keep from getting the captain slot. If he did, that goes to show just how stupid and nasty he truly was.

"Bow to each other. I want a good clean duel from both of you! If you cheat, you will be disqualified!" ordered Parker, sternly looking from one Slytherin to the other.

They nodded, and Parker stepped out of the way.

Harry watched as they took several steps back and turned facing each other.

Harry's eyes was locked on both of them...

It was quite immediate, Draco Malfoy started out with a stream of vibrant fluorescent curses, causing Steven to quickly jump out of the way while producing his own stinging hex that missed its target.

The duel all in all was quite interesting. Harry learned several new things at watching... one... do not underestimate Draco Malfoy who was now casting a blasting hex causing Steven to go flying back, and against the hard floor with a grown.

Malfoy wasn't done yet, however, even if his opponent wasn't down, Malfoy kept casting spell after spell, from "Petrificus Totalus!" to several painful hexes, Harry had felt personally several times before.

The brutality of Draco Malfoy's casting, proved to be useful as several people had looks of fright in their eyes. He was doing this to scare the others. That's exactly what he was doing.

Harry watched as Dumbledore frowned deeply at Draco who kept firing curses. Although, this was a good tactic, it was a dangerous one. The spells just kept hitting Steven, who was down, pale, with blue spots on him. He was suffocating. It wasn't until the boy was blue in the face, that Draco took his wand, with a vindictive smirk.

Remus glanced at Parker who shrugged, "It was legal." Harry seen him mouth.

This caused quite a stir up and the Gryffindors were bashing Draco, who just smirked, and pranced to the side, unharmed.

Harry's eyes darted over to Blaise who was staring at her shoes now.

Harry's eyes narrowed dangerously at Draco. Harry wanted him... Harry felt the anger swell up inside of him as he thought of this Slytherin doing the same thing to unsuspecting muggles. He wondered if the toeheaded teen had accepted the Dark Mark yet. One way or nother he would find out.

"That was some battle. Draco Malfoy victor! Blaise Zabini please come up and take Steven's spot."

Steven was being carried out on a stretcher. "Two days in the hospital." murmured Harry looking at the seventh year with a blank expression.

"I.. I don't think I want to go up against Malfoy." mumbled Susan. Several heard her and nodded.

Harry scowled, "Guys! That's what he wants! You to back down. You can't back down."

They looked at him, "You seen how terrible he was!"

"Yeah because he's trying to get a scare. That's what Voldemort does." flinches and gasps were heard through the Hufflepuff crowd.

Harry just scowled, at them and turned his attention to see Blaise standing in front of Draco, determination written on her face. Draco however had a look of malice and smugness, mingled.

"The rules are the same...!" said Parker. Harry seen a moments hesitation as he stared at Blaise, who avoided his gaze.

On cue, Blaise was a LOT faster than Malfoy, "Caecus truculenter!" Harry's eyebrows shot up when Malfoy was thrown back before he could finish casting his spell, and started cursing. He was on the floor, and a blinding hex straight to his eyes.

"Good one!" whispered Harry, with a smirk.

Blaise however hesitated, thinking the battle was over. Harry shook his head, as he seen her stand there, but just because Draco was blinded didn't mean he couldn't cast a damn spell!

"Stupefy!" he shouted, it missed her by barely, and Blaise acted quickly, as Draco was up, blinded his hands over his eyes as he pointed it at her, "Expecto Impedementa!" he roared, angrily, out of frustrations. Blaise hadn't moved in time, and was stopped in midway.

"Uh oh, she won't be able to move anything for at least three minutes."

"But the hex only stops..." Hannah was cut off however.

"Only immobilizes your legs, yes... BUT, he used a more advanced form." Harry told Hannah, whose eyes turned to see Draco murmuring spell after spell but due to his blindness he wasn't able to get it right.

Finally giving up on himself he pointed his wand, and started shooting nasty hexes at Blaise, who shrieked in terror, for she wasn't able to move from her spot.

Draco lashed out at her with a lot of power, with cutting hexes, stinging hexes, and a blinding hex just to mock her, and it wasn't before long when Blaise had her balance and fell over in dire pain unable to move her wand arm.

Draco kept doing it however, he was angry, he was murmuring curses under his breath, as he shot out curse after curse, before summoning her wand.

"Man he's one brutable dueler." said Susan quietly.

Harry scowled, as he heard this. He watched as Parker walked over quietly and bent down to Blaise, while Remus took over as announcer. Parker was pissed. Yep... that's what Parker was.

Blaise however wasn't as bad as Steven, for she was cleared of all hexes, and stumbled down and off the rink not even looking at her uncle, as the her face was a deep crimson red.

Harry actually felt a bit of pain for her, because she was Parker's niece, and that meant a lot.

Harry could see a vein twitching in Parker's neck.

"Parker's pissed."

"Of course he would be! That's his niece." said Justin, swallowing.

Harry just scoffed at him and everyone else's frightened look.

Draco might be all about brute force, but Harry was positive he could take him down. Harry would be prepared for that duel, that is for certain.

A.N. There! That's the piece that was missing. It must have been my mistake or the word processor I have no idea, but I know I had written it. But rewriting it gave me a chance to modify a few things. So... Maybe it turned out the best.

I wanted to comment about Tonks, someone told me that I was making her out to be a bigger biatch than what she was... but think about it like this...

She's an auror, with being an Auror usually comes with automatic respect? Right? Everyone is afraid of you, everyone thinks you are great at battling, but then suddenly this pompous little teen comes along sneering and scoffing at her abilities and pretty much annoying the hell out of her while not listening to a thing she says... I think Tonks has a lot of PRIDE, she is part Black is she not? And Black's always have pride and ego... even Sirius has pride and ego right?

I think Tonks' bitchy side is justified... at least I hope it is, and as for Hermione being a snob. She was always a bit snobbish even from the beginning of the books. Turning her nose up at Ron and reprimanding them for simple mistakes... and I think only Harry humbled her when they were friends. I think he was the only reason she was truly humbled. Hermione might lighten up a bit later... I haven't decided. Got to go! Got this chapter to finish!

Chapter Fifteen: Pranks, Candy, and other suggested problems

After the first dueling competition, Harry realized how much more respect he had from the others houses and teachers, than he had before. Harry didn't particularly understand this, and didn't really care whether they liked him or not.

Harry, Justin, Hannah, and Susan spent the rest of the evening on Saturday and most of Sunday talking about the prank war.

That was when Lily came prancing over, with something tied around her neck.

She jumped up in Harry's lap, and meowed.

"What's this?" he took the piece of paper, and unrolled it to see a letter from Candy.

Dear Harry,

It's me Candy. I wanted to give you an update. I'll be 20 weeks pregnant October 15th, and the next Dr. Appointment will be November 16th. I haven't decided whether I will find out what the child is or not. I may wait and let it be a surprise. But, I need help, there is no way I can work when this child is born. I can't take care of it and work at the same time, and pay all my bills. I've been talking to your correspondent Shari, and she's been giving me pretty good advice. I know you are young but, I'm going to have to have help otherwise, I won't be able to raise this child. You are the only reason I am having it in the first place. I hope we can get together and talk about this soon. I hope this letter doesn't sound mean or rude. I'm sorry Harry.

Yours,

Candy

This got Harry to thinking, he had been right all along about Candy. He knew she didn't want this child, and he knew she was going to try to do something drastic if he didn't talk to her.

"What's wrong Harry?" asked Justin concerned.

"Nothing." said Harry quickly. "I'll be back." Harry nudged Lily who hopped down.

"Where you going? It's late!" said Hannah, as Lily curled up where Harry had been sitting.

"Gotta go talk to Parker." Harry disappeared out of the door, and headed straight to Parker's room.

Tapping upon the door he waited for several moments, when Parker answered.

"Hey Harry! What's up?" he asked, stepping aside.

Harry sighed, and entered and showed Parker the letter, "I'm gonna have to take this child. If not she'll do something drastic." Harry told him.

Parker scanned over the letter, and looked up at Harry, "You know this will risk everyone finding out."

Harry sighed, "What else am I suppose to do Parker? Allow her to abort it? That's MY kid! I know in the muggle world I have no say, but this isn't the muggle world! And I never did anything by the law!" Harry then said as an afterthought.

Parker was shocked, that Harry felt so strong over this. It also gave him a sense of pride to know how well he had done with Harry. He had been mildly scared when the kid was younger, he was afraid he'd teach him the wrong things, and he'd end up making the biggest mistake of his life.

"Well, what are you going to do?" asked Parker.

"I have to go meet her... somewhere somehow. If I tell Dumbledore I need out he'll have people to tail me, and I don't need anyone in my business."

Parker sat on the desk and touched his chin, rubbing it.

Remus is starting to get sick. The full moon is Tuesday..." he was talking to himself.

"Ok Harry, here's what we'll do. This weekend after the Dueling Competition I'll sneak you out of the castle." said Parker, he was pacing now.

There was a tap on the door, and Parker answered it. It was Remus, "Hey an I come in?"

Parker smirked, "Of course."

Remus looked concerned at Harry, "What's wrong?"

Harry sighed, and showed him Candy's letter. "I don't want her to get rid of my child. I know if I don't step in and do something, that's exactly what she's going to do." stated Harry, shaking his head.

Remus frowned and leaned against the desk, "Darn, I'm gonna be gone for a few days." He did look weak. His face was chalky, and his usually bright eyes were a bit dull.

"We need someone to take your place. But if Parker takes it, Dumbledore may go looking for Parker."

"Dumbledore's not looking for me." said Harry. "He's trying to avoid me."

Remus nodded, "I know."

Parker thought about this, "Harry... what would you say to letting your godfather in on this?"

Harry's face had panic out of the blue. Remus had a smile before he seen Harry's panicked face.

“Wait Harry! Listen, I’ve known Sirius all my life. He is devoted to you Harry. He loves you more than anything. He cares about you. He’ll do anything.”

Harry turned the other way and crossed his arms, “I don’t know. He may be answering to Dumbledore.”

“No he’s not.” said Remus as a matter of factly.

“Dumbledore asked, Sirius if you said anything crucial. Sirius told him to butt out that it wasn’t his business, what he and his godson happen to talk about. He refuses to say anything.” Remus told Harry.

The teen turned around, and looked down at the letter. He didn’t have much of a choice. Did he? He thought to himself.

“All right. We’ll let him on what’s going on. How fast can you get him here?”

“Ooh... five minutes?”

Harry nodded, “Make sure Dumbledore has no idea.”

Remus scoffed, “What do you take me as? I am a Marauder!”

Harry smirked, “Well then, show us your marauder skills and get the other marauder in here.”

Remus gave a mock bow, before smirking and disappearing into Parker’s room, leaving Harry and Parker alone.

“Sirius can be you... and as soon as I get you out of the school, I’ll come back here, make sure everything goes smoothly.”

“That is if Sirius agrees.” said Harry sliding onto the desk, much like Parker would.

Harry felt nervous, he wasn’t use to trusting people so soon, and trusting someone apart of the Order, was a bit eerie. Yes, he was his godfather, and seemed honest in his word, but Harry was still eerie.

It was more than ten minutes when Sirius entered the classroom, looking bemused. Harry was sitting there with Parker, who was talking to him.

“Hey Harry!” said Sirius, with a smile on his youthful face. He looked excited.

“Hey Sirius.” Harry hesitated, and glanced at Remus, who nodded, “I haven’t told him. I thought you should tell him.”

“Is there a silencer on here? Walls talk you know.” stated Harry.

Parker smirked, “I’ve all ready got that covered. I put a permanent charm on my walls to where silencers were in tact at its heaviest form and there’s a special charm to keep ghosts from floating through. Even Peeves.”

“Good.” said Harry. “I don’t need this to ever get back to Dumbledore. At least not yet.”

“What’s going on Harry?” asked Sirius, concerned.

“Sit down Sirius, I’m going to trust you.” said Harry, slowly.

Sirius blinked, “Um... Ok. Harry you can trust me with anything. I will not go to Dumbledore.” he sat down at one of the kids desk like a student.

Parker smirked, “I don’t think we’ve been properly introduced. I’m Parker Zabini.”

Sirius stiffly glanced over at him and nodded, “Sirius Black. Nice to meet you.”

Parker gave a quirky grin, “Right...” they had went to school together. Sirius was a bit put off by the Slytherin.

Harry sat there for several minutes, "Well... there's a few things you should know about me, to start with I guess." he looked at Parker who nodded, "Go on Harry."

"I've known Remus for a long time." he started.

Sirius' mouth fell open as he glanced over at Remus, who nodded, "Yeah... he's known me for quite a long time. Since he was about eight years old."

"And you never said anything?" Sirius said stunned.

"I wasn't suppose to Sirius. To no one." said Remus.

"You kept it this whole time? How do you two know each other?"

Harry sighed, "There's this lady at the Ministry who was trying to get all the Werewolves destroyed, believing them to be evil. In all honesty, I think she was just racist against anyone who has a creature in their blood. This was probably the first time, I ever came VERY close to showing who I was by accident." the teen started, he seemed to be thinking of what to say. "When the bill was under the Wizengamot, they held several meetings for the witches and wizards all across the British Isles. I was one of several people who fought to stop the law. When it was looking bad, the Minister decided to resume the discussion for later. There was too many people for it, and an equal number of people against the Werewolf Act." he looked over at Remus who had a look of pride in his eyes.

"I took it upon myself to overpower the witch who did it. She wasn't that hard to do it too. She was just an overzealous squat like bitch. Quite bloody ugly too." stated Harry as an afterthought.

Parker smirked, "He had me do some modifications, since Harry didn't know the memory charm, since he was too young and I hadn't taught him the memory charm till he was ten years old."

"You memory modified a wizengamot member?" Sirius had a look of pure excitement in his eyes.

“After we got a few demands out of her.”

“Why did you help the werewolves?” asked Sirius.

Harry smiled, “They helped me. Or at least two of them did. They saved my life. And when they found out who I was, they told me that a werewolf had been great friends with my parents... so naturally, I really really wanted to meet him.” Harry glanced over at Remus who had a look of pride in his eyes.

“That’s how that all started... and I’ve always known Parker. He found me outside of his pub...” Harry responded.

“Let’s skip a few years Harry.” Insisted Parker.

Harry nodded, “Anyway... enough of that... that’s how I know Remus. You know I grew up raising myself outside of the help from Parker... and that means I’m a bit more experienced than most guys my age.”

Sirius’ eyebrows shot up, “How much more experienced?”

“Thirteen years old, my er... virginity became non existent.” He admitted, causing Sirius’ eyes to wide, “THIRTEEN? What the...” He looked at Harry like he was nuts, but Harry was deadly serious.

Remus sighed, he hadn’t known this.

“A widowed woman, took me in and I did work for her... that’s how that happened... anyway...” he glared at Sirius. “I was recently involved with a girl named Candy, I helped her out in a tight spot and we ended up together... The moral of that story is... she’s pregnant with my kid.”

Sirius stared struck with shock as he heard this, “Y... your kid? You mean... you got her pregnant?”

Harry nodded, “Now, she’s starting to have second thoughts about having this baby, and I don’t want it to die, so I’m going to sneak out this weekend and meet up with Candy... I need you to cover as me.”

Sirius swallowed, he had a lot to take in. He looked at Remus, who didn't look stunned by the news. Of course not they knew each other.

"This is serious Harry. You're only fifteen."

"I know that... but what choice do I? I'm not allowing her to kill my kid. If anything I'll take the child off her hands... and raise it. I don't have to worry about work anymore now that I have my vault."

Sirius sighed, "I'll do anything to help Harry. Anything at all."

Harry could only smile as he seen Sirius look at him with pure honesty in his eyes.

"Please, don't lose my trust Sirius. It's hard enough for people to get it."

Sirius stared at Harry, "I swear on your parents grave, that I will not lose your trust. This will not get back to Dumbledore."

Harry sighed, "All right..." he looked at Parker, "How we going to do this?"

"Do you have any more potion left?" asked Parker.

"Yeah I just ordered some, and should get it by Tuesday or Wednesday." Harry told them.

"How do you get Polyjuice Potion? I know the Apothecary does NOT sell things like that."

"I have a contact in Knockturn Alley." Harry told Sirius, who looked at him and shook his head, "Am I going to be surprised anymore?"

Harry shrugged, "No idea." admitted Harry.

"You might, seeing as he's best friends with Vampires, Goblins, and elves."

Sirius snorted, "Wow... you've really out done yourself you know that kid?"

Harry shrugged, "I do what I can."

It was Monday morning, Harry and his friends were just getting things finished for their first prank of the day. Harry had a time sneaking into Snape's living corridors this morning at six a.m. This however wasn't easy for the man was all ready paranoid. Harry had to demolish several censor charms. As he slipped past he heard the shower on in the bathroom. This gave him plenty of time to do what he needed. After a well rehearsed charm against the clothes that were laying on the bed, Harry grinned to himself and snuck back out just before the taps of the shower went off.

Harry, Justin, Susan, and Hannah were sitting in the Great Hall. Harry having checked all the food before eating it, they waited, facing the Gryffindor Table.

Harry was better at acting than his friends were who seemed anxious and almost worried, yet excited. He really hoped they didn't give anything away.

"Guys, pretend as if NOTHING happened..." he said, when they all heard it a loud roar from the hall.

It wasn't before long the Great Hall doors banged open and standing before them was a very humorous Professor Snape.

Snorts of laughter broke out, and people fell out of their chair, and some people's eyes widen in either shock or terror. The boys covered their eyes while the girls giggled and sniggered.

"Where are the Weasley twins!" he growled, his hair blonde to his shoulders, and he was wearing a bright pink lingerie...

"We... we're he... here!" shouted one standing he had tears trailing down his eyes and as the other stood he shook his head, 'Check our wands!"

There was laughter and Dumbledore was smirking beneath his beard.

“Makes a good girl don’t he?” asked Harry shaking with fits of laughter.

Harry glanced up at Parker and Remus who had lost all pride, and were laughing so hard that they spilled their pumpkin juice very unaware.

The Weasleys got a chewing out but after checking their wands it was stated that they did not do it. That was when a large white cloud appeared up above the Great Hall, for everyone to read. In bubbly writing that Susan and Hannah had worked on all night had the words.

Messrs: Raven, Sunshine, Happy, and Wolf would like to give their compliments to Professor Severus Snape, and announce that he is the most beautiful female they had ever seen.

Then a message at the bottom revealed,

“Messrs Raven would like to express his warnings to each and every student in the school that the prank wars has started and will not end until further date. Beware... ALL Of you.”

There was a growl, and Severus stomped out causing more laughter, and Professor McGonagall looked as if she was going to go green in the face, from forcing herself NOT to laugh.

Dumbledore just smirked and tried without much effort to stop it, “OK now, whoever did that...” But he gave up because everyone was laughing so loudly and hard.

Even the Slytherin’s were smirking and trying to hold their laughter. Blaise was just giggling.

It was without a doubt a hitch to start the morning off, but no one was safe... it was the Weasley’s turn to top it...

It was when they walked out of the Great Hall that something started happening. All the boys suddenly started giggling and dancing to the

chicken making clucking noises and moving their arms under their pits as the girls were doing a weird form of a doggy paddle, and they were barking.

Unfortunately Harry was caught up in this, causing everyone around to laugh at him and everyone else in the mess.

But what was even funnier was that Ron was in it and he was going beat red.

Harry finally broke the curse and shook his head before darting out of the hall as all the teachers burst into laughter.

Throughout the day poor unsuspecting students got pranked, and the teachers thought they got off scotts free. No one dared to prank any of them after this morning... boy were they wrong..

It was Tuesday morning and students crept very grudgingly to the Great Hall. They looked behind them everywhere they went.

Harry and his friends were sitting at the table, waiting patiently and when Harry was sure everyone was in the hall and all the teachers, he glanced casually over to see each of them indulging themselves in their morning drinks. The night before Hannah and Harry had slipped down into the kitchens while Justin and Susan took extra care to be on the look out. Harry had stained all of the teachers glasses with a special potion... one he came up with when he was twelve years old when he accidentally made a mistake under Parker's tutelage. Pity... poor Parker had to be in on this... if not it would have been too easy to spot the doer. Too bad Remus wouldn't see it. He'd kill!

It was then that a loud booming voice stood up on the tables along with all the teachers.

The leader of the pact was Dumbledore who was standing on the table in the middle Parker was with them...

That's when Dumbledore started singing lead to a very popular Elton John song...

"I'm a bitch I'm a bitch! I'm better than you!" Dumbledore was completely out of his mind and people's mouth stood agape as Severus jumped in, singing the exact same lines. "You know the bitch is back!" he shouted as he jumped around the table getting food all over the place.

People couldn't eat because they were staring struck at the teachers table that had Professor Sprout and McGonagall wiggling on the table. Their eyes widen in shock as their mouths moved to the music that was somehow playing.

And to everyone's horror, Snape threw off his cloak and started doing a weird movement, as they all sang, "Bitch Bitch! The bitch is back."

He moved his arms in a weird movement that reminded everyone of the seventies. Several people had fall out of their chairs with utter astonishment and fits and fits of laughter.

Parker suddenly stood and shook himself, like Elvis Presley and started singing back to Dumbledore who and then Snape jumped in singing. The female teachers were doing back up and Madam Sinistra was doing cartwheels as Flitwick was waving his hands up in the air, singing.

"I'm a bitch I'm bitch. The bitch is back!"

Harry was beside himself and forget about accidentally spilling his milk on Zacharias who was snorting into porridge. The Weasleys were laughing so hard that they barely had time to register what was going on at the moment.

Harry had taken the liberty of getting pictures, with a vindictive smirk. It wasn't till ten minutes later that the spell wore off, and the teachers stopped what they were doing and Dumbledore glanced around and looked down to see his shoes covered in porridge and eggs.

Snape was growling and scowling as he took his cloak and Parker's eyes wide with shock as he glanced over at Harry who was laughing so hard he was crying.

McGonagall was beside herself with fury, but Flitwick couldn't help but giggle and Madam Sprout walked out face covered by her hands.

"I want whoever was responsible to come up right now." said Dumbledore trying to be stern.

But the laughing did not stop and they all ignored him as the students started singing the words back causing faces to go red, and laughter to ensue.

"If you do not surrender yourselves we will find out who did it and the consequences will be disastrous!" Growled Professor McGonagall with white fury written all over her aged face.

Harry just sniggered, as the Weasleys clapped, "That was a brilliant show!" shouted one of them.

"Excellent! Most beautiful!" said the other.

There was scowls from the teachers as they left the hall. Parker's eyes lingered on Harry who delicately held up a camera, causing his eyes to widen. "Potter! Give us that camera right now!" Growled Parker running at Harry causing gasps as Harry jumped on the table. "Never!" Harry shouted, and jumped off the table as Parker jumped on the table and fell right into the pancakes.

Harry laughed at the edge and took more pictures. "Black mail!" He shot and ran out causing Parker to curse, as everyone else laughed, even Dumbledore chuckled, "Oh dear, I hope those don't get published." Was what Dumbledore could be heard saying.

Least to say the teachers were in a foul mood all day long... they looked humiliated and every time someone in the halls were singing to themselves, they'd immediately assign detention out of anger and embarrassment.

Harry noticed to his amusement that Hagrid was chuckling whenever he heard someone sing the words.

Harry wanted to charm him but thought all the teachers might die if Hagrid happened to stand on the table and break it. He didn't want to KILL anyone. He just wanted to humiliate.

Defense Against the Dark Arts proved to be amusing as Parker was glaring at Harry and demanding to see his camera.

"I have no idea what you're talking about Parker!" he smiled innocently and held open his hands, and after several accio's directed at Harry, he found nothing and cursed, "You publish them and I will..."

"Will what?" he asked, grinning.

"Grrr!" was all he said. "Sound quite familiar Parker ol' boy!" Harry teased.

Parker just scowled at him before demanding everyone to get a book off his shelf. They were going over some of the dark creatures, at the moment.

Harry just smiled, pleasantly and stood, and walked by Parker who scowled, "Get that smug look off your face!"

Harry just rolled his eyes, "Or what? Hex me? Remember what happened last time Parker don't you?" Harry teased.

Parker grumbled, "Don't tempt me Harry!" he said lowly, causing more laughs out of Harry.

There was pranks going off everywhere, the poor students would get trapped in them.

One unsuspecting third year Slytherin was found having a fight with his self in front of a mirror. He was popping himself in the face, and calling himself names. It wasn't till Snape released him of the curse that he went to the hospital wing to explain why he had a black eye and bloody lip.

Everywhere the students went things happened... either they'd trip due to some unsuspecting pull of a rug or in Harry's favorite... the

Gryffindors were coming back from Quidditch Practice and as they trudged up, Justin and Harry nodded, and under a disillusionment charm they made several muggle cans full of spray paint explode in front of the Gryffindors, sending them in shrieks running but they didn't get away. By the time Harry and Justin were done with the Gryffindors they were pink, blue, yellow, and green... Harry was proud to see Ron was apart of them. Who was the most humiliated.

Harry then left in big words, "Works of Messrs, Raven, Sunshine, Happy, and Wolf, before drawing a large smiley face with its tongue sticking out and running off, with high fives to Justin who had to be silenced due to the laughing he was doing.

Harry had to say that the prank war was something new, and very comfortable for Harry. He hadn't been this happy in a long time.

He was walking back from Parker's room, when Blaise walked over, and stood right in front of him.

She stared up at him as he stopped and stared at her, "Hi." was the first thing she said.

"Hey. What's up?"

"Erm... can I talk to you?" she asked.

Harry nodded, "Sure!" they entered a classroom and when he did she closed it and turned, "Uh... I was... erm.."

"What? Out with it." said Harry leaning against the desk.

She sighed, and bowed her head, "I was humiliated Saturday."

"It's not your fault. The bastard, was trying to scare everyone." Harry answered quickly.

"Yes yes, but I thought I could take him."

“Everyone under estimated the pompous pampered Deatheater in waiting.” Harry told her. “Even I did! Even I thought he would be a push over and I don’t under estimate anyone.”

She sighed, “What I’m trying to say is... or more like ask.. Is will you help me? Uncle Parker doesn’t want me battling after what happened... and he thinks I’m weak. I’m not!” Growled Blaise, as she said this, “I just...”

“You were caught off guard and you are too fair of a fighter. Sometimes to win a fight you have to play just as dirty as your enemy.” Harry told her.

She looked at him and nodded, “Can you show me?”

Harry thought this over and thought about saying ‘no’ but then after he remembered the beating she took on Saturday, and the fact that she was a Parker’s niece, Harry nodded, “All right.” he smirked, “How bout now?” he asked.

She blinked at him in shock, “Now?”

“Why not? Do you got to be anywhere?”

She shook her head, “No, but where?”

“Right here?” he suggested.

“Um... yeah... I guess.” she said, timidly.

“Hey you asked... I only agreed.”

“I know I asked!” she snapped, briskly.

“There’s nothing wrong in asking for help Blaise.”

She scowled at him, “You think so eh?”

“Of course, I think so. Do you think, I got good by myself? No way! I never would know what I know now had it not been for your uncle and a few other selected people. Now, the best way to learn is to battle.”

“But...”

“No bus. I won’t be lethal. I won’t do what Draco Malfoy did. I’m not that tactless.” Harry said dryly to her.

She sighed, and nodded, “Ok.”

Harry waved his wand and everything moved out of the way to one side. The abandon classroom was quite large, and Harry wondered why they never used this for one of the classes. It was huge.

The two bowed to each other properly, and it wasn’t before long the two were dueling.

Harry just stood there watching her shoot spell after spell, but she wasn’t looking at him she was looking at her wand.

“Stop!” Harry told her. She stopped, and glanced over, “What?”

“You can’t have your eyes on your wand! You all ready know what your wands doing. But you don’t know what your enemy is doing! You must keep your eyes on your target! At all times!” Harry told her.

She blinked, “I wasn’t aware.”

“Loads of people aren’t aware that they stare at their wand more than they do the enemy. You also cast spells that take forever. When you really need someone to go down... you shoot straight for them! Now... let’s try this again.”

Blaise shot spell after spell but Harry deflected and made two reflect back hitting Blaise knocking her on her butt. “Don’t stop firing! Keep firing even when you fall fire!” Harry ordered. “Even when blind fire, even when deaf fire, and even without a voice you can still fire you wand.” Harry ordered.

That was all that she needed and soon there was a mini duel going on between Harry and Blaise, although Blaise was rusty and Harry had her disarmed in two minutes, she did get faster as Harry moved and dodged all her hexes.

“Never, ever use a stunner unless you know for a simple fact that they will go down. Most likely they will deflect the stunner and deflecting a stunner makes it shoot backwards... and it can easily land on you.”

Blaise nodded, “All right...” she was exhausted.

It had been an hour and a half, that they had been in the classroom firing spells and Harry corrected all her wrong movements.

“You are fast! I give you that.” said Harry.

She smiled lightly, “Thanks. You know, you aren’t so bad.”

Harry snorted, “Yeah well.” He held out his hand, as she smirked and took it, and was lifted off her feet.

She smirked, “You would do well in Slytherin.”

“So I’ve been told.” said Harry.

“It’s weird how you got into Hufflepuff.”

“I know.” answered Harry, as he waved his wand and all the desks were put back properly.

“So who do you think behind the the pranks?”

Harry smiled, “Who do you think?”

“I thought the Weasleys... but the messages... from Raven.. Ermm... Sunshine, Happy and... the other?” she looked at Harry who smiled, “Wolf.”

“Yeah! They aren’t the Weasleys.”

Harry shrugged, "Maybe the two groups are in on it."

She nodded, "That sounds about right. I loved the teacher thing."

Harry bit the temptation to tell her, and smirked, "Yeah that was good! I never expected them to sing 'that' particular song."

"Especially with the words in it."

"I think that was the reason the pranksters chose that very song." said Harry. "I mean can you see Dumbledore singing that on a regular basis?"

Blaise barked out laughing, and shook her head, "No way." she rubbed her eyes as stray laughing tears fell out. "That was... the best, and then... my poor Head of House." she said snickering and coughing in the middle trying to stop.

Harry smiled, "Yeah that was quite... different." He said, thinking back to the handy work Justin and him had put into the spell to create such a thing.

"Looked good as a blonde." said Blaise sniffing.

Harry laughed, "Yeah he did." Harry hadn't realized he walked her all the way down to the Slytherin Common Room.

He blinked, and glanced around him, as Blaise smirked, "They'll kill me if they know I took you down here."

Harry smirked, "I won't tell... maybe."

She rolled her eyes, "You better not." she scowled.

Harry smiled, "Why would I?"

"Who knows... don't give Weasleys any ideas." she crossed her arms over her chest, and Harry just smiled, "I have no idea what you are

talking about Miss Zabini. G'night." Harry bowed and soon disappeared, before she turned, "Fire Crabs."

Harry smirked behind a Hog, "Fire Crabs eh?" he whispered, to himself, as he casually walked back along the corridors.

That night Justin, Hannah, and Susan laid out their plans for the next week. But, as they were doing this, Harry had things on his mind. He was back to thinking about Candy, and what was too happen.

The days followed in quick succession, the Weasleys pulling off a stunt involving chickens, honey, and feathers self served... least to say Harry looked like a fuzzy large 'annoyed' chicken by the time the Weasleys were done with him and everyone else in the hall. First classes were cancelled due to this...

It was Thursday night and Harry, Parker, Sirius, and an exhausted Remus was huddled in the Defense Against the Dark Arts classroom.

Harry had pulled out his phials of Polyjuice Potion.

For some reason Sirius seemed ecstatic about the prospect of posing as Harry.

"I can't wait! I get to be a kid again!" said Sirius with a grin as he slid on Parker's desk.

The Slytherin pursed his lips together but otherwise stayed silent.

Remus who was smiling fondly sighed, "You still are a kid Sirius." he looked exhausted. His eyes didn't hold much life. It was a day after the last day of the treacherous full moon, and Remus was reaping the affects of the aftermath. His normally fixed brown hair was tasseled and looked worse than Harry's before he grew it long.

"OK... tomorrow morning, I'll meet you here in Parker's room and we'll switch. I'll leave under my cloak and be gone from here! I have the emergency handmade portkey. I'll be back as soon as I can."

"Did you tell Shari you're leaving?" asked Parker.

“Yes, she’ll be waiting for me on the corner next to the Shrieking Shack. Instead of Apparate, we’re going to use her way of traveling.” Harry winced, as he thought of the way Vampires traveled. It was possible to travel with muggles and magical people, it was also quite uncomfortable, but the Ministry can’t detect Vampire travel.

Harry had never been caught apparating but being in Hogwarts, Harry wouldn’t put it past Dumbledore to place a tracking device in Harry’s drink or food. So Harry had to be careful at all times when he did certain types of magic. Small amounts couldn’t be detected, but no one said apparation was a small bit of magic.

“What do I have to look forward too tomorrow?” asked Sirius.

Harry smiled, “Pranks... but be as subtle as you can. I haven’t got caught yet...” Harry wrote out their nicknames, and gave Sirius free reign over choice of prank.

“But remember... go along with Justin, Hannah, and Susan, and nothing TOO vicious.”

“I still love the memory of the teachers.” said Sirius, laughing heartily.

Harry had shown both Remus and Sirius the pictures of Parker and everyone that was singing.

Parker glared at Harry who grinned innocently, “I’ll wipe that innocent smile off your face!” He mumbled under his breath with a scowl.

Harry just smirked. “Sure you will.” He winked at Sirius and Remus who just gave identical grins.

“I wish I was there.” said Remus, tiredly.

“If anyone has a pensieve...”

“Don’t you dare Harry!” Growled Parker, but it was more playful than anything.

Harry just gave a quirk, "Oh and by the way, Sirius you are to meet Parker's niece Blaise in Classroom T3."

Parker's eyebrows shot up, "Why?" his eyes narrowed.

Harry just smirked, "Not for reasons you think Parker!" the teen insisted, "I've been showing her easier ways to defend herself. She was humiliated with what happened Saturday."

Parker let out a breath and just gave him a warning look.

Harry just gave him the same look, and the two stared at each other for several moments in a contest of glares. Harry won it. He always did. For some reason people couldn't stand to stare at his eyes for too long. It got eerie, and the glints just got to scary for some people, even Parker Zabini, found them staggeringly astounding.

Sirius nodded, "I think I could do a few things for her."

Harry nodded, "Good, I should be back by... oh... eight or nine the next night. We'll meet here... and do the switch. Remember take this every hour! Whether its through a flask or what, find a way to drink it."

Sirius scoffed, "Are you questioning my abilities and intelligence?" he asked, in mock outrage.

Harry just smirked, "I don't know. I still don't know your abilities Siri."

Sirius smiled fondly hearing the nickname. It made him feel better, to know Harry was opening up much more than usual

Harry was up at six thirty the next morning, way before his friends, and as he dressed, he grabbed a bag and got things ready and headed out of the dorm. No one was in the halls except for Geri who smirked his way, "Hey Harry! Where you going this early?" she asked, her eyes glittering with curiosity.

Harry smiled, and gazed at her pear shaped figure, "Parker, he's helping me finish my potions!" Harry lied, holding up the roll.

She smiled, "Oh... I guess I'll see you in class today."

Harry smirked, "Maybe." he winked at her, before heading off toward Parker's room.

Sirius was there at seven sharp. He looked wide awake unlike Harry who was still recovering.

Harry handed him his robes. Harry went and showered and changed in Parker's living corridors.

Coming out he adjusted the black leather pants, and buckled the black belt that had silver studs(potion vials). It was his most useful belt. The dark green silk button up shirt was tucked in with the first three buttons undone, and he kept his wet hair down this time. Lacing up his combat boots he came out to see Sirius standing there.

"Where's the potion?" asked Harry. "I got it here!" Parker handed Sirius a very small water bottle.

"It's charmed to look and smell identical to pumpkin juice. Now all you have to do is take two sips of this an hour. Don't forget!" warned Parker firmly.

Sirius rolled his eyes, "I'm not a kid!"

"You will be." Harry added, causing Sirius to grin slightly, "Yes but you're no kid by any means."

"That is true." said Harry, never seeing it that way. Guess it was true, he was more than a kid, he had lived on his own for a long time, with the help of Parker and Remus of course and Vander.

"How are you getting off the grounds?" asked Parker.

Harry pulled out his cloak, "Shari is waiting and is going to take it off my hands. I better hurry. I can bet you she's tired, and probably will be cranky."

Sirius blinked, "Who is Shari? She hot?"

Harry laughed, "Yes, she's half vampire, and yes she's beautiful." Harry told him.

Sirius' eyebrows raised, "Vampire eh? Hmmm... I heard female vamps were sexy."

"Indeed they are my furry godfather." said Harry, handing him his books.

"You better hurry!" Harry said. "Bye Parker! See ya! Tell Remus I said hey."

"Will do, Harry! Be careful and don't get caught!" said Parker.

"Tell that to Siri." Harry said moving his head.

The man scoffed, "You two doubt me so much!" he complained.

"Give us proof." said Harry with a wink to his

godfather before slipping off under the invisibility cloak out the door and out of sight.

Harry dodged everyone and made it out onto the grounds of Hogwarts. He skirted Hagrid who was coming up the Hogwarts path, evidently he had been out late because his eye were puffy and red. Harry also noticed a visible bruise on his left eye and vaguely wondered where he had gotten it. But no time to stop and chat now. He thought to himself, as he got to the train depot. He glanced around him no one was out this time of the morning. The train didn't blow or chug near till eight and it was six forty five.

Harry seen a beautiful black haired female sitting against the train ticket booth.

Walking over, Harry came out from under the cloak giving her quite a scare, but the moment she spotted him she ran at him as always.

"Hey Shari!" his arms wrapping around her.

She laughed, "Hi ya Harry! Glad you're here. I'm exhausted." She kissed him on the lips, and took his cloak, "When do you want this back?"

"Will you be awake about eight?"

She thought about this, "I might. I'm so tired! I was up all night last night." she pouted.

"Oh well... you better get some sleep." his hands touched under her eyes to see them slightly darker than usual.

She smiled, "I think I will." she said yawning.

Harry smiled, "Well here.. You get some sleep. You going to take me to my apartment?"

She smiled, "Yeah... let's go over here." she said, as the two walked over behind a building.

"Wrap your arms around me." she giggled, as Harry did as he was told. "I don't mind this." Harry told her.

She laughed, "Neither do I." she said sweetly before kissing his cheek, and staring at the floor and whispering something under her breath.

Harry was all ready feeling the uncomfortable heat rise up around them and a very distinct slurp was made instead of a crack that sounded like apparation. Harry felt the heat blaze through him like Sahara Desert.

When he appeared next, he was standing in his living room, with his arm around Shari. It was comforting.

Harry looked at the girl who looked exhausted. She yawned, and sat down on his couch. "Oh, I'm so tired! And I'm so tired of rooming with one of the Vamps." she curled her feet up under her, and Harry watched her, press her head against his pillow.

"You know, you can take my bed if you like, Shari." he told her, but she was fast asleep.

"Man Vamps fall asleep fast." He murmured to himself, as he walked over and lifted the light weight female in his arms.

He took her to his bedroom and laid her down. He even took off her shoes which had been high heels. He pulled out one of his shirts, and walked over and tapped her, "Shari! Wake up so you can put this on!" Harry whispered.

She groaned, "Huh?" she whimpered, and opened an eye, "Erm... undress me." she said trying to sit up but her exhaustion was winning.

Harry shrugged, nothing he hadn't seen, although he had never touched Shari in that way before. Not that he wasn't attracted to her on the contrary. It was just the fact that he actually had feelings for her, but what those feelings were he had no idea. He figured it was an attachment that went with saving her life.

Harry bit his lip as he undressed the vamp who was half sitting up and her head slumped over.

He didn't want to take advantage of her, and he wouldn't. He even tried his hardest NOT to stare at her beautiful physique. Although, hardly succeeding by any means.

Once she was wearing his large Metallica t shirt, he tucked her into his bed, and ran his hands over her forehead before laying beside her for a while. There would be no way Candy will be awake this early. But he called her from his phone, and left a message to meet at the most popular café on the corner. He then settled back and relaxed, watching Shari sleep peacefully, it wasn't before long he himself fell into a warm sleep.

Tapping his fingers against the table he made a face, as he felt the stickiness. And ushered a waitress over here to finish the job she was suppose to do.

That was when Candy walked in, her hair was stuck up in a clip, and she was wearing baggy blue jeans, and a blue sweater. She was pleasantly round in the middle, giving Harry a bit of relief to know she hasn't done anything stupid.

"I'm surprise to hear from you Harry." she slid in and winced, as she placed her purse aside.

"Why? I told you Candy from the beginning that I would be there."

She sighed, and ordered a coffee, double the milk.

"You hungry?" he asked. "Sort of. What are you doing out of school?"

"I needed to see you. We need to talk."

She nodded, "I figured as much." She ordered breakfast, and the usual exchanges went about.

"I'll be six months next month."

He nodded, "You going to find out what the child is?" he asked.

She shrugged, "Might let it be a surprise." she said, softly. She then became serious. "Harry, I can't raise it." she said as a matter of factly.

Harry just stared at her and leaned back, "Explain."

"Harry, I'm one person. I'm too young for a kid. I don't want my life to end and I don't want to be a domestic mother." she said, with disgust, as she glanced over at a woman who was at the moment wrestling a screaming child into his high chair.

Harry just looked at her, "What if... you have the baby and give it to me. I'll raise the child."

"You're fifteen! You're younger than me..."

"Yet, I'm much more mature. Weird, eh?"

She scowled at him, "My parents are very upset with me. They don't know what to do. They know you and I aren't getting married, and that urks them."

"I'm not ready to get married, especially to you!" Harry answered.

She scoffed, "What's wrong with me?" she asked, indignantly.

"Nothing..." he said sarcastically. He glanced out the window into the cold frosty October weather.

"What's that suppose to mean?" she asked, glaring at him.

"It means you and I are two very different human beings Candy." Harry glanced over, and stared right at her.

"While I may party, and act wild and crazy, I do have a mature and responsible side to me, otherwise I would not have held onto that construction job as long as I did. I know what its like to be abandon Candy. You do not however, and I'll be damned if I allow my child to be abandon just like I was." Harry said, his face was stone cold serious, and she gulped.

"Well... I'll have the child, but... I don't want custody."

"That's fine. He or she will be mine, my responsibility. But I warn you..." he said sternly.

"If you come back two three years from now stating you want full custody of the child you will not get it. But I won't stop you from seeing the child or whatever, but if I'm going to get emotionally attache to something its not going to be taken away from me." Harry said calmly.

Candy just nodded, "I can agree to that. I understand your feelings on that one Harry. I really do."

"I hope so Candy. I sure hope so."

“So, doesn’t your school know you are out?” she asked, trying to liven up the conversation.

“No idea. I’m suppose to be in class right now but I am. I have a double covering.”

Her eyebrows raised, “Double?”

“A potion that turns one into a replica of myself.”

“Oh!” her eyes widen, “Wow.” she said stunned.

“Do you have medical papers, that I can look over?” he asked.

She nodded, and pulled all of them out. Harry studied them for several long moments, all the tests, the weight, and looked up, “You’re moving along smoothly it seems.”

“Yeah the Dr. thinks I could have the baby sooner than February.”

“Its definitely a possibility. Most children come either early or late. The baby will most likely be magical, due to me.” he told her.

“What about my parents?” asked Candy.

“What about them?”

“They want custody.”

Harry scowled, “Oh no they aren’t! They are NOT getting custody and raising MY child on Privet Drive! Hell no!” Harry said dangerously.

“But.. You can’t just kick them out of the child’s life!”

“I never said I would do such a thing Candy.” Harry said scowling. “I just told you that I will take responsibility for the child, and no one else other than myself or you is going to raise that child. Its going to have a proper father or mother to take care of him or her, and I’m sick of calling the child IT.” Harry grumbled, as he tapped the spoon against the table.

"This is weird to hear out of a fifteen year olds mouth." said Candy, shaking her head.

"I'm no ordinary fifteen year old. In retrospect, I feel older... especially with everything that's happened."

Candy sighed, and leaned back, "I could..."

"Don't even mention it. That's my kid." Harry said sternly. "I do NOT want to have to resort to drastic measures."

Candy opened her mouth in shock, "Uh... OK. It was just a suggestion."

"Well throw it out the window." Harry said coolly.

Candy nodded, "All right. Well... uh do you want to do anything today?"

Harry shrugged, "What do you need to do? You still have my jeep?"

She nodded, "Yes its been a blessing. My camero messed up on me. The breaks went out." she told him.

"I thought, I had heard a squeaking noise a while back." he commented.

"I need to pick up a few things."

"Have you bought anything for the child?" asked Harry.

She shook her head, "No. I wanted to talk to you first."

"Aw... I see so you thought I would agree to getting rid of my child eh? You thought wrong." Harry said smoothly.

"Well.. You're so young I never expected..."

“Don’t ever expect me to do something like that. I mean I do realize it’s the females choice in the matter, but the fact that you are carrying MY child... and the fact is that child is meaning more to me than anything right now.”

She nodded, “I won’t do nothing Harry. I’ll have it, and you will get the child.”

Harry only nodded, “Well, I think we could go ahead and get a few of the essentials.”

“Where are you going to live? Your apartment is one bedroom.”

“Looks like I’m going apartment hunting.” said Harry, as he paid for the bill.

That night, Shari was awoken and they went back to Hogsmeade.

Shari hugged Harry, “I’ll help you anyway I know Harry!” she said, smiling. “I can do all kinds of things! I love babies!” said Shari giggling.

Harry smiled, “Thanks Shari. That means a lot.”

She smiled, “Of course it does! Can I see you again?”

Harry smiled, “Sure... just come to my room. You know as Vanessa.”

She smiled, “I think I’ll do that.” she chirped, and kissed him on the lips, before Harry just smiled, and slipped under the cloak.

Harry got to the room and entered, and took off his cloak.

Glancing around he frowned, “Harry!” He tried, timidly. He didn’t want to be too loud. Calling his own name out didn’t sound right.

Harry glanced around him, before sighing and placing his cloak in one of Parker’s drawers, before walking out and glancing around.

“Harry!” called someone to his right. He glanced over to see a replica of himself running over.

Harry laughed at himself, "Hey! Where were you?"

"You're early!" said Sirius tapping the watch.

Harry nodded, "Yeah well... I got things done quicker than I expected. What did you do?" Harry seen the red color in his own cheeks.

He smirked, "Oh nothing.. Just pulled off a prank." he patted his hands together with pride, as Harry chuckled, "What did you do?"

"Oh nothing except send all the Slytherin's to the ceiling upside down..."

Harry got a hearty laugh out of that, "Snape was furious... thing was... he went with them." Sirius grinned and rubbed his hands together.

Harry found how odd it was staring at himself.

"Good evening boys..." said a voice, from the left of the replicas. Harry glanced over, and gulped silently. Although he pretended not to be perturbed by the calm old voice.

Sirius looked over and he paled. "Uh oh... I think we're in trouble." stated Sirius to Harry.

"Hmm.." They were staring at a very bemused and curious Headmaster.

Gosh, I'm flabbergasted by the reviews. Thank you very much! I have to tell you if I get a beta reader, it may take even longer for me to update. I'm a fast one but I'm not sure about the beta in question...

Chapter 16: Loyalty

Harry and Sirius made their way quietly with the Headmaster towards his office.

Sirius was looking at Harry who remained quiet. Sirius' mind was running with wild thoughts. 'What's going to happen now!' He didn't want his godson expelled. He had to do something... but what?

They passed Hannah, Susan, and Justin and squeaked, "Harry! W.." they stopped seeing the Headmaster, and then two Harry's.

"Whoa! You got a twin?" asked Justin.

Harry shook his head, "I'll tell you later."

They just nodded, and watched as the Headmaster lead the way, serenely. He had a calm look and even a twinkle in his eye.

Harry scowled, and walked up next to the Headmaster, "I walk behind no one." Harry responded simply.

"This is interesting. Do you have a twin I do not know about?" asked Dumbledore.

Harry did not speak however, he remained quiet, and Sirius was slightly shocked at the defiance that Harry was showing toward Dumbledore. "If I did, I'd hope he wasn't anywhere near here." Harry replied, as they got to the stone gargoyles.

"Strawberry Fairies." he said, and the gargoyles leapt aside.

"You first Mr. Potter... or should I say... Mr. Potterssss." he said trying to find amusement in this.

Harry however stayed quiet, as he got on and then Sirius got on behind him.

"What are we to do?" whispered Sirius.

Harry just smirked, "Don't worry."

"Hmph." was all the replica of him said.

Dumbledore however was humming a tune that could question the old mans sanity.

The round office, was as it always was. Fawkes was in the corner humming the exact same tune, causing Harry to glance over at Dumbledore who curled around his desk and sat down.

"Have a seat." he said pleasantly.

Sirius immediately sat, he was shaking his leg with nervousness, as Harry coolly sank down into the chair next to Sirius.

It was quiet, and only the shuffle of the portraits could be heard.

Harry glanced over to see a few Headmasters and Headmistress' looking at Harry and Harry in complete sock.

The snide little guy that was sitting on a throne was watching without trying to snore.

"First off, might you tell me WHO you are?" he glanced over at Sirius who sighed, "I just took another drink of potion. I won't change for another forty five minutes."

Dumbledore only nodded, as he pulled out a bag of lemon drops. Holding them out Harry refused, as Sirius was about to take one but Harry stomped on his foot. Harry's nose was twitching.

"If you think you are going to give us a very tiny drop of truth serum with your lemon drops, you are mistaken." Harry said firmly.

Sirius blinked, "You..."

Dumbledore looked indifferent, and smiled, "You caught me. How did you know?" he asked, pleasantly.

The real Harry sneered and leaned back, "These lemon drops are doused with cheering charms." He picked up the 'supposedly empty' box and shook them. "They are very bright in color... but the regular truth serum that is not exactly a Veritaserum, makes your lemon drops a dark yellow color." Harry pulled out two lemon drops and compared them. The one out of the bag, was much darker than the bright one.

"Besides, I was always told never take candy from a stranger." he said as an afterthought.

"But, I am no stranger."

"Yes you are. I still don't know you." stated Harry simply placing the lemon drops down and wiping his hands against his leather pants.

"Now would you tell me who you are?" Dumbledore said, getting over the fact that Harry had been the first to catch him. Not even his teachers had ever caught him doing such a thing.

Sirius sighed, "Its Sirius."

Dumbledore looked mildly shocked, "Sirius? What in the world are you doing posing as Harry! And Harry where have you been?"

Harry crossed his arms, "I was out taking care of some personal business that has absolutely nothing to do with you or the damn Order."

"Harry!" Sirius warned, lowly. They were in enough trouble. Harry didn't need to thicken the plot.

Harry ignored him, "If there is something of serious importance that you need to know about. I will tell you. But, what I had to do was my business, and my business only, which means, I don't need anyone prying into it!"

"I thought we agreed that you could go do what business you needed to do as long as you tell me?" asked Dumbledore.

“And have your little brain washed Auror girl follow me? I don’t think so! I don’t need listening charms on any of my conversations thank you very much.” Harry said in a steel voice.

“Why would I do such a thing Harry?”

Harry scowled, “You did it to the Hufflepuff dorm!”

“I do that to every...”

“Don’t even go there old man!” Harry said coldly. “I checked the girls dorm and the other younger years.”

Dumbledore was beginning to feel frustrated. Things were not going as planned. He had not planned for this to take affect. He had planned to keep tabs on Harry as much as possible, whether it was listening charms and tracking charms. He needed to make sure Harry wasn’t doing things he wasn’t suppose to do. But this, Harry who knew all his schemes. It was really unsettling to say the least. And now the boy was turning a situation which was suppose to be his fault and his punishment around on him. Dumbledore never imagined he would have this type of Harry to deal with. He had hoped on a humble Harry, one he could curve into his little Gryffindor. He had really been proven wrong and as the days go by he was noticing holes in his brilliant plan.

“And the fact that you still won’t tell me why you drag me here to Hogwarts in the first place when I am very happy living my life normally.” Harry scowled, “You’ve avoided me every time I come up to you! Every time...! You told me part of the prophecy but you won’t tell me the rest...” his eyes narrowed, and his green eyes seemed to get darker, and the hair fluttered into his eyes giving him an even more intense look. “If it has to do with me, I think you are responsible to tell me.”

Sirius was looking from Harry to Dumbledore and felt a sense of respect for Harry. The way he was dealing with the Headmaster. In all his years, he had never seen anyone... talk in an equal amount of power in their voice as the Headmaster. Not even the Transfiguration Teacher, had power and quality in her voice. She simply bowed her

head and nodded, and jumped as high as Dumbledore wanted her too. Everyone did, including him... But not Harry, he didn't look at all frightened standing in front of the Headmaster.

"That's not the discussion at the moment Harry." said Dumbledore calmly, yet the twinkle was no longer visible.

"The fact that you left the school grounds without permission."

Harry half shrugged, "Expel me if you wish." He said simply. "Gods know you were the one who wanted me here."

Sirius blanched, "Harry... you can't get expelled..."

"I don't care Sirius. I didn't want to come here. I was dragged to this school. I was dragged into this magical world and still no one tells me why the fuck I am here and why am I so damn important." Harry's gaze had moved over to the Headmaster, who winced silently to himself. This meeting was proving to be worse and worse every time they spoke.

"I'm betting if this was Hannah Abbott or anyone else in the school you would not do the same." Accused Harry.

"It is true Harry that you are here because you are important. You are a Potter, and every Potter has gone to Hogwarts."

"Oh don't give me that bull." Harry snapped.

"OK what is my punishment as well tell me what it is, because I'm not telling you what I was doing..." said Harry firmly.

By this time the changes in Sirius were starting, and the man was growing a bitch more in the chest and body. He wasn't lean like Harry but he wasn't fat either.

The robes suddenly started to get a bit too tight and Sirius squirmed as his head shrunk slightly and curved into his normal look. His hair didn't change too much only got a bit shorter, and his eyes went from green back to gray.

“Did Parker Zabini have anything to do with this?” asked Dumbledore.

Harry shook his head, “Nope, he had no idea what I was doing. Just because we’re close doesn’t mean he knows everything I do.” Harry lied simply.

He looked at Sirius, who nodded, going along with Harry.

“Sirius, I am surprised at you. That you would risk your godson’s safety.” He said chastising.

Sirius suddenly growled, getting the anger in him. “Safety? Do you know how long it has taken for me to actually SEE my godson? Do you know how long it took for me to get his trust? Do you? The trust and the life you stripped away from me!”

Sirius was now pacing... “DO you realize that Harry means much more to me than some god forsaken order?”

“I may be part of the Order, and I do not tell anything to Harry that he’s not allowed to know without permission, but I am just as loyal to you as I am to Harry! Harry is number one on my list... and you are NOT going to strip it away from me this time.” Sirius finished and placed his hands on Dumbledore’s desk, “He’s my godson and so help me. I will keep his trust...”

Dumbledore had not anticipated this to happen. He should have known better than to allow the two to meet. This could get dangerous. Sirius and Harry together, Potter and Black, they were unstoppable.

Harry was absolutely astounded by Sirius and if there was any doubt in the teens mind about his godfathers loyalty and trust... well the doubt was gone now and filled with as much respect as he had for Remus and Parker.

“You do realize Sirius that after this, I’m going to have to trust you less and less... and some things that the Order talks about you may not be included.”

Sirius shrugged, "I don't particularly care about your Order Headmaster. My godson is more important than your organization and for the greater good mumbo-jumbo."

Dumbledore glanced over at Harry to see shock on his face as he looked at Sirius, and a smile slipped up onto his face, "Well whats my punishment?" asked Harry curiously.

No one had ever wanted a punishment. This was odd.

"Forty points from Hufflepuff, Harry and two weeks detention, with who will be decided later."

Harry shrugged, "Sure thing, just make sure they don't offer me tea with truth serum. Are we done here?" asked Harry standing.

"Yes.. You may go Harry. Sirius would you mind staying behind?"

"Whatever you tell me I'll tell Harry."

Dumbledore gave Sirius a piercing look but Sirius glanced at Harry, "See ya kid."

Harry smirked, "Right." He headed toward the door before saying, "You might want to change your robes. You look a little silly."

Sirius chuckled as he gazed down at himself with Hufflepuff robes. They were tight and ripping, "Yeah, I can see you're right."

Harry grinned, and headed out of the office, and with a click he was gone.

Dumbledore watched the door and waited till the gargoyle shut tight.

"Sirius! I am astounded with you!" said Dumbledore in a very angry voice.

Sirius crossed his arms, and winced at the tightness on his arms.

"I told you the truth Headmaster, you and everyone else stripped him away from me! To the point where the kid wouldn't even trust me and flinched everytime I touched him! You did him good Headmaster, your plan was brilliant. Have me locked up to where I Couldn't have no contact with my godson, and you send him off to some derranged mad couple that were his relatives, and in the will it stated, Sirius O. Black.." Sirius said pretending to write on his hand. "Not Petunia Evans Dursley." Sirius scowled.

"I had specific reasons for that Sirius..."

"Oh yeah? You had specific reasons for subjecting the kid to torture for years? Until he got the guts to leave."

"I had no idea... that his relatives would do any harm to him.."

"Oh really! Did you happen to even read Lily and James' will? Did you read the reason why Petunia Dursley was to be given NO custody? Do you?"

"I think I may have skipped over that part..." said Dumbledore, his age creeping up on him.

"Obviously!" spat Sirius. "I can't believe that all these years, we were afraid to say anything to you! And then Harry... a fifteen year old comes along not taking your shit!" he paced like a dog. "That struck something with me! That really did, suddenly there's someone not asking how high everytime you tell them to jump." he shook his head, "Its ridiculous!" his eyes were now wide, and almost insane, as he shook his head, "Everyone let you run their lives... even me! The Marauder...!" he trailed off and chuckled, "James never would have allowed you to do what you've done to him..."

Dumbledore just sat there listening to Sirius go off. He wondered how long the thirty-six year old wanted to do this. Evidently it had been awhile because Sirius was grinning insanely.

"Lily..." He glared at Dumbledore, "How could you insult her death that way."

Dumbledore opened his mouth to speak but realized, he was speechless.

Sirius scowled, "You can still use Grimmauld Place for your Order meetings. But, don't ever expect me to tell you anything my godson tells me in confidential." with that Sirius walked over to the fireplace, and threw floo in, and stated, "Number 12 Grimmauld Place." with a loud swoosh and a burst of emerald flames, Sirius was gone leaving an old man to stew.

Harry entered the Hufflepuff common room where his friends ran over quickly.

"What happened?" asked Justin.

"Who was that other person?" asked Hannah.

"Are you the real Harry?" asked Susan.

Harry sighed, and glanced around him to see everyone doing their own thing.

"I think we need to talk." said Harry motioning them toward the back of the room.

"What's going on Harry? Harry right?" asked Justin, quickly.

"Yes... the other was my godfather. I had some business to take care of outside of school."

"What kind of business?" asked Susan sitting.

He sighed, "I don't know if I should tell you."

"Why? You can trust us mate. I know we haven't been friends that long... but seriously." said Justin.

Hannah nodded, "You can tell us anything."

"Is it serious Harry?" Susan asked.

"It's so serious that I can't tell anyone. Only ones who know are Parker, Sirius... and..." He winced.

"Who?" asked Justin. "Remus... but no one knows that I'm close to him." Harry couldn't believe he was confiding in friends. It wasn't something very uncharacteristic of him, but he needed to get it off his chest.

Hannah smiled, "e won't tell Harry. We're your friends. We swear." said Hannah, holding out her hand.

"Swear." said Susan smiling, placing her hand on Hannah's as Justin did the same.

Harry just smirked, "You better!" Harry touched their hands and they nodded with one another.

"Now tell us!" said Justin.

Harry glanced around him. "Let me test the room for listening charms."

Two separate tests later, it was confirmed there were none around at the moment.

"Ok." he glanced over at his three friends who had been waiting to hear what he had to say.

He frowned, "I wish we had somewhere more private to talk." He admitted, he glanced around to see Zacharias and Ernie not far from them and he seen Zacharias glance over every so often, but everytime he saw someone move his head would go down.

"Where could we go?" asked Hannah.

"Maybe Parker's room. It has several charms on it. We use his room as a meeting place." Harry stood, "Gonna come with?"

They scrambled up and it wasn't before long they made it to Parker's after a run in with Madam Gibson.

"She's too hot to be a teacher." said Justin.

Susan scowled as Hannah rolled her eyes, "Oh Justin get your head out of the gutter!" Susan slapped him on the head, causing Justin to shake being startled "Thanks for that." he said clearing this throat.

"Anytime!" Susan murmured dryly.

They entered Parker's classroom. Harry bolted it shut.

"You don't think Professor Zabini will mind do you?" asked a timid Hannah.

"No, he don't mind." said Harry, as he checked for the charms. "Ok, charms are still on." he moved onto Parker's desk, as the other three drew up chairs.

Harry found though as he sat there, that he needed to pace. It was much less nerve hounding to do so.

"Ok, before I start, you need to know that I am a lot more experienced than most teens my age." he said, for starters.

They looked at each other, "Experienced? What do you mean?" asked Justin.

Harry sighed, and ran a hand through his hair, thinking of how to start it with this group. It was easier telling Sirius because he was an adult, and he wasn't all that rule abiding.

Harry paced, "Let's just say that when you guys were playing on toy broomsticks or playing with hot wheels, I was working, and living on my own."

They exchanged looks, "Do you mean to say..." started Susan, "That you... have... erm.." a blush crept up. "Have... done IT." she said quietly.

Hannah and Justin looked from Susan to Harry. Harry nodded, "More times than you can imagine."

Justin smirked, "Man, you're lucky."

Hannah scowled at him, and glanced at Harry, "Go on Harry. What does this have to do with anything?"

Harry sighed, "Recently... as in May... I met this girl.. Her names Candy... I got her out of a bad spot, and several things lead to another and... she's pregnant." he said, causing mouths to drop open.

Justin gasped, and Hannah squeaked. Susan's eyes widen, but otherwise she remained less shocked about this.

"With your child?" whispered Susan.

Harry nodded, "Yeah... and certain things have come up." he said, pacing again hands behind his back.

"What things Harry?" asked Hannah standing, slowly.

The shock of her friend having a kid had slowly disappitated although some of it was still there.

Harry sighed, "The fact, that she does not want to raise this child, so the custody is going straight to me. I've been out talking to her, and I have a feeling I may not be able to return to Hogwarts once the baby is born. I won't h ave time. I'll be far to busy. But if Dumbledore gets a hold of this, I am afraid of what the old man may do."

"What do you mean? Sure he'll undertand." said Susan softly.

"No he won't. Did he understand when he decided to take me away from my godfather who was innocent and send me to the Dursleys?"

"The Dursleys?" asked Justin. "Whose that?"

Harry forgot, he never told them, "My mothers sister." he said, dully. "The evil woman treated me like crap... she is the reason why I left Privet Drive so long ago."

"What did she do? Was she terrible?" asked Hannah.

Harry laughed coldly, "Was she terrible? She hated my mother." he told them. "She hates witches and wizards, and magic. Imagine what happened when she found me on her doorstep."

Susan, Hannah, and Justin's mouth were open in shock. "But... wasn't it the Ministry! Not.."

"It was Dumbledore. The old man admitted it." said Harry simply.

"Oh Harry, we're sorry! We didn't know." said Susan.

"That's why I can't let Dumbledore know that I have a child on the way. Who knows what the old man will pull."

"Harry, we don't know what to do, but we're here for you! We're not going to stop being your friend for nothing. We are Hufflepuff's you know." said Justin standing up.

Susan and Hannah nodded, "Got that right. Harry, we'll do all we can to keep it quiet, and help you." Susan said with determination.

"Yeah... when is the baby due?" asked Hannah softly.

Harry sighed, "The Dr... erm... the muggle medical specialists." He said seeing Susan's bemused face. "Said that early February... but the baby could come earlier. The baby will go under my mothers maiden name, Evans."

"To avoid public eye?" asked Justin, who had finally got over the initial shock.

Harry nodded, "Yeah, imagine if someone got a hold of this information? Imagine Voldemort... and Dumbledore, and gods know

who else..." he trailed off and sank into Parker's chair, with a hefty sigh.

"You're so young. Do you think you can do it?" asked Susan.

Harry shrugged, "Have no idea Susan. But, I'm going to try." Stated Harry simply.

Hannah smiled, "That's very respectable of you Harry. It doesn't surprise me so much as makes me proud..."

"Why?" asked Harry glancing over.

"You're so young Harry! You don't have to make this choice." Said Susan answering for Hannah.

"But you did." Hannah said smiling. "It shows that you're nothing like people expect you to be. You're really a great person deep down."

"Even if your attitude stinks." Added Justin with a smirk.

Harry chuckled, at that, "Yeah... I guess, I am aren't I?" he was now glad he confided in his friends.

It wasn't everyday Harry trusted someone, especially as fast as he had, he laid in bed, thinking to himself, he really hoped he didn't make a mistake. His instincts said he wasn't but, you never know.

There was a rustle, and then something jumped up onto Harry's stomach.

Harry glanced over, Lily, his pet kitty, was at the foot of the bed, and then the black raven haired cat was standing on his chest, staring at him.

"Hello Shari." He said, softly. "Things went oddly today..." he said, softly.

She meowed, as if telling him to let it out. Harry just smiled, "Well... first we got caught..."

A.N. I thought I would send in a bonus chapter. I'll be on about Thursday or Friday hopefully. I've been very busy lately. Ttfn. The action is coming up... and then it will take a lot to slow down.

Chapter Seventeen: Different

October seemed to be flying by at snitch startling speed. More pranks were being made, it wasn't until Halloween morning when the words on the Great Hall wall stated, that it was finally over, and the students could rest easily for now. Most students had turned up with bags over there hads, and body armour. Having been through a prank war for nearly a month... they were ready for any other type of prank.

Sighs of relief swam through the hall as Harry faught a smile. He sat there with his friends eating the rest of his breakfast, thinking about Candy...

His thoughts lead him out into the Great Hall, and he found himself wandering around till he ran into the curly haired brunette who stared up at him with a suspicious eye.

Harry arched an eyebrow, "What? Do I have something on my nose?" he asked, waving his hand in his face.

She rolled her eyes, "No." she said, standing there.

Harry just stared at her, "What do you want?" he asked. "Come to 'interrogate' me?" he asked, curling his arms around in front of his chest.

"No, I wanted to talk to you."

"Without your hot-tempered prat around?"

Hermione rolled her eyes, "He's not hot tempered." She defended.

Harry snorted, "What planet are you from?"

She huffed, "I wanted to talk to you."

"What about Miss Prefect?" he asked.

She scowled, "Stop calling me that." She crossed her arms this time.

Harry found she looked quite attractive doing so, and smirked, "You know Hermione, you really are a feisty little thing! As much as you annoy me. I like you." He said, causing redness to rise up into her cheeks, as she looked at him with surprise.

"Uh... I... wanted to talk to you..." she looked the other way, "Without Ron. I want to know how you know so much when you haven't been IN the wizard world?" she asked, staring up at him.

Well that was putting it bluntly! He wished there were more people who asked questions like that instead of always coming up with a conclusion and guessing.

"I've always been in the Wizard World Hermione, I've just hidden from it for quite a long time." She looked at him stunned, "How? When you are the most known person in the world?"

Harry smirked, "Why are we talking about this here?"

"No one is around!" said Hermione.

Harry laughed, "Walls talk Hermione. If you want to talk to me, then we can go to Parker's room... I mean Professor Zabini."

Hermione opened her mouth and closed it, then opened it again, "Ok... how do you know him?" she questioned.

Harry smirked, "I've always known him. He's been around most my life."

"Oh." "Don't expect me to answer all your questions." He told Hermione who looked at him.

"I'll answer them if I feel necessary, and if it isn't 'too' important. But, I won't have some little Gryffindor running back to the old man and belting out everything I've said." He glanced at Hermione who blinked, "Headmaster Dumbledore is NOT..."

"Is an old... senile, silver haired phony who thinks he can win me over by playing the roll of a grandfather I've never had." He said, silkily. "The old man is walking into some uncharted territories."

"I never said I was telling him anything. I'm curious!"

"Curiosity..." said Harry smirking as they entered the room. He leaned over whispering 'very' closely to her ear, "Kills the cat." He informed.

She just stared at him, as he said it, he smirked, "Isn't... that what they say Hermione?" he asked, slowly.

"Are... are you trying to intimdate me?" she then asked.

Harry grinned, "No, baby, I'm just stating a simple logical fact."

She looked at him warily, "What are you?" she then asked, walking in a small circle, like a cat would if it was trying to chase its tail.

"What am I? Human." He answered, with a smirk.

She gave him a dirty look, "Know, WHAT are you? You're... an enigma!"

Harry chortled, "Enigma? Mighty powerful word there Hermione. Why would you call me such?"

"Because... you... you're a pompous jerk." Said Hermione.

Harry laughed, "And that... gives me the title enigma?" he asked, simply leaning against the desk.

"But..." she said slowly. "You... you..." she waved her arms, and growled, "Gaff! Can't find the words."

"I'm what? Out with it!" said Harry.

She looked at him, "Different."

Harry laughed, "Of all the words in the English language you come up with the word different? Why are you talking to me? Why are we even having this discussion?"

"Because! I've been observing you for the last two weeks." Said Hermione admittingly.

"I've been watching you and... I've come to the conclusion you don't like people who beat around the bush. You don't like people who hesitate on what they want to ask or say. You want people to just say it... or ask it. So, I did!"

Harry smirked, "Why aren't you a Ravenclaw?"

She smirked, "Probably because I have the guts to find out who you were!" she said dryly.

Harry tapped his mouth with a smirk, "Hmm... that does take courage. Most people who find out about me... get frightened."

"I'm not scared." Said Hermione simply.

"Not scared? Hmm... I see... why aren't you scared?" asked Harry.

She smiled, "You said it yourself." She said waving her hand. "You're human."

Harry turned and looked at her, "So is Voldemort."

She looked at him, and he was surprised she didn't flinch, "No, he's a creature of darkness."

"Hmm... what's the difference? I'm a creature? I like the darkness."

"He's different." Said Hermione.

"How is he different? You don't even know me." Countered Harry.

"I don't know you personally, but I know what I see."

"You know what they say kitty!" he smirked as she rolled her eyes at the nickname. "Believe none of what you hear and half of what you see."

"Or take both with a grain of salt." Said Hermione leaning against the desk.

He smirked, "I like you! I don't like Ronald Weasley." He said simply. "But, I like you!"

She arched her eyebrows upwards, "I'm sorry for accusing you of sleeping with our Arithmancy teacher."

Harry snorted, "I wondered what ever gave you the impression." He said folding his arms.

Hermione sighed, "The weird connection." She said. "The way she flirted around with you and the comments you made, and I seen you leaving her office and class on several occasions."

Harry smirked, "You have good observations Hermione." He said, earnestly. "But, you are forgetting that, the reason I know her and have a weird connection is because Parker knows her and has dated her."

Hermione blinked, "Oh." She said, "Well, I apologize."

"I'm not denying, I ain't attracted to her. She's hot as hell." He smirked at the redness in Hermione's cheeks. "I flirt with her to get her to blush. Its fun. There's more too it. But... I don't trust you enough to confide everything."

She nodded, "Right..."

"Anymore questions kitty?" he asked, making her glare at him but she didn't try to correct him.

"Yeah, I have one. Why do you hate Ron?" she asked.

Harry arched an eyebrow upwards, "Well... there are many reasons. One he is biased towards many things, and he's everything I am against. He gets jealous at the slightest thing... he's way too hot tempered for me, and he's a carbon copy of someone I would have decked on the street!"

"But... he can't help it. He comes from a LOT of family."

"And I come from none so why aren't I the jealous bigot?" he inquired.

"Maybe you are and just don't know it." Said Hermione, her eyes then widen and she clapped a hand over her mouth.

Harry just stared at her as she held her mouth, "I... I... I didn't m... mean it I..."

"You meant it." Said Harry simply. "Otherwise you never would have said it."

"I mean... don't take it out of contexted!" she said trying to save herself.

"I admit." Harry said slowly. "I may be kind of biased... but I'm not jealous." He told Hermione. "I worked hard to get what I got, I worked hard to learn what I know. I worked very 'very' hard to carve myself into my own person. I worked hard not to fall into the trap most teenagers fall into when it come to street life." He said, standing and staring at Hermione who looked very sorry.

"I could have been a drunk, a drug abuser, a drug dealer. I could have been a murderer, or a rapist or something else that designates a street life rat." He said, turning to her. "I could have been a 'lot' of terrible things. But am I? Sure... I party sometimes, I drink... but I'm not a drunk... I smoke cigarettes, but that's a habit, I'm 'trying' to break. But, not once have I ever lifted a drug or a zip potion." He told Hermione who was just staring at him. "Not once have I ever forced myself onto a female... or anyone of that matter." He looked at Hermione, "I may be... more experienced, more hard around the edges, and I may cheat, lie, and scheme my way through life, but that's only to survive." He said simply. "So tell me, why should I be

jealous when I have worked so hard for everything I got? With minimal help. Parker... a few other people were absolutely great in helping me, but that still doesn't escape the fact, that I did it! ME... not the Dursleys, and definitely not some white-haired, old man who thinks he knows me better than myself."

"I'm so sorry! Please, Harry... I... told myself I wouldn't judge you because you hate that. I told.."

"It's in a human's nature to judge, otherwise you wouldn't be flesh and blood." He told Hermione who just stared at him, "See! You're different."

"I might be different, but I'm the same."

"Hmm... got to think about that more." Said Hermione.

"So kitty have you learned anything from this?"

She rolled her eyes, but not at the nickname, "Yes... I learned, that..." she shrugged, "I like you."

Harry smirked, and leaned against the desk.

She nodded, taking two steps forward, "I learned... that nothing is as it seems." She said, stopping in mid walk.

Harry just stared at her, "So... I am nothing as I seem?"

"No, you are different, an enigma." She said, slowly taking another step toward him.

They were quite close now, he didn't move he only stood there.

"Answer me one more question." Said Hermione.

He looked at her, "I'm waiting."

"Would you ever consider a real relationship?" she asked, confidently.

Harry just stared at her astounded, and smiled, "Would I? Hmm....." he just grinned, "Kitty, you are walking into territories that are built for tigers." He simply said.

Her eyes dropped, and she felt her face flamed. "But.."

She looked up,

"The possibility is never out of the question."

She gave a slow grin, and stared up at him. "Can I have a straighter answer?"

He smiled, "We'll see Kitty! We'll see!" he lifted her chin and tenderly kissed her lips, very softly and gently. He moved, and walked out leaving, a blown away Hermione, and her eyes widen in surprise. She heard a click and he was gone making her scrunch her nose in confusion.

:AHH! OK dodging your tomatoes and bullets, and anything else that I find on my computer desk, that looks out of the ordinary! All I can say is... FORGIVE MEE! PLEASE: I've taken a bbaaaddd turn and have no computer... crashed died, spluttered, yeah you get the picture. And school doesn't help but lately I've been writing on paper, my ideas, and I have it all set just need to get in details and type it up. Please forgive me and all you Hermione haters... sorry for this chapter... I really really have a good reason for this... so just hang on and you'll see! Remember I never stay in ONE spot. Bye! Forgive me PLEASE:

Chapter Eighteen:

Harry retreated that evening back to his dorm, with thoughts buzzing around in his brain. Did Hermione, really just ask him about a 'real' relationship? This thought carried him all the way up to Hufflepuff Tower, and upon saying the password he ran into Justin, Susan, and Hannah.

He just sat down with his friends, and Justin handed him the homework they had for the evening when Daniel came over with the other members of the Quidditch team.

"Harry, Hannah! Zacharias, ERNIE!" Daniel called the boys who was over in the corner together.

"We're having one last meeting before Gryffindor and Slytherin play next weekend, which is the first Quidditch Match of the season! I've got Madam Sprout to book the field twice this week. Monday and Thursday, two hours after classes, and if we jump now I may be able to get us Saturday afternoon after the first match... It'll be close because I know Slytherin usually books it. I couldn't get it anymore, we play Ravenclaw at the end of November."

Everyone gathered around, and Susan and Justin just joined in listening to the team. Harry shrugged, "Its your call. I don't have any experience."

Daniel smiled, "We know, but... we were hoping you could use your influence to get us more practice time. You see... we get foreshadowed an awful lot." said Daniel.

"Yeah, they wonder why we never win." remarked Hannah.

"Its because, we don't get enough practice time. Madam Sprout isn't all that fond of Quidditch." said Daniel sighing. "If only she had the spirit McGonagall did."

"I'll see what I can do." said Harry, "But I can't make any promises."

"That's all we ask Harry." said Daniel smiling.

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When Harry laid down that night he stared at the ceiling with thoughts running around in his brain when he felt Lily curled up next to him. His hand touched her soft fur, as he heard the snores of his dormmates. His mind was constantly on Candy, and the baby... his mind was wheeling with thoughts. Could he really truly do it? He thought to himself. Could HE Harry take care of a baby? He shrugged in bed, and heaved a heavy sigh. There was only one way to find out. He thought as he turned over and stared at curtain hanging around his bed. His thoughts put him into a fitful sleep...

The morning grew, and the sun poked through the curtains and windows causing Harry to groan as he turned over. Today was one day he didn't want to get up. He had weird dreams of twisted corridors ending in dead ins, and flickering torches, and transparent looking ghosts murmuring. He couldn't make out those ghosts but they seemed to be chanting, and this made Harry feel weird, and feel strange, to the point where... he didn't want to get out of bed. He felt vulnerable, and Harry Potter does NOT take vulnerability lightly.

"Harry! Get up!" said Justin. This was a first.

"Hmm... what do we have?" asked Harry.

Justin looked at his own schedule, they had all the same classes except Arithmancy and Ancient Runes.

"Transfiguration, is first, so you better get going."

Harry just nodded, and after several moments he rolled out of bed, and bent down to look for some clean socks with a groan. The dragon on the back stretching with his body.

"Are you planning on anymore?" asked Justin, making Harry turn and glance at his back to see a bit of color. "I might." he said smirking. "I think tattoo's make a person. Says something about their personality." Harry told him.

Justin smiled, "I agree! Like your arm!"

Harry chuckled, "Yeah, that was just a freak idea I got. If I had thought about it more it would have been something a bit better."

"Like what? That's a perfect saying for you! 'If your going to do something wrong have fun doing it.'" Justin chuckled, "It's you all right."

Harry smirked, and headed straight for the lavatry.

"Oh my gosh! Justin had to wake YOU up!" Susan giggled, "What happened?"

Harry grumbled, "Nothing, hard night." Fiddling with his robes with irritation. He'd prefer his black jeans and cotton white t shirt over these things.

He got down to the Great Hall, and was just about to open it when Hermione, Ron, and the chubby kid named Neville came walking up behind them.

Harry turned and smirked, and opened the door, "After you kitty!" He said, winking making Hermione go red, Ron to glare from one to the other, and Neville to arch an eyebrow upwards.

"Thanks..." said Hermione, walking past Harry who had opened the door for you.

Harry stopped Ron, "Go ahead Neville."

Neville blinked at Harry who smiled innocently. He looked wary but walked forward, he then walked in front of Ron and into the hall. "You can get the door yourself." Harry smirked, and closed the door in Ron's face leaving him redder in the face than his hair.

Susan, Hannah, and Justin were looking at Harry curiously, "What did you say to her?" asked Susan curiously.

Harry shrugged, "Just a little nickname I came up with." he said sliding into the Hufflepuff table next to Justin, in their usual spots.

"How did you come up with that?" asked Hannah.

Harry shrugged, "We talked." He said simply, and asked another question. It was clear that he didn't want to talk about it, so his friends dropped it.

When it was time for Arithmancy, Harry switched his items, and separated from his friends, and headed toward the classroom, when Hermione stepped in next to him.

Harry just glanced to his right to see her walking with him, she was staring at the ground trying hard not to get embarrassed.

"You can talk you know. I'm not going to bite..." He smiled, as she glanced up, "Unless you ask."

She just looked at him surprised, he winked at her, as they turned a corner.

"Uh... I just... wanted to walk with you."

"You can walk with me anytime." he said, as they headed toward the classroom.

Hermione just smiled, as they walked quietly into class and both got a seat. Hermione changed her seat and sat next to him.

Harry only grinned, and leaned back waiting for 'Geri' to come out.

They were to divide in pairs in the middle of class for a project. Harry glanced at Hermione who smiled, and scooted over closer to him. He just smirked, and knelt over slightly a bit close to her to grab his bag, as he did he could smell her scent. Wasn't overly done, but it was nice... she looked at him as he grazed her shoulder with his cheek. He came up and smirked, "Smell nice."

She looked stunned, and smiled softly, "Thanks." he placed the book down and opened it.

"For the next three weeks we will be working on the projects... you will decipher your own names, and then do a combination to find out their meanings... you will combine them and you and your partner will discover just what you two mean 'together.'" she announced, with a smirk, as she leaned against the desk her eyes momentarily falling on Harry and Hermione, before switching to the rest of the class.

They worked quietly for about ten minutes when Hermione asked, "Uh... when do... do you want to work on this?" she asked, quietly.

He smiled, "Well, Monday's 4-6 is Quidditch Practice same with Thursday... and Wednesday I help a friend out so how about Tuesday and early Saturday before the Quidditch match?"

She smiled, "That's fine." She said, softly.

"Unless you got anything important to do. I mean, it's both of us."

She gave a soft smile, "No, I have nothing." "Ok then... let's get started."

She only smiled, before pulling out her parchment and started talking about the notes she had taken.

Harry in all honesty was intrigued by the crazy brunette who was yacking up a storm about numbers and figures. It wasn't useless information and she wasn't... the snobby brat he thought she was. He wondered if Ron had anything to do with her snobbish attitude... He remembered every time she was around him she'd act... different. He glanced at her to see her chatting about how she thought the figures were astonishing and quite ingenious. He just smiled, as he nodded, and listened to her.

He had to guess that first impressions could always be deceiving. Which was true, you look at Parker Zabini, hear of his name, his heritage and his house and you immediately think... evil... well

Parker had his ways and his eccentric life but he wasn't evil. He may be a little dark but he wasn't evil... Parker was... Parker.

"DO you think it would be fruitful?" she asked.

He smiled, "Yeah..." he agreed, feeling bad he hadn't listened to everything, she had been saying. He lost her at the math category calculus.

When class was over, the two walked out together, and Hermione was still yacking. Explaining the whole thing to him.

"Kitty!" He said, a bit loud but not in an angry way.

She looked up at him, "Hm?" quite use to the nickname.

He chuckled, "OK! I understand... remember we're about the same grade level in Arithmancy?" he said, touching her shoulders, "I understand, you don't have to explain."

She went red, "I'm sorry! I just... no one else takes this! I'm the only Gryffindor..." she stammered.

He smirked, "That's because you're the only one not stupid!" He said into her ear making her look at him.

"Well... no one ever listens to me..."

He smiled, "Cause you're too smart." he answered.

"I'm not that smart. It took a lot to know all that. I mean... when I came into school in first year, I felt so... out of place."

Harry smiled, "Is that why you asked, how I know so much?"

She nodded, "Yeah, I thought you'd... be like me... coming into Hogwarts. Not knowing much... I'm sorry..." she then said, quickly. "For... being shocked, at who you were... I should have realized, how tactless that was..." she then said. "I don't apologize much." she then said.

He smirked, "I know."

"I mean... I..." she closed her mouth, "Nevermind." she laughed hesitantly.

Harry noticed, how nervous she seemed, and watched her closely.

"I better be going. I have... eh... Care of Magical Creatures." she said softly.

She walked away but Harry grabbed her arm gently, she fell back into him, he was behind her. He moved around and kissed the side of her mouth gently before releasing and walking off, leaving Hermione to just look straight ahead with another daze.

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"I can't believe you'd go for the mud blood." said the voice, to the right of Harry, as he glanced over, at the blond haired Slytherin who had a rat like sneer.

"Say that again Draco?" Harry turned, facing the thin needle teen.

"I said, of all the chicks you could have! Why the hell would you go for some nasty... Gryffindor Mudb..." but that's as far as he got because Harry had his neck and pushed him up against a portrait causing that portrait to gasp in surprise, and jump to the next portrait.

Harry squeezed, "Give me a reason Draco!" he said calmly. "Just give me one... if you finish... that statement." Harry smiled coldly. "I will have to kill you. Remember Draco... I'm not light... I'm not a good little golden boy..."

Draco gagged, and his face was turning the color of Ron.

"Harry! Get off him! He's not worth it." said Hermione from behind. Her voice was soft and pleading. He could tell she hated violence.

Harry just looked at Draco, "You lucked out...!" He said slowly, before releasing the boy who slid down and started choking.

He glared up at Harry who smiled coolly. Hermione stepped up beside him. "You shouldn't have done that." she said softly, touching his arm with her small hand.

"Yeah I should of. He has to know." said Harry. "He doesn't talk like that... around me or you or anyone for that matter."

Draco sneered, "You'll pay Potter!" he choked, before staggering down the hall.

Harry turned to see Hermione's face, it was a mixture of embarrassment, shock, and he was pretty positive he seen a glint of pride.

"I heard what he said." said Hermione quietly. "He says it all the time, its nothing new." she shrugged. "Its just words."

Harry looked down at the curly haired cutie, he was quite attracted to the red shyness she had all of a sudden. He figured that's how she was when she liked someone. She was agitated when someone got the better of her or out smarted her. He liked both... but the dominance was always kind of... attractive, but he was now realizing that she was just a quiet down to earth girl who had no idea what to say when it was a private one on one conversation... the redness in her cheeks, and staring at his chest more than his face, proved this.

He lifted his hand and slid it under her chin and lifted it up, "Look at me." he said, simply.

She blinked, "Uh..." she stammered.

He smirked, "Why are you stammering?" he asked, simply.

She looked the other way but he chuckled, "C'mon, tell me?"

She looked at him, "I..."

"You what?" he asked, making her groan, "Its complicated." she then said, shrugging helplessly.

He chuckled, "Just the other day you were all brassy and dominating... and now you're all soft and quiet, and shy and stumbling over your words!"

She glared at him, "So! Can't a girl have an off day?"

He chuckled, "Of course, we're all entitled to them." he admitted.

"Oh gosh! I got to go! Got class!" she gasped, realizing she had one minute.

"Aw... c'mon!" He said, taking her arm gently. "C'mon one day."

She looked horrified, "Harry! I can't miss class!" she said suddenly. "No way!"

He smiled, "C'mon ONE day!" he insisted, gently guiding her a bit closer.

She gave him a glare, "Harry! I can't! I can't miss class! I've never done that in my life!" she said, her eyes widening like a puppy dog would.

He chuckled, "Please? One day... for me?" he gave a charismatic smile making her groan, "Please... Harry I can't miss class!" she grabbed her head and shook her head, and stared at him with a helpless look of fright. 'what was there to be frightened over?' thought Harry. It was ONE class...

"Oh c'mon! Hagrid loves you just tell him you were so tired that you fell asleep from all the studying! Do you really want to go down there and take a look at what kind of horrible monster he has?"

She whimpered and groaned, "I don't 'want' too but... its part of the assignment."

Harry chuckled, "Kitty!" he looked at her, "You can study all night long later. Let's go to Hogsmeade."

She gasped, "Are you out of your mind!" she shrieked. "We can't do that! Its not allowed!"

Harry smiled, "C'mon take a chance, take a risk! That's apart of having 'fun'. I know you want to do well and you have the best grades in the world. They are NOT going to slip just because you skipped Hagrid's class, which he may be showing a manticore." She gasped, "I surely hope not." she shivered, as he smirked, "Well then! Just once... please?" he took her hands, and drew her to him making her gulp. "Oh Harry... what are you trying to do with me." she said softly.

"Make you have fun. Is that a crime?"

She smiled, "But... how will we get there without getting caught?"

He smiled, "I have just the thing Kitty." he said grinning. "Go put your books up, and meet me at the Entrance Hall."

She looked at him, "OK... this ONCE!" she said giving in.

Harry smiled, "Good." he tickled her chin. "I'll be back." he glided off leaving Hermione to shake her head, and go toward Gryffindor.

When Harry returned, he wasn't wearing robes. He was wearing normal clothes. Hermione noticed, much to her... attraction to him that he was wearing tight fitting black jeans. They were tight in the thighs upwards, and then in the leg they were slightly baggy and his shirt was a white cotton t shirt, and topped with his signature leather jacket. His hair was pulled back, and as he walked up to her he smiled, and glanced around him before ushering her to the side, where there 'were' no portraits. He pulled out a long flowing silver cloak.

She gasped, "That's an invisibility cloak!" she said astounded. "I've 'never' seen one of those!" she said surprised. "WOW! Where...?" she gently glided her hand over the fabric.

He smiled, "My godfather gave it to me. It was my fathers." He told her.

"Wow! Its beautiful." she said, taking it and tilting her head to get a better look at the design.

"You ready?" he said smiling. She looked at him, "Uh... yeah." she said, eagerly to try on the cloak.

He smiled, and took the cloak, and unfolded the whole thing, and then gently moved Hermione closer to him. She gulped, and came right to his chest. She was staring at his collar and then up at him. He smirked, "What's wrong?" he asked, simply.

"N.. nothing." she said, as he grinned, and slid the cloak around them like a tarp.

She gasped, as they he ducked, wrapped one arm around her, as he grabbed the cloak. "Here hold this part." he took her hand and the two of them held up cloak, and making sure their feet were invisible along with the rest of their bodies, they snuck out into the chilly air, making Hermione shiver slightly, as they tredged on foot out of the Hogwarts Courtyard. It was ten minutes, as Harry had his arm firmly around Hermione so they'd stay in sync.

They got to Hogsmeade, to see the ticket booth salesman fast asleep, with a PlayWizard magazine on his chest.

Harry ran behind the building that he and Shari had been behind when she took him to his apartment. Taking off the robe, Hermione shivered, and glanced around her, "Wow..." she said, noticing how desserted it was.

He smiled, and took off his jacket. "Here! Feels fine to me." he admitted.

She blinked, "Harry! Its freezing!"

"For you!" He smiled, "C'mon! Let's go!" he insisted.

She slid on the jacket realizing his scent was on it, and pulled it close as the two walked side by side down the gravel sidewalk.

"I really 'should' be in class." Hermione said effortlessly.

He chuckled, "SO."

She gave him a look, "Oh boy.. If we get caught."

"I will take the wrap. Tell them I Imperio'd you to come out with me!"

She gasped, "You'd get in trouble!" He chuckled, "Kidding! I'll just say I black-mailed you."

She rolled her eyes, "With what?"

"Hmm... I don't know." he shrugged, "I'll think of something."

She rolled her eyes, "You are insufferable."

"So are you." said Harry.

She snorted, "Yeah... I am aren't I?"

Harry nodded, "Oh yeah." but with that he slid his fingers in with hers making her glance up at him, "Honeydukes?" she then said, quietly.

"Sounds great." the two entered the gigantic candy shop. Hermione smiled, and bounded over to her favorite. The Fairy Taffies.

"I love these!" she said, smiling. "Mom and dad would kill me though. They're dentists."

Harry smirked, "Really? I have a tooth out!" He said.

She laughed, "Do you?"

"Yeah, in the back luckily! So you can't tell." he said. "I take care of my teeth but... I was in a fight and the guy knocked my tooth out."

She gasped, "FIGHT? Where?" she asked, stunned.

Harry smiled, "On the street, you can't help but fight." he told her. "If you want to survive." She looked at him, "How long were you on the street?" she asked, timidly, as he picked up a pack of Jelly Slugs and Pepper Imps.

"Hmm... I ran away at five... and I was on the street for about a month or so before Parker found me behind his pub laying on a cardboard box."

She looked at him horrified, "Oh Harry!" she said shocked.

He shrugged, "That's what happened... I guess that's why I'm such a jerk."

She looked at him, "You're not a jerk."

He laughed, "You said I was."

She shrugged, "I judged to quickly." she shook her head, as she went through the sugar free items.

He smirked, "I'm still a jerk kitty! Just not to people I know and like. Except Parker, its fun acting like a jerk with him."

Hermione just glanced at him, with half amusement half confusion.

"We have a sarcastic relationship." Harry told her.

Her mouth formed into an O' shape. "Oh." she laughed, "I get it!"

Harry nodded, "He's a Snarky Slytherin, so it helps for me to stay on my toes with him."

She laughed, "He's a good teacher. He taught you well."

He smiled, "Yeah... I kicked your butt."

She glared at him, "I'm still bruised from that." she said dryly.

“Aww... I’m sorry!” he said sarcastically.

She snorted, “No you’re not!”

“OK I wasn’t at the time.” he shrugged, “But now, I am.”

She looked at him, “You know you enjoyed it!”

He shrugged, “At the time. Only because of Weasley.”

She looked at him, “He’s not that bad.”

“He’s not that good.” Harry said.

She smirked, “No one ever said YOU were good.” “True, but there’s two different bads and two different goods.” Harry informed her, as he took the box of Fairy Taffies, that was in her hand.

She was to protest when he just gave her that look. She then asked, “Which bad and good are you?”

His eyes glinted with a look she could not read, “You’ll have to wait and find out.” His lip quirked upwards into a sly smarmy grin.

Hermione just stared at him the whole way out of the store, as his fingers curled around hers again they set off toward Zonko’s.

The bookstore got Hermione practically giggling in her skirt. He watched her as she eagerly fingered the texts with anticipation. He just sat back and watched as he flipped through a Defense Magazine, called, ‘Defensive Enquirer’ that was on the shelf.

It had all these famous people in it that were brilliant against Defense and knowledge about the dark arts. Harry wasn’t shocked to find Lucius Malfoy one of the top twenty people, and he wasn’t surprised when he noticed Dumbledore was number 2 on the list, but he nearly dropped the magazine when he read number one... Harry Potter.

He rolled his eyes with disgust as he stared down at a moving figure of himself twirling his wand, and staring straight ahead. He recognized it from the Dueling Competition. How did they get THIS! He thought to himself. Was someone taking pictures... then it hit him... the little blond brat in the crowd!

"Hey Kitty!" Called Harry making her turn. "Hmm?" she looked almost depressed thinking they had to leave.

"Did that blond brat have a camera? He's in your house! Did he take it to the competition?"

She blinked not expecting the question, "Yes, I Think so. He carries it around, and he's not a brat! He's just curious." She corrected.

"He's annoying." answered Harry. "Kid needs prozac."

She just stared at him admonishingly, "Correct me if I'm wrong Kitty." he said simply.

She just sighed, and turned around, "Why do you ask?" she turned back to the bookcase, yet she was listening.

"Because... I'm in this damn magazine!" He muttered irritably.

She turned, "You're in many." she added.

"So, I've heard! Those two bitches that are in your dorm! That Parvati chick came up to me holding up a Witch Weekly magazine!" he scowled.

She wanted to correct his language but found herself stifling a giggle from behind. Harry noticed it.

"Oh! The one that has you being the Wizarding World's Bad Boy!"

Harry scowled, "Where 'ever' do they get that."

She laughed, and turned her eyes glittering, "I wonder Harry James Potter." she teased, "You have an attitude that could rival a lemons juice."

He thought about this, "You could be right." he said, shrugging and closing the magazine.

"Hey! They have muggle mags!" said Harry, picking up a Rolling Stone Mag.

Hermione turned, and smirked, "They've always had those! They are popular."

Harry nodded, "I've missed Metallica and Rush, and Ozzy!"

She scrunched her nose, "Yuck."

He glanced up, "What's with the yuck?" he asked, defensively.

"You like 'that' kind of music?"

"Of course! What else is a bloke to listen too? Pop? Unless you want to question his sexual preferrance." (heh no offense!)

She closed her eyes and snickered, "I... I ulgh!" she then said, before coming over with a book, and leaning over his shoulder, at the pictures inside.

Harry was looking at Metallica and in the page had a half dressed chick. "What kind of music do you like?" he asked, thumbing through and reading articles in quick succession. (racking the brain for 95' pop singers, at the moment. If I'm off by a year or so or if they don't have much to do with England sorry!)

"The Gin Blossoms, Better than Ezra, and the Cranberries." she told him.

"Hmm." was all Harry said.

She nudged him, "Its good music."

"Yeah... OK." he said, smiling, and closing the magazine, to see her with two books in her hands.

She rolled her eyes playfully before walking over to pay for her books.

"Three Broomsticks? No more classes."

She smirked, "Yeah... sure." she said, as she took his hand this time.

He could tell she was getting more comfortable with him although she still went red, when she looked at him.

Upon entering the Three Broomsticks, it was crowded with older people. Some drinking mead and gillywater talking mingling and smoking.

Harry groaned, "I miss smoking!" He mumbled, as he sat at the bar.

"When was the last time you had a cigarette?" she asked, curiously.

"Yesterday. I've went from half a pack a day to three a day! Its not easy to break the habit." he told her.

"I know. My dad, it took him a year to quit." said Hermione, as she slid on the stool.

Harry could help but breath in the smell of the smoke, he was nicking.

He winced, "Do you mind?" he asked, pulling his pack out.

She winced, "Sort of.. But if you are having it 'that' badly." she could understand, she remembered her dad.

He groaned, "Yes or no Kitty?" he looked at her, "If you don't want me smoking in front of you tell me."

She looked at him kind of shocked about his manners. He didn't have many, but the ones he does have counted.

“Go ahead, just don’t make it a habit in front of me.” she told him, timidly.

“Thank you!” He said, with relief, as he pulled one out of the pack just as the red-headed tender came over.

“Butterbeers?” asked Madam Rosemerta.

“Gillywater!” said Harry, drawing in a hit, and nearly feeling his muscles relax, as he did.

Hermione nodded, “Butterbeer, please.”

Harry dropped the coins onto the table, and stared at Hermione, “Man, I need to quit, I’m trying but... its not easy.” he said, sighing.

“How long have you been smoking?” asked Hermione, curiously, as the butterbeer was slid down to her and his gillywater.

“Since I was twelve. I use to steal them from drug stores and smoke shops, and sell them on the street for half the price.”

She gasped, “Really?”

He laughed, “I had to Kitty. Only way to survive on my own. I got hooked, that way. It took the place of eating most nights.”

She frowned as she fingered the top of her butterbeer, “Did you go often? What about Parker?”

Harry laughed, “I was always distant from people kitty. I hated asking for help. Parker eventually stepped in however, and got me to stop doing what I was doing. I learned to ask people for help and not be ashamed of it.” he told her.

“What about smoking?” she asked.

Harry chuckled, “Actually, I have help with that too. Parker has done a lot to help. He gives me three cigarettes a day, and I can’t have no more than that.”

“When will you go down to two?”

He sighed, “Not till December. Parker, doesn’t want me going into shock. He doesn’t want me to go cold turkey. He’s afraid, that it’ll take too long because of being so young and it may damage me.”

“Yes, it could. Your nerves could get shot.” she told him, informatively.

“That’s what Parker said.”

“Nervous system is different in teens than it is in adults.” she explained. “That’s why its so hard to get babies who get addicted to cocaine off it. When they are born from the mother whose done it they are addicted, and the Dr.’s haven’t a choice but to feed them little by little...” she said sadly. “I don’t know how Healers work.” she admitted.

“Neither do I.” He said, finishing his cigarette and putting it out before downing the rest of his gillywater.

“Want to go take a look at the shrieking shack?” she then asked, after they walked out into the chilly weather.

Harry smirked, “Sure.”

Her fingers intertwined, with his, his other hand in his jean pocket, they headed down the dirty path toward the shrieking shack. It was wired off, and there were signs everywhere.

“They say it’s the most haunted place in Hogsmeade.”

He smirked, “Its not haunted.” He told her.

She looked at him, “Of course it is! Even Hogwarts a History say it is.”

He chuckled, “Kitty, kitty! You’ll realize, that a lot of things that Hogwarts a History say is actually a lie.” he said, making her gasp, “HARRY! How can you say that!” she nearly shrieked.

Harry just tilted his head, "Years ago... when my parents went to school, Lily and James... one of James' friend had a terrible condition that caused him to be an outsider, an outcast." he said, honestly.

She gave her undivided attention. "That outcast was only ten/eleven years old... he knew he wouldn't be able to go to Hogwarts... with his 'condition.'"

"What condition?" she asked. "Werewolf."

She looked at him, "Professor Lupin?" she asked, softly.

Harry nodded, "Yes... one day Dumbledore suggested to Remus that he attend Hogwarts... to ensure the safety of Remus and the students every month when he transformed, Dumbledore struck up a brilliant plan. Do you know that mean ass tree at the end of Hogwarts?"

She nodded, "The... Whomping Willow!" she stated.

"Yeah... it was constructed for Remus... Dumbledore made an underground tunnel under the willow, that lead... straight to this!" He waved his hand at the Shrieking Shack. She gasped in shock.

"No!"

Harry nodded, "The noises that were heard every month was Remus... his growls, and thrashing about... and howls... it was Remus. They didn't have wolfsbane back then. You know that." he said. "So he had to suffer it out pinned up...! Dumbledore encouraged the rumors of it being haunted, even encrypted it in Hogwarts A History, and when History of Magic was updated, Dumbledore had it placed in."

She looked shocked, "How do you know this?"

Harry didn't want to tell her he knew Remus very well so he said, "My godfather was telling me about his times at Hogwarts, and how my dad James, was best friends with him. Don't go telling people this."

She scoffed, "Harry! What in the world do you take me as!" she said insulted.

Harry smirked, "I'm just warning you." he said, lightly.

She nodded, "I won't tell!" she said defensively.

He smiled, "Good."

She just glared at him for a moment, before turning her eyes back up to the house. "So its not haunted?"

He smiled, "No... want to get closer?"

"Um..." "C'mon! Let's get closer." He urged.

She winced, "Ok..." "OOh Gryffindor Courage." He teased, as she walked in front of him, and they squeezed through the gate.

She glared at him evilly, making him smile innocently, and touch her shoulders, gently, "C'mon! I'm teasing."

She rolled her eyes, "Yeah... right."

He smiled, subconsciously pushed her brown hair out of the way, and guided her up the hill toward the shrieking shack.

She winced, as they got to the top. They could hear creaking, and the wind that lashed through was getting colder, to where Harry was shivering.

"Man its colder up here!" she said, pulling the jacket closer.

"Yeah, It is! I bet it's the spells Dumbledore placed on it. Haunted Spells, to keep the effect."

"Oh." said Hermione. "I should have thought about that." she said feeling stupid.

He smiled, "Of course you wouldn't. You just found out."

She nodded, as they got up to the door, and it creaked and clanked making Hermione jump back into Harry who smiled, and wrapped his arm around her gently. It was across the upper part of her chest, and he held her into him.

She noticed he had no jacket, "Harry!"

"Don't worry about it." he smirked, and took out his wand, "Alohamora Maximus!" his holly wand shivered, and then out came a bright blue light causing the shrieking shack to shake violently, and start to screech, making Hermione gasped, "What did you do!"

"The locks... are undoing itself." he told her. "Its ok." He said, when he heard, in latin terms. 'password.'

"Draco Dormeins Nuquam Tittliandus!" he stated firmly, and the door shook and then creaked open sending Hermione jumping and nearly gasping. "My heart is in my stomach."

"Need me to give you CPR?" he asked, jokingly making her roll her eyes, "Funny."

"I was serious." He tried, making her glance over at him and blink twice, and shake her head before turning and stepping into the shrieking shack, that creaked, and groaned.

The floor was all stone marble, and there were items that had drapes over it. Harry turned and closed the shack. "No one needs to know we are in here."

"Wonder who lived here." pondered Hermione.

"Armando Dippet, he built this. You think Dumbledore was devoted." Harry snorted, "That's nothing compared to Armando Dippet, the last Headmaster of Hogwarts."

Hermione turned and looked at him, "HOW do you know this?" she asked, flustered that 'she' didn't know it.

He smiled dryly, "One of the MANY annoying characteristics of Parker Zabini is, you need to read about History in order to understand magic. I was learning all this at six and seven! I could read at four."

She smiled, "So could I!" she said.

Harry chuckled, "I guess I just absorbed the information!" he shrugged, "Binns is a crock."

Hermione sighed softly, "Unfortunately he is." she agreed.

The dust particles seeped through the air, and sounds of whisps and lashes from trees hit against the house causing Hermione to jump every so often, and she shrieked, when she stepped on a dead bird, and literally toppled over onto a dusty sheet when Harry grabbed her, "Up ya go." he said, as she practically clung to him, "Ulgh!" she said disgusted.

Harry walked around the house as Hermione followed but her eyes went to the structures, and the ruins that were carved in the walls.

"Wow!" she said, forgetting about the dead bird, and walked over, and blew against the stone causing a bunch of dust and Hermione to cough and sneeze.

Harry grabbed a filthy sheet and wiped the wall, but it just made it worse. Both coughing and waving their hands, they could see the ruins carved, and Hermione looked at them with interest.

"Wow! There's ruins written all through this!"

"Yeah, wonder if anyone's noticed it!"

She shrugged, "If you aren't looking for anything special about this house you wouldn't notice!" she told him. "If you stand back, all you

see are decorations imprinted into the wall. I only noticed them because I nearly fell INTO it.” she said, staring at it.

Harry walked around, “There not on this wall!” He said.

“There on this though.”

“Could you tell the age?” asked Harry.

She shook her head, “Too filthy to tell. We’d have to wash it down.”

“Washing it might chip the paint or whatever and ruin the formation.” Harry told her. “Then a clean sweep.” she said, touching the carvings on the wall, with interest. She traced each ruin delicately.

“It looks like some sort of... creature.”

“Maybe my dad, godfather, and Remus carved it!”

She shrugged, “I don’t know... maybe.” There were several ruin shapes on the wall but they were so dusty and nasty you couldn’t tell, unless you were pressing your eye against it, and willing to get dust in your eyes and nose, and mouth.

Harry walked around, and disappeared into a hallway. Hermione squeaked, “Harry! Don’t leave me!” she hustled to the hallway to see him staring into a mirror on the wall.

She walked up to him, “Harry!” she said touching his arm, but he didn’t move he just stared at the mirror as if in a trance.

Hermione shook him but he didn’t move, he just stared. “Harry!” she said loudly.

She checked out the painting, when she seen the words written at the end of the mirror, ‘Fear me for I am your worst enemy. I am your weakness to desire, love, lust, and want. I hold the most deadly sins and desires... fear me, for I am your worst enemy.’

“HARRY! STOP IT!” Hermione shouted trying to get him out of it, but he just stared at it. “I’m sorry!” she said raising her wand. “For your own good... Stupefy!” she hit him with the spell dead on causing him to stumble and fall backwards but she squeaked, and grabbed his arm and she fell to the hallway floor with a crash and thump, he landed on her making her squeak. “Ow!”

Two Minutes earlier:

Harry was intrigued as he stared at the mirror wondering what something that wasn’t ‘dusty’ was doing on the wall, that’s when he felt his eyes lock on the mirror, and stared straight into it, as if he were seeing through a telescope. He felt his body become frigid, and then a bright flash and Harry felt as if he were swirling in a vortex... but he knew in his mind he was on the ground. He felt paralyzed, and as he stared into the mirror, big... bright red eyes stared back, and hissed, ‘Harry...’ ‘Harry...’ ‘You belong to us Harry.’ the voice was hissing, and it swirled and they eyes became bigger and bigger, nothing but the eyes... Harry could only stare. ‘You can not take me. Give in, Harry! You know, its in you! You have me in you...’

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Hermione wiggled herself out from under Harry and waved her wand at the mirror and casted a large white cloth over it without looking at it, she then bent down, checked Harry before pointing her wand, “Ennervate!”

Harry groaned, feeling a pounding in his head, and opened his eyes to see Hermione standing over him, with concern in her big brown eyes. “Harry! Are you all right?”

“Wh.. What the fuck happened?” he asked, sitting up and shaking his head with disgust, dust was everywhere, and he was on the floor.

She was knelt down, squatted, and she winced, “I’m sorry! I had to stun you! That mirror! Its entranced with something, and it makes you see things. Bad things. I covered it! You wouldn’t come out of your trance.” she said, as she helped him to his feet.

He grunted, and patted his shoulders, as she went around and patted the dust off his back. "I'm sorry!"

"No, you did what you had to do." said Harry. "What is that?"

"There's a small print at the bottom!" she pointed and gently lifted the cloth she had placed on it.

Harry read it and shook his head, "I felt paralyzed, I was looking at a pair of bright red eyes, it kept telling me to give in, and that I can't win."

Hermione frowned, "You OK?" she asked, concerned.

He nodded, "Fine except confused." He murmured.

"Well... you want to leave?" she asked, softly.

"Nah, lets look around. We're here." He told her.

She frowned, "Well.. You sure? I wouldn't mind." she said, glancing around her.

"Yeah, lets look around for a bit more then we'll head back."

She nodded, "OK." she said, getting the webs out of Harry's ponytail.

They entered room after room, and looked under things to see old fashioned furniture.

"I bet if this stuff was appraised, at an Antique Auction, I bet it would be worth a fuckin' fortune!" He commented.

"Harry!" she chastised, wacking his arm.

He glanced at her, "What?"

"Language." she said softly. "Please."

Harry just smirked, "Sorry." He never apologized, but felt the need too.

The whole area seemed to be three rooms, and one bathroom. The next flight of steps which were rickety and creaky, had another set of rooms, four of them this time. As they headed back down, they seen a door and opened it, to see steps.

“Must lead to the basement, where Remus stayed.”

“Mm...” It was pitch black. “Do we have to go down?”

He shook his head, “No. I’d hate to see whats down there.” he admitted.

“Stains and such?” she looked at Harry.

“Yeah, think about it. No wolfsbane, full moon, hot blooded beast anger, can’t get to anything... he bites himself... scratches, and tares...”

“ACK! Harry!” She shouted, holding her ears, “That’s quite enough!” she had horrified looking eyes.

Harry frowned, “Sorry, Kitty!” He wrapped his arms around her and pulled her closer to him. Closer than she had ever been to him. She rested her head against his chest, and sighed, “That’s bad.” she said.

“Yes... sorry! I forget myself when I state facts.” He said softly. “I’ve never had... a girlfriend.”

She looked up at him, “I know you’re more experienced.” She said, as a matter of factly.

He looked at her, “Just because I’m experienced doesn’t mean, I ever had a ‘relationship.’” he reminded her.

She bit her lower lip, thinking of this, “A lot?” she asked, softly.

He looked at her, “A lot.” He repeated.

“Oh.” she said, pressing her head into him, smelling his scent, trying to get rid of the stale dust smell in the rickety shack.

He touched her curls, one of the curls coiled around his fingers, it was a soft honey brown, and it flowed to her back, and it was kind of bushy but most of the bushiness was out, but there was something else that made her more attractive. Probably because she was so smart. That could be it. He never expected this to happen. He could curse Parker for even placing it in his mind. This was dangerous! He thought. Dangerous to himself... dangerous to her, and dangerous to everything he believed in... he had a girlfriend... gods and goddesses help him...

Thanks for the Hermione Supporters and before some people review with there fists remember my warning nothing is definite and I think she's a great first girlfriend...

Chapter Nineteen: Trouble Follows Him Everywhere

When Harry got back to Hogwarts that evening, Hermione and Harry separated. Daniel came out bombarding him with questions and getting him out onto the Quidditch Field.

“C’mon Harry! We’re strapped for time here! Where were you?” demanded Daniel, as Harry walked out with him, broom in hand. He still had to order a new one.

“I had business Daniel, don’t worry about it! I have five minutes!” said Harry tapping his watch.

Daniel rolled his eyes annoyed, “You were almost late!” he growled frustrated.

“Daniel...” said Harry calmly but dangerously. “Giving you five minutes to change your tone or you won’t have any vocals left.”

Daniel blinked in surprise, but Harry kept walking till they got out onto the field.

Daniel just gave Harry an odd look before addressing the Quidditch Team.

All in all Harry did well, Tanya the reserved seeker and in training did good against Harry, but Harry got the better of her.

All in all, practice went well and when Harry came down from the skies, Tanya was asking him how he did the dive he had done.

“I don’t know.” He admitted. “Just did.”

“Oh!” she giggled, and smiled, “Well bye!” she waved and ran off with redness in her cheeks.

Hannah came over broom in hand, “Hey! Where were you?”

“Out.”

"You missed classes." she told him. He shrugged, "S'all right. I'll make it up."

She just smiled, and didn't ask further, as they entered the grand castle.

After washing up, Harry and his friends went to the Great Hall, for dinner. Harry was starving, having ran around all day with Hermione, and only ate candy. He glanced around and didn't see Hermione but he seen Ron sitting and glancing around with curiosity as Neville shrugged.

Harry took his place at Hufflepuff but sat on the other side facing Gryffindor table. He usually didn't like having his back to the Slytherins. He found it... eerie. He glanced up and didn't see Parker nor did he see Remus at the Head Table. Dumbledore was there and giving him a once over.

Harry just arched an eyebrow at the old man before taking a roll just as Hermione entered, in muggle clothes. Blue jeans that had a flare at the end and a white sweater. Her eyes hit him and she gave a smile before sitting next to Neville, and across from Ron.

Harry half listened to Justin, Susan, and Hannah, as he thought about things in his mind when he heard, "YOU WHAT!" an explosion at the Gryffindor table causing everyone's eyes to look over to see Ron standing fists balled. "HOW COULD YOU!" He shouted, with fury.

Harry blinked, had Hermione told him? Uh oh! He thought to himself.

"Ron sit down!" He heard Hermione hiss. "You need to just sit down and shut up and listen to me!" She ordered.

Harry smirked at the demand, when Professor McGonagall headed over, "MR. Weasley! What is the meaning of this!"

"SHE SHE.." He growled, "Dating a Hufflepuff! And the worst one!" he threw his hands up.

"Shut up Ron!" growled Hermione.

Harry glanced up coolly, to see Ron's ears and cheeks red as radishes

"Ten points from Gryffindor Mr. Weasley for shouting out and disturbing your classmates. IT is none of your business who Miss Granger sees, and if you are at all her friend you will respect her wishes." demanded the stern witch.

"But.. But... she... she's dating HIM!" He turned around and pointed straight at Harry who rolled his eyes, "I have a name." retorted Harry, causing people to glance at him in surprise. Even Dumbledore, looked in shock.

"Mr. Weasley!" Warned McGonagall, "That is quite enough!" she said firmly. "Apologize to Miss Granger and then to Mr. Potter." although she kept a stern blank face, he did see a flicker of surprise in her eyes.

Ron looked at his Head of House as if she was out of her mind, "No way!" he scowled defiantly.

"On the count of three or detention for a month." ordered McGonagall.

"One... two..." her eyebrows shot up, giving Ron that scolded look.

Ron growled, "Sorry!" He said, to Hermione, and then glanced at Harry, "Heh... sorry." he muttered, and gave Harry a dirty look.

"Now sit down, and eat your dinner or go and talk in the common room where you aren't disturbing anyone." demanded McGonagall, before giving Harry a nod and walking up to the High Table leaving people flabbergasted by the news.

His friends looked stunned, "Since when Harry?" asked Susan. "Yeah? I thought you... hated her?" asked Justin.

"I never hated her." said Harry. "I hated Weasley."

"That's wild! You and Hermione?" Hannah asked, surprised.

There was talk now and Harry nearly groaned, this will be the topic for the next two weeks until someone comes up with something better. All he needed was attention, thought Harry bitterly.

The Patil twins were all ready whispering, and he seen Lavender giggling at Parvati and looking at him, and when they did, he gave them the finger, causing them to flinch and turn the other way quickly, Hermione seen this and tried not to snort with amusement; Hannah, Susan, and Justin just laughed at their friends way of 'communication.'

People at his table were asking the same question, Eloise Midgeon was giving him curious looks. She was a gossip. He KNEW she was.

At the end of dinner, Harry stated he was going up to see Parker. Upon exiting he felt someone behind and turned to see Neville, standing there.

"Uh, I wanted to say, that... I'm not like Ron." the nervous boy twitched, when Harry turned around.

"I... I care about Hermione but... I know she takes care of herself."

"Just... don't let Ron hurt her feelings." said Harry simply.

Neville nodded, "I know, I won't." He said, slowly before saying, "Is that where she was when she was suppose to be in Care of Magical Creatures?" he asked, with a smile.

Harry grinned, "Yeah..."

Neville chuckled, "The day Hermione Granger skipped class." He mused. "That's a day that I have wanted to see for a 'long' time." he said, smirking and waving before trotting off with a chuckle.

Harry just looked at the boy wondering if he had been dropped as a child. (I'm figuring he has no idea about the Longbottoms, since he didn't poke through Dumbledorks pensieve.)

“Hey!” Hermione came out as Harry was walking away. He turned, “Hmm?”

She rolled her eyes, “I’m sorry! I shouldn’t have told him at dinner. I thought with food in his stomach and while he was eating would be a good way to tell him.”

Harry just smirked, “That’s OK. I knew he would blow up.”

She giggled, “So did I! That’s why I waited for the food. I was hoping he’d be stuffing his face too much to speak.”

“Then he’d spit food on you.” Harry told her.

“Eww! You’re right.” said Hermione making Harry chuckle.

It then got quiet, the two just looked at each other awkwardly, before Harry said, “Hey! I’m going to see Parker want to come?” he asked, unsure if he should have asked. Who knew what was going on but he couldn’t just leave her there standing wondering where he was running off too. Boy! This girlfriend business is really weird! Thought Harry.

She smiled, “Uh... sure!” she said, as he nodded, “Good, because I hated to leave you behind.” He said, as she walked beside him.

Several people looked their way as they passed, some snickered, and some craned their necks.

“How long do you think this will last?” asked Hermione, warily.

Harry’s hand slipped into hers, “No idea. When something else big happens. Maybe the Quidditch game will quiet some gossipers.”

She laughed, “Not the girls! They don’t care about Quidditch!”

“Yeah guys don’t give a damn.”

She scoffed, “Harry!” She chastised.

He just smirked, "Now now, Miss Kitty... one of the things you must learn is my language can compete against a garbage truck." he informed.

She just looked at him and rolled her eyes, "Not around me please?" she then said, as he looked at her, "Hmm." was what he said making her sigh, "Is that all I can hope for?"

"I said Hmm... that's a positive murmur." contested Harry.

"Right...." she said slowly.

"I can't promise you that it ain't gonna slip."

"Ain't is NOT a word."

He rolled his eyes, "Then why can you spell it?"

She looked at him, "What?"

"If ain't is not a word, then how come you can spell it?" he asked.

She just stared at him, "Brainless people got to lazy to say isn't, aren't, or are not." she told him.

"I'm lazy." He told her. "No your not. You're just..." she broke off.

"Different?" he answered making her look at him, "Yeah... different."

"Hmm." he mused, before getting to the room.

"Hey yah Parker! Yah in there? Yah doing anything I shouldn't be aware of!" He called, through the door, and opened it to see Parker sitting and talking to Remus.

Hermione squeaked hearing this. She wasn't use to the sarcastic humor or conversations.

"Get your arse in here!" Parker scoffed.

Harry smirked, and walked in with Hermione.

"We heard something going on in the Great Hall." said Remus with amusement.

"Yeah had no idea it involved you and your... girlfriend." Parker grinned, and leaned back making Harry roll his eyes. "Aw shut up!" said Harry, sliding up onto the desk leaving Hermione to glance around, apprehensively.

"Pull up a seat Miss Granger, or sit on my desk like this shaggy haired prat does." he offered, the brunette.

She smiled weakly, and pulled up a chair, and sat in front of Harry who just smirked and raised his foot and placed it on the desk, "What's going on?"

Remus smiled, "Not much." he said warily.

Harry arched an eyebrow and looked at Parker who sighed, "ITs not something too serious." He glanced at Hermione really quick before saying, "Snape and Sirius sort of... got into it."

Harry smirked, "Really? What over?"

Parker and Remus exchanged glances, "IT has been suggested..." said Remus slowly, "That you take Occlumency Lessons with Professor Snape."

Harry's eyes widen, "WHAT!" dropping his leg off the desk in surprise, he looked stunned, "Are you kidding?"

"Wish we were." said Remus. "No way! No way no way no way!" said Harry angrily. "I am NOT allowing ANYONE that's a member of that damn Order to break into my mind." Harry said through gritted teeth.

Hermione looked at him, "Wow! Occlumency? That must be serious!"

"It is." said Remus, simply.

Parker looked at Remus warningly, when Remus said, "She's Ron friend, Parker! Ron's parents are in the Order. She was at Grimmauld this year."

Parker relaxed slightly and nodded, as Hermione shifted, "Occlumency! Why would YOU have to learn Occlumency? That's very obscure and rare."

Parker scowled, "One of Dumbledore's manipulations! Trying to get into your head Harry."

Harry scowled, "Not going to happen."

"Why would Dumbledore want to get into Harry's head? Doesn't he have more important things to do?" asked Hermione timidly.

Parker nearly scowled, when Remus spoke in his calm and kind way, "Hermione, there are a LOT of things that you all do NOT understand about Dumbledore." He looked at Harry with a glint in his eye. Remus quickly recovered saying, "The man means well but sometimes his ideas can be over drawn, especially when an idea has something to do with an obsession."

Harry almost winced, she knew too much! Damn! He thought to himself. He didn't want her memory modified over this.

"I think she's hearing too much! She only became Harry's girlfriend a few moments ago..." warned Parker, silkily.

Hermione flinched visibly, "I.. I won't talk." "No but your head can." retorted Parker.

Harry rolled his eyes, "Leave her alone Parker. She's not going to rat. She's too smart for that." Harry scowled, coming to Hermione's defense, quite quickly.

He didn't want to tell her anything either but he knew that if she 'found' out that she wouldn't rat. He didn't know 'why' he knew this. He just did.

Parker gave him a skeptical look but Remus agreed, whole-heartedly.

After quick looks it was agreed that they drop the subject, and start a new one.

“So... who won the fight?” asked Harry, getting back into his relaxed mode, as Hermione looked from Professor Zabini, Professor Lupin, to Harry... with curiosity but decided not to say anything, and let it drop for now. Why would they trust her?

“Well it was getting heated until Molly showed up and scolded the both of them till their ears matched her hair.” said Remus.

“Molly?” asked Harry. “Who the hell is that?”

Hermione cleared her throat, and Harry gave her an impish look.

“Ron’s mom! Despite what you think about Ron, Mrs. Weasley’s really nice.” Hermione told him.

“I wasn’t going to say anything. I like the twins.” stated Harry as a matter of factly.

“You would!” said Hermione and Parker surprisingly in unison causing the two to look at each other.

Harry smirked, as Remus chuckled amused. Parker just glared at them as Hermione blushed.

The subject was changed, but Harry knew something was amiss, and as soon as Hermione was out of ears way, he was going to find out.

He walked her back up to Gryffindor that evening, and kissed her softly before retreating off, and instead of Hufflepuff Tower, he went right back to Parker Zabini’s room.

Parker and Remus weren’t in there, but Harry knew where they’d be, he walked over and said the password and entered to see the two now sitting and having coffee.

"Thought you'd stop back by." said Remus.

"Yeah, I want to know exactly what was his reason for this?" asked Harry sliding in opposite of Parker.

"That Voldemort might manipulate you and send shadows and strange images to your dreams at night."

Harry rolled his eyes, "Sure... he just wants to find out what makes me tick so he can do more manipulating." he shook his head, disgusted. "Doesn't the old man get it?"

"Apparently, not!" scowled Parker.

Harry sat back and pulled out a pack of cigarettes, that had one in it.

"I'll give you three tomorrow." Parker answered, as Harry pulled out the last.

Harry nodded, and after lighting up he asked, "Do you know Occlumency?"

Parker smirked, "Of course I know! If I didn't know d'you think I'd go anywhere 'near' Dumbledore?" he said simply.

Harry had to understand this and looked at Remus who smirked, "Werewolves are immune to mind penetration. Always has been."

"Bite me then!" said Harry, with a smirk.

Remus gave a flicker of a grin, as Parker snorted, "You've been bit enough." Harry shrugged, "A bit more... power couldn't kill."

"But it could hurt." answered Remus, shyly.

Harry just smirked, "So, when are you going to start teaching me Parker?"

Parker stared at him, "Wednesday and Friday." he sighed, "We haven't a choice." (I'm most definitely not going to talk about Occlumency much. Everyone knows what it is, and why... so just figure Harry would learn better with a 'decent' partner than with a snarky jerk. Not wasting lines on something you guys all ready know and is quite boring...)

Harry thought about this, "If its personal and not apart of the ciriculum then I don't have to learn it."

"Aw... you see... that's what the whole... FIGHT was over Harry." said Remus, uncomfortably.

Harry looked at Remus dangerously, "What do you mean?" Harry asked, very slowly, tapping his dirty nails against the table.

Remus sighed, "Sirius refused to sign the papers."

"Good." said Harry.

"If the papers are signed from your guardian you are given permission for private studies. Sirius Black is your guardian..."

"He didn't sign them did he?" asked Harry, moving up quickly.

Remus looked at Harry, "Not yet."

"Not yet? You mean... he's going too? He better not!" Harry said, swiftly.

"He wants to talk to you in private. That'll be tomorrow at lunch. You're not suppose to know it yet. You're suppose to be sprung up on this. You see... there are several people staying with Sirius, to ensure he doesn't go to you immediately, because Sirius wanted too. From what I gather... there will be listening charms to moniter..." said Remus.

"Does Sirius know this?" asked Harry. "Yes he knows." said Remus sadly. "He can't do anything about it and he is forbidden to tell you."

Harry felt his head swim in anger, "Why would there be listening devices?"

"For legal issues. In case you try to tell the Minister of Magic, who is obviously on your side at the moment, that you have been conned or forced." Remus informed him.

"I'm... going... to... kill... a... headmaster." He said slowly drawing out each word.

"Wait before you do that." said Parker, holding up a hand and fighting a smirk. "We may be able to beat him at his own game." said Parker.

Harry just looked at Parker leaning his head back, "What do you have in mind?"

Parker leaned up arms and elbows on the table, and scratched his cheek, "We need to trap Dumbledore. We need to do something to bring his ego down a few notches."

Remus gave Parker a very wary look, "Parker, you are suggesting that we build a fire, and throw explosives in it."

Parker smiled, "Yeah... that's exactly what I was hoping we'd do."

"Sounds like fun." said Harry excitedly, "When do we start? Fire's are so much fun."

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Hermione came up to Harry the next morning when he was heading to the Great Hall.

"Would you walk with me?" she asked, handing him his leather jacket and offered some toast.

He smirked, "Sure." he said, taking the offered toast.

He turned to see his friends looking mildly uncomfortable, "Guys, I'll see you in a bit." He winked at them before heading with Hermione toward the Entrance Hall Doors.

"Where's your hot-headed friend?" he teased, making her roll her eyes, "He's resorted to giving me the silent treatment."

"Oh you're so lucky." said Harry, with a mock sigh.

She nudged him, "Harry! No matter what he IS my friend."

Harry shrugged, "So... I can still tease."

She rolled her eyes, and scaled down the stone steps. The air was chilly and nippy. Hermione had her own cloak this time, but Harry wasn't all that cold. He just walked around holding it in his arms.

"We meeting up for our project?" she asked, eagerly.

"Sure, library?"

She grinned, "Yeah... sounds good."

It went silent, and it was comfortable but still silent.

Harry felt awkward, so did Hermione... it was weird. Harry was USED to girls! He'd been with many girls, and he had loads of experience but he had never had a 'real' girlfriend, one that he had to talk to and... include in almost everything he does. That's weird! He thought to himself, as he watched Hermione stare overhead, while finishing her toast.

And Hermione Granger of all people... he had no idea, why this was happening to him, and he felt weird. He guessed it was all apart of the experience. He had experience with girls, just not girlfriends.

"Both your parents are muggles?" he asked.

She smiled, "Yeah... I had no idea I was a witch."

“I see, well you’re a damn good one.”

She blushed, “It goes with reading I guess. When I found out, I had to find out what it was about...! Hagrid came and helped us into Diagon Alley! I was sooo amazed! I thought it was all a hoax honestly! But then I remembered making a glass vase of my mothers bust when I was ten.”

He chuckled, “I’ve had many random accidents.”

“When did you learn magic?” she asked, curiously.

“I was five and a half nearly six when I lifted a wand for the first time.”

Her eyes widen, “Wow! How did you get... the tracking charms off?”

Harry smirked, “That... was Parker’s doing. He knew they would have a tag on me so he got it taken off. Mighty painful too.” he told her.

She looked at him, “Could you...” she smiled, impishly. “Take it off me?”

He chuckled, “Take it off you? I could...” He trailed off and then frowned, “Its ‘very’ painful.” he told her. “It severs the blood and magical bond that you share with Hogwarts and the Ministry.” he told her.

She looked at him, “How would they have my blood if I was a muggle?”

“You were never a muggle Hermione.” said Harry, using her first name. “You were always a witch. They can detect witches and wizards in any muggle home and any area.” He informed her. “They knew you were a witch the moment your mother told your father she was pregnant.”

“How do you know this?” asked Hermione.

Harry smirked, “Now now! Just be happy I told you.”

She just gave him a look but in the end she accepted it, "So... take it off me?"

He sighed, "You'll be tired afterwards and probably sleep for a long time. Lets wait till Friday."

She looked a bit put off but nodded, "OK! I'll do it." she said eagerly.

He looked at her, "It's painful. It feels as if your body is separating from your bones."

She gasped, "Are you serious?" she breathed.

Harry nodded, "Yeah... the bond severs on your seventeenth birthday. You could wait. It's not that painful when it does, at the right age. Its like having a growth spurt... a bit of pain and aches in your muscles but that's it."

"No, no!" she said, quickly. "I want it off! I'd love to be able to do magic without... the Ministry." She giggled mischievously making Harry fold his arms, "And I thought you were a Miss Prefect."

Hermione smiled, "No, you got that mixed up with Miss Perfect. Switch the R." She insisted.

Harry just grinned, "Right... well we have ten minutes. Did you get in trouble for Care of Magical Creatures?" he teased.

She went red, "Don't remind me! I still haven't talked to Hagrid." she then frowned, "Do you notice anything odd about him?"

"You mean... something... more than usual?" he asked, making her look at him, "Yes! Something MORE than usual." she looked over at the hut that was steaming from the chimney. "I mean... he has... bruises all over him."

"Maybe his... 'innocent' creatures with bloody fangs aren't so innocent."

She just snickered, "No... I mean... no matter how vicious an animal is... he can always seem to tame them."

"I noticed. I think its because of his half and half."

She looked at him, "How do you know? Did you read Rita Skeeters article?"

Harry snorted, "I wouldn't read Rita Skeeters stuff if you paid me a 1000 galleons!" He told her. "Look at him Hermione! Tell me you never 'once' thought he was just wizards with big bones."

She frowned, and chewed her lip, as she stared at the chimney, "You're right. I don't know why I never made a connection." "You did, but he was so nice it never occurred to you and you really didn't care." He said, touching her shoulder softly.

She looked up at him, "That's true."

"I did notice some bruises on his face and one on his leg. He came hobbling out of the forest."

She nodded, "I've asked and asked, but he won't tell me." she smiled, "He usually slips. He's good about that."

"Or bad..." corrected Harry. "Good when you want information." Hermione chirped.

"But bad if it's a serious secret." Harry told her.

She scowled, "Stop contradicting me Potter."

He smirked at her, and leaned closer, "Why Miss Kitty?" he asked, making her look up, "Cause."

"That's not a good enough reason." he stated.

His arm on her shoulder and his finger brushed against her cheek playfully.

She just scowled playfully and nudged him with her hip making him grin, move closer to her, causing her to glare at him, "Do you have fun contradicting?"

"Yes."

"Why?"

He smiled, "Its fun."

She scowled and pushed him close to the lake, it was only by luck he didn't fall in. HE gave her a playful glare, "YOU almost went with me." he told her as she walked away with a smirk, "Sure... You'd have been humiliated." she teased, and walked away, her curls bouncing.

Harry just smirked, and ran at her and lifted her up from behind making her gasp, as he swung her around making her shriek, "HARRY! Shiiooott!" she squealed, as he stopped and smirked, "Hah!"

"You.. You! Put me down!" She wiggled her legs as he grinned, "Say your sorry." he told her.

"No way!" Hermione shrieked. "Yes." "No!" she protested.

Harry just smiled, as he held her closer, "Then you're just going to have to miss your first class."

She shrieked, "HARRY!"

"Say sorry." "....." "C'mon! Its not 'that' hard! I won't tell." he said, his mouth close to her ear.

She glanced over her brown eyes twinkling yet she just gave him a dirty look. "Sorry." she murmured.

"There! Now that wasn't so bad was it." He kissed her cheek, making her move her face so his lips were kissing her lips instead of her cheek. Harry was aware of the softness of her lips, as he kissed her.

They stayed like that for several moments when, Ron gagged, "Get a room!" he scowled, disgusted.

Harry glanced over, "Get a life." Harry stated simply. "See you Kitty."

Hermione went red, as he released her and headed toward the school building, as Ron scowled, "How could you!" was the last thing Harry heard.

Potions class was, inventive, and when Snape walked around, Harry was sure that he felt a tickling sensation, but Harry was taught to think up of other things when this was going on. He started thinking of the words to the Metallica song Unforgiven, and then other songs to keep the git out of his mind, he hated that tickling sensation, it really got on his nerves, it felt like someone was slipping something in one ear and trying to pull it out the other. He was shaken out of his reverie by Justin. "Harry!" hissed the teen, looking concerned.

Harry who looked startled looked at Justin, "What?" "Come out of it! We have twenty minutes." He told Harry, whose mouth opened, "I was like that for twenty minutes?"

Justin nodded, "Yep... I seen Snape... he looked shocked."

"Hmm." said Harry, with intrigue.

"What did you do?" asked Susan who had been near them, Hannah was on Susan's other side.

"No idea." he told them.

Hannah leaned over, "Looked as if.. You went into some sort of trance."

Harry shrugged, and cleared his throat, "Get away from the cauldron!" he swiftly told her.

Hannah yelped when she felt hottness, and moved quickly to see her robes hot, it had been against the cauldron.

"Ow!" she said rubbing her side. Another moment and it would have caught fire.

Harry didn't have Arithmancy on Tuesday but he had Ancient Runes. Hermione met up with him, with a slight scowl, "Ron is such a prat." "Tell me something I don't know." said Harry.

"Ulgh! I almost slapped him!" said Hermione as they entered the classroom together. "Why didn't you? Wait! Save that for when I'm there." Harry told her, as he went to the back but she grabbed his arm, "Front! Please." she asked, sweetly.

Harry gave her a look but nodded, as he walked up with her and slid in next to her, in the two seater desks.

She then said, "I've only slapped Ron once."

"And where was I?" asked Harry offended.

She ignored that, "It was last year actually."

"Really?" "Yeah when he suddenly announced that I somehow became a girl."

Harry chuckled, "Suddenly? I thought you were always one!"

"He evidently didn't know, I was one."

"Kind of hard not to notice." He said, his eyes gazing her up and down playfully making her nudge him, "Cut it out!" she said, her cheeks going red. "What? It's true! Want me to lie?"

She pushed her hair out of the way and shook her head, "I slapped him for it. I think Ginny slapped him too."

"Ginny? Whose that?" asked Harry.

She looked at him, "You don't know who Ginny is? She's the Gryffindor Seeker."

“Oh! I’ve never really seen her!” “Ginny, is Ron’s sister, she’s a year younger than him.”

“Aww... I see.” said Harry, “How many... kids are there?”

“Seven.”

“Damn! The parents must have been humping like jack rabbits.” He commented.

“Harry Potter!” she gasped, and slapped his arm, “That was uncalled for!” Harry seen her face, she was trying not to laugh or smile for that matter, she had her mouth together in a pursing way, yet he could tell she was sucking on the inside of her mouth to keep from grinning. “Oh c’mon! Laugh.” he teased.

She just glared at him, but he seen the twitch. He winked, “I’m not condemning them!” he said, amused. “If they want to hump and have kids... so be it!”

“Harry!” she gasped, “Stop that!” she admonished, she slapped him again making him smirk, “Heh, you know you want to laugh! You’re too modest!” he teased.

She scoffed, “Well... you need some!” she retorted.

“Nah, had it, don’t want it, so I got rid of it.” He told her.

“Apparently!” said Hermione, when the teacher came in and they all got started.

Harry was prepared for lunch time, he was talking with Hermione, when they entered the Great Hall together. “Would you like to sit with us?” he asked.

She smiled, “Sure, Ron’s got to make up for his... potions.” she said, “He’s got a lunch instruction.”

“Lucky him.” Harry said grinning.

She sighed, and headed over with Harry, several people looked at Hermione but no one said anything. Susan and Hannah were very nice about it.

Harry glanced up to see Parker, he gave Harry the eye and a wink. Harry finished two sandwiches when Professor Dumbledore walked this way.

Harry pretended not to notice, "I notice." whispered Harry to Hermione who was about to say something.

"Mr. Potter?" said Dumbledore, calmly.

Harry glanced upwards at the Headmaster, "Hm?"

Hermione looked wary, as she watched the interaction.

"Would you care to walk with me to my office? We have a few things to discuss." he said, simply.

Harry seemed to think about this, "I don't see why not." He said, looking at his friends and girlfriend.

"See you Harry." said Hermione getting up, "I'll go back over..."

"You can stay if you like." said Susan. Hannah nodded.

Hermione smiled, "That's OK! I think I see Neville by himself. Bye Harry!" She smiled, and walked off quickly as Harry lifted his school stuff, and walked 'next' to Dumbledore out into the Great Hall.

"What is this about?" feined Harry.

"Sirius is here to talk to you about a private tutoring session."

Harry knew this, but he pretended as if he didn't, "Private Tutoring? Why haven't I been informed?"

"I went to your guardian Harry."

“So! Just because he’s my guardian doesn’t mean I can’t be informed! If its about me, then I should know.” Harry’s voice was firm, and he was getting agitated by the second.

“I am telling you Harry. We have only come up with it in the past two hours Harry. It’s fairly new.” said Dumbledore.

Harry would have been convinced had he not been told twenty four hours ago! Lie, one! It’s only been five minutes since he talked to the bastard and he’s all ready lieing...

“What kind of training? And why does Sirius want to talk to me?”

“He wants to speak to you in private about it. He thinks he shouldn’t give consent unless you agree.” said Dumbledore.

“Private? JUST him and I? No you!”

Dumbledore smiled, “No... no me. Just you and him in a room alone.” Lie two! This was getting repetitive. Thought Harry.

“What kind of training?” asked Harry.

“I’m not sure you know it.. Occlumency.” said Dumbledore.

Harry snorted, “I know what it is!” Harry sneered. “I’ve read it several times. Its obscure and why the hell do I need to know it?” he asked, firmly.

“You need to learn to block off your mind Harry...” “Mr. Potter.” Harry corrected automatically. “They day I call you Albus is the day you can call me Harry.”

“Call me Albus, I don’t mind.” said Professor Dumbledore, calmly with a twinkle in his eyes.

Harry rolled his eyes, “Why do I need to block off my mind? Why would I want someone to invade my brain and pick at it?”

“To keep Voldemort from doing so.”

“What does he want Dumbledore?” Harry asked, as they got to his room.

Dumbledore looked at him, “Once you’ve learned Occlumency, I’ll be able to tell you.”

“This has to do with that damn prophecy doesn’t it? One that you won’t even tell me the full contents!” Harry said, scathingly.

Dumbledore didn’t flinch, “It is too dangerous at the moment Harry. Voldemort is wanting that information more than anything! That is why he has been so quiet.”

“He’s also lost a ‘lot’ of followers.” “Yes, and I still have no idea what happened.” he said, simply.

Harry thought about the prisoners that were residing in Hogwarts at the very moment, and moved that thought to another part of his brain. He didn’t know how to practice Occlumency, but he wasn’t going to be tricked by an accomplished legilimens.

They got to a room just adjacent from his office. Sirius was sitting there waiting for him.

Sirius abruptly stood, “Harry!” Sirius went straight to Harry hugging him. “Hey Siri.” Harry said, with a bit less of a snug hug.

He smiled, “How you doing kid?”

“Decent.” admitted Harry. “Heard you’ve got a girl!”

Harry rolled his eyes, “I might.” He smirked.

Sirius grinned, “All right!” He then looked at Dumbledore with a look Harry hadn’t ever seen before.

“You can go now.. Headmaster, while I talk to my son.” he said slowly.

Dumbledore smiled widely, "Of course Sirius!" he walked out and closed the door.

Harry scowled, "I'm not doing it." said Harry. "Say no! NO no no!"

Sirius gave him a soft look, one that said, 'I have to try and convince.'

Harry slid into a comfortable seat, "I'm not going to do it. You can't force me. You sign those papers Sirius and all trust will be lost! I'm not having anyone I do NOT trust pick at my brain." Harry said firmly.

Sirius gave Harry a soft look, "I understand how you feel about that Harry. But, you really need to learn to close off your mind."

"I'll do it by myself then!" said Harry swiftly. "I will NOT be subjected to someone's brain picking." Harry growled, sharply.

"I'm being pressed to sign them Harry. I'm your only guardian." he said softly.

Harry's eyes narrowed, he knew who was doing it but he had to act as if he had no idea.

"Who will be conducting the lessons?"

"Snape." Sirius said, slowly. Harry growled, "Hell no!"

"He's been... decent... with you... right?"

Harry scowled, "I don't care! No ONE with a scar on their arm is going to pick at my fuckin' brain!" Harry said forcefully.

Sirius could hardly blame him. He could curse Dumbledore for setting this up. Curse Dumbledore for the charms, and curse Dumbledore for the pressure.

Harry then stood, and glanced around, "I KNOW there are listening charms on this room! I'm not a fuckin' idiot!" Harry's voice was like ice. "I'll be damned if any of you dumb asses decide to pick at my brain and try to find out how I tick! I do NOT think so. If any of you try to do

legilimens on me again like I experienced earlier today, I will take it to the Ministry of Magic, and hopefully have SOMEONE expelled from this fuckin' school!" Harry said nastily. "I WILL not be fucked with in that way! I promise you... do something stupid again... you'll lose big time! I'm not your puppet. I have no strings...! Remember, YOU forced me here! If you expell me, then thank merlin! But, I know you won't! I could burn this school to the fuckin' ground and no one would flinch or dare say.. You are expelled, because you bloody idiots need me too much! I don't need you! If you need me so badly, then you might want to be honest with me... straight forward, I know you lied Dumbledore TWICE on the way up to this damn office! TWICE, I caught them I know them...! You're not going to pull that Grandfather shit on me and expect me to fall to your knees like everyone else!"

Sirius' eyes were wide in shock, as he listned to his godson go off.

Harry turned to Sirius, he swallowed, "Sirius, I've lost my parents, because of the prophecy. I lost everything... because of two idiots, who want to run the world! Dumbledore and Voldemort! Both have different things on the brain for me! Don't LET them do this!" Harry said his hands pressed against the table. "Please Sirius... he locked you up on purpose! He could easily have fed you veritaserum! Did he Sirius? Did he give you veritaserum? No! He did not! He threw you in Azkaban while Lucius fuckin' Malfoy ran free for years on end!" Harry said throwing up his hands.

"You don't have a scar on your arm!" Harry touched Sirius' arm where the scar would be. "Malfoy does! Malfoy has one... and I bet you his SON has one! But none of you do a thing about it. You say Hogwarts is safe? That's a bunch of bull shit." said Harry simply.

"Sirius..." he looked at Sirius. "Say no, if you sign those papers, I will never... 'ever' speak to you again." he said coming to a conclusion.

"I've never once... broken a promise."

Sirius looked at his godson, and felt his heart thumping heavily, he picked up the white parchment in front of him that was the permission form, and he shredded it several times. "If it means losing you..." said

Sirius quietly. "No, I won't sign Harry." he said simply, and placed the pieces down, where Harry smiled, "Thank you Sirius."

Harry checked his watch, "Got twenty minutes till class. Well, I better be going. Owl me Sirius!" he smiled, and hugged his godfather, who whispered, "I'm sorry." "I know." Harry answered before walking out, leaving the door swinging behind...

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After that, Dumbledore did not approach him at all... when Harry was through with classes, he dropped off his stuff, and told his friends he had a project for Arithmancy to work on and headed toward the library.

He met Hermione, in the back, and slid next to her, "Hello Kitty."

"Hi! Is everything OK?"

"Fine." he said, smiling. "We getting started?"

"Uh yes..."

During the whole time, Harry would goof off, by making his quill race hers or tickle her making her squeal and lose her parchment rolls to the floor.

"Harry!" she squealed in as low a voice as she could, to keep Madam Pince from peering over at them.

They were behind a bunch of books, and close to the restricted section. There was only a group of Ravenclaws in the library otherwise it was deserted.

"C'mon! We have three weeks." Complained Harry.

She gave him a look, "Let's get it done!" she insisted. "The earlier we do it the more time we have."

"But, I want time now." Harry said, flicking her curly hair out of the way making her sigh, "C'mon Harry!" she whined.

Harry groaned, "OK!" He slouched down onto the desk, placing his head there and staring at his brainy girlfriend, "What do you want me to do?"

She just looked at her boyfriend who was laying there staring at her, with them green eyes. "Well... first..."

He groaned, and stuck out his tongue, "Boring." He said, his head coming up off the desk as he flipped open the large tomb with a bunch of greek numbers and diagrams.

"C'mon Harry!" she begged scooting closer. "You know how to do this."

"That's why its boring." stated Harry. "It's easy! I don't even need this!" He threw the tomb and took her quill and scribbled down the names and properties of each.

She just watched him as he scribbled it down lazily and then placed the quill down. "Done! Now... lets do something funner." He grinned, as she looked the answers over. "HOW did you do this so quickly?" she asked, in shock, as she read it over at least three times.

He shrugged, "Parker drilled it way into my brain." he said, moving closer his arms looping around Hermione who glanced at him, feeling a blush come on her face. "What do you want to do Harry?" she asked, slowly afraid to ask. "Something better than study." He told her, his breath hitting her cheek.

She gulped, "Well... we could..." but she made a 'hmm' noise when his lips met hers. His hand touched her cheek and he kissed her more deeply.

Hermione was overwhelmed by his kiss... causing her to drown in his kisses. She had never made out in a library. She had never 'thought' about it.

Harry's hands however did NOT move from the small of her back. His instincts had told him 'no' no matter how hot he was getting.

"We... we could get caught." gasped Hermione in his mouth, but she didn't stop kissing him.

"So!" was his answer.

"What if... we do?" "My fault. Now hush!" he murmured, playfully kissing her bottom lip.

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Wednesday morning Harry disappeared, that afternoon and was in the classroom with Blaise who kept faltering with the hex he was trying to teach her.

"Hmm... maybe you're not powerful enough yet." he said pacing.

She gave him a glare, "Don't get all insulting!" she snapped.

Harry smirked, "I'm not insulting Blaise. I'm being serious! Its very hard for a fifteen year old to cast this! I can barely do it! So maybe you just aren't ready! Give it a year... at least you 'know' the spell."

"Oh what makes you so special!" mocked Blaise, angrily.

Harry just gave her a dirty look, "I can leave you know? I have 'better' things to do than clean up your embarrassment." Harry sneered.

"Then go do it! Why are you helping me in the first place?" she snapped.

"Because you're Parker's niece! That was why!" Harry scowled, "I was doing it to save your ass from anymore humiliation!"

She scowled, "I don't need anymore help from YOU!" she said, her cheeks glowing red with embarrassment.

Harry just simply stared at her, "Well fuck lady, if you want to fall on your ass with humiliation go right ahead just don't come bitching to me about it!" Harry scowled, passing the girl and walking out, leaving a scowling Blaise.

You'd think he twisted her arm and 'made' her practice with him. Geez! She was insufferable!

"Harry! Wait!" called Blaise, running up to him. Harry whirled around, "Ya know Blaise, I was helping you because I hated to see what that damn git did to you. I was helping you and you go and get all bitchy on me. I don't have to put up with it."

"I'm sorry!" said Blaise. "I took an ego beating!" she admitted, folding her arms, "I don't like people telling me I suck at something." she said, uncomfortably.

Harry rolled his eyes, "What the hell did I tell you? I said, you weren't powerful enough 'yet'!" Harry told her. "I didn't say it was a permanent thing. You're still a teenager! And this may sound discriminating, but take it either way... a witch develops magic just a bit later than wizards do." Harry told her. "It's a 'fact'."

She just sighed, "I'm sorry! Please don't stop tutoring me. I need it."

Harry glared at her, "Why should I help you when you act like a bitch?" he asked.

"I'm sorry! Please, I won't act like that anymore." said Blaise, taking his hand.

Harry moved his hand away and crossed his arms, "I don't need this."

She groaned, "I'm sorry!" she said, grumbling and ran a hand through her long hair, and rubbed her face. "I'm a bit grouchy today OK!"

"What are you PMSing?" he asked, making her go red. "If so, MAYBE I could understand."

"I am OK!" she scowled, "But please... don't stop helping me."

Harry just stared at her, "Fine... next Wednesday."

She nodded, "Ok! Thanks." she ran off, but not before saying, "Sorry!"

He rolled his eyes, "Insufferable Slytherin." He murmured.

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The first Quidditch Game of the season was at its peak. Hermione was sitting with him in the stands, he was on up above her, and she was between his legs her back against the bleacher seat, and his hands were touseling her hair as he listened to Daniel bitch and go on about how he should watch the seekers closely.

"Daniel... you told me this five times." said Harry. "That's enough."

"Fine! Don't listen." said Daniel all huffy.

Harry narrowed his eyes, and stopped touching Hermione's head, "Daniel." said Harry silkily, "I heard you the first billion times. I'm not five years old. Get smart with me again and you will be joining Madam Hooch on the ground." he said, dangerously.

Daniel flinched, "Fine! Sorry." he said, before getting up and moving quickly.

"You're nice!" teased Hannah. Harry snorted, "Who said I was nice?" asked Harry.

"True." agreed Susan. "Could have been a little nicer."

Justin rolled his eyes, "Did you see how he was talking to Harry though! Like he was a kid."

"It was a little repetitive." agreed Hermione, who could see Harry's point in this, although she didn't think he should have resorted to a threat. It was something she very 'slowly' got use too.

"He's just concerned because you've never played or seen Quidditch." replied Hannah.

Harry snorted, "Who the hell said I've never seen anyone play Quidditch? I've seen it several times! I just haven't done it!"

"Oh! Where have you seen it?" asked Susan.

"Parker took me to a couple England games for my birthday." That was when the Coach introduced everyone. Harry looked out of the omniscopes that Hermione had gotten last year when she went to the World Cup. Harry missed out on that.

"I had to work." He had told her.

He seen Ginny Weasley fly out the obvious seeker. She was a thin short girl with long red hair pulled up in a ponytail, and her eyes looked around furiously. His eyes moved over to Slytherin, the Seeker... "Malfoy?" Harry replied quietly.

"He BOUGHT his way onto the team." Hermione told him. "I know for a fact! He was showing off in our second year about it." she informed. "They have Nimbus Two Thousand and Ones, his father donated them."

"Hmm... this... should be interesting."

"Slytherin and Gryffindor matches are usually the most exciting! The biggest rivals." Justin told him.

"Have you got your broom yet?" asked Justin.

Harry smirked, "My godfather told me to leave it up to him." "Oh!" said Hannah.

Harry's eyes moved back just as the balls were released. Harry's eyes spotted the snitch zoom up around the players heads and out of sight.

His eyes watched Ginny and Malfoy... the two were playing cat and mouse, it seemed... People were jumping, hooting, and hollering as goals were made and penalty shots were given.

Harry found himself a bit jumpy as well. Hermione was reading a book. He couldn't stop laughing though because Ron, who was the Keeper was 'terrible.' He kept missing shot after shot and he noticed in the crowd a long wavy blonde haired girl with a lion on her head. She was making her way over. She looked out of her mind. Her light eyes were all clouded and she moved her head as if she was listening to music, and murmuring to herself as she pushed her way through the mass of students ignoring the weird looks she got.

"Who the hell is that?" asked Harry. Hermione glanced up and groaned, "Oh gosh... Luna." she muttered.

"Who?" asked Harry bending down to hear her, from the crowd that was screaming.

"Luna LoveGood!" Hermione said into his ear. "A nut if I ever seen one."

He smirked, and glanced up just as she came over, with Neville behind. "Hello Hermione! And you are Harry Potter." said Luna, her large blue eyes on him.

"So I've been told! Who the hell are you?" he asked, as Luna looked at him. "Luna LoveGood! Ravenclaw, but I am for Gryffindor." she said with a dreamy grin as she moved between Justin and him and sat right next to Harry causing Hermione to scowl silently into her book.

Neville shrugged helplessly at Harry who looked at her, "And... what year are you in?" he asked, unable to stop the smirk on his face.

"Its all the same." she told him, as she swayed back and forth singing, 'Weasley is our king.'

Harry didn't know whether to silence her or snort with laughter.

He looked down at Hermione who scowled, "She never shuts up!" she murmured under her breath. Harry seen her lips that's how he could understand through all the cheers, boos, and oohs. Ginny Weasley was furiously looking for the snitch. Harry was hardly paying attention.

She was singing and Justin was looking at Harry weird.

"Do you enjoy that song?" Harry asked, quite annoyed.

She turned to him as if just now seeing him, "Of course, its got a catchy ring to it! Sing with me!" she suggested taking his hand and moving it making him jerk his hand back, "You're out of your mind." he said, as Hermione snorted, "Figuring that out?" she responded.

"I'm quite in the mind, maybe its YOU that's out of their mind." She said before turning her eyes back to the skies and singing, 'Weasley is our King.'

Harry coughed, "What the fuck ever."

"Harry!" Hermione glanced up admonishingly.

"You're fuckin' weird!" Harry said ignoring Hermione.

Luna smiled, "I know." she said happily.

Harry blinked, and looked down at Hermione who just stared at him, "NO more of that." she said, chastising as she took his hand that had been on her shoulder.

Harry moved his hand and waved it in front of her face, "Have you fallen off the rocker or something?" he asked.

She just grinned, "I love rockers! They are a lot of fun." she told him.

Harry looked from his friends to Hermione who just shook her head, "Forget it Harry. You'll never understand this way."

Harry was completely unaware of the oohs and awws going on in the game because his eyes were on Luna, who was the strangest character he had ever seen. Pretty... very... attractive... hell yeah, but she had a ton of loose screws up in the head that needed to be drilled in.

He shook his head, and turned back to the skies, and looked through the ominoculars. He glanced over every now and then to see the Ravenclaw swaying and giggling to herself as if someone was talking to her.

Justin shook his head, and stared the other way as Susan and Hannah just stared open mouthed.

Gryffindor won, Ginny snatched the snitch about ten minutes before Draco. It was a very close race however. They won by ten points 190-200. Very close indeed.

Harry went to stand when he felt arms around him and jumped to see Luna hugging him, "Yay! Gryffindor won! Gryffindor won!" she chanted hugging him.

"Hey! Get off me!" Harry insisted, as Hermione scowled at Luna.

Harry pried the Ravenclaw off him, as he stood, "Hands to self" Harry expressed in a slow voice, that was made for children who were under three.

She giggled, and tackled him with hugs again making Harry groan, and pry her away from him without harming her. He realized she was off, in the head or just wacko! Or both, so he didn't want to hurt her, but he wanted her to get 'off' him. He grabbed her shoulders, not hard but not gently and sat her down in the chair, "Hands... off... Luna." he said slowly.

"OK! We won!" She squealed. "Right..." he patted her head like a little girl, "Be a good girl and someone will give you a cookie." he said, turning causing a few snickers around the crowd, and Hermione to roll her eyes at Luna, looking quite... angry and red in the face.

The Gryffindors were cheering and roaring so loudly that Harry could hardly hear what others had to say. He moved and wrapped his arm around Hermione who grumbled, "I hate her."

"Who?" asked Harry in her ear. "Luna! She just... attacked you." she said, grumpily and folding her arms with irritation.

"Yes, but I pulled her off."

"Yes... but you could hardly!" Hermione rolled her eyes. "She had a grip on you!"

Hermione was red all the way down the bleachers. Harry just had his arm around her, "Why don't you go over and congratulate Ron! I'm sure the bone-head is embarrassed."

Hermione frowned, "He did block pitifully didn't he?" she said delicately.

"Pitiful? I say pathetic!"

"Harry! He's my friend!" she swatted him in the stomach. "Go on then! I hate him but you don't have too." She just smirked, "I'll see you later then." she got more nerve to kiss him on the mouth before running off when the pixy haired blonde bounded next to him her arm wrapping around his, "We won we won we won! Weasley is sort of a King..." she said, her head against his bicep where his tattoo was.

Harry just shook his head, "What are you on? Zip Potion? Zanex?" he inquired. "Speed maybe?"

She giggled, "No! Headmaster does it!"

Harry blinked, and did a double take, and made a noise that Scooby Doo would make when he was floored by the response. He started laughing, at that moment, when he heard it.

Luna just smiled, "What? He does!"

"Oh my gods!" Harry couldn't hate her now. What she said... made his day! He was doubled over with laughter. "I like that..." he said snorting with laughter.

"I know." she said, "We won!" she said, squeezing closer.

Harry blinked, "Uh... Luna... I like you now... but this has to stop. My girlfriend is all ready angry." He said, getting his arm back.

She seemed to pout for about five seconds before grinning, "OK! Bye! I'm going to sing!" she then kissed his cheek and ran off leaving Harry to blink, "What a weirdo!" Justin said coming up, to Harry.

"But I love what she said about Dumbledore." Harry mused.

"Harry watch it! You'll get a cat war started." Hannah warned, walking up beside him.

Harry blinked and stared at her in a preposterous way, "Huh? I don't like her like that!" Harry said, "Don't EVEN go there."

"No but she does!" commented Susan, she was next to Justin on the other side of Harry.

"And when two girls like the same guy..." commented Hannah cautiously, her light eyes flickering with half amusement half warning.

Justin whistled, "Let's not finish that! I think Harry knows! Let's go! The Gryffs are going to be parading around in the buff by the night... look! Fred and George." Justin nodded over at the twins.

Harry looked over to see Fred and George trying to be sneaky by carrying a wooden keg.

"They shouldn't do it this early!" Harry commented. "They should at least wait until night."

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When Harry got back to the dorms, he entered kind of tired, but then there was lunch and then the dueling competition. So, Harry just trudged down with his friends to the Great Hall, when Luna came bounding over. "Mind if I join you?"

Harry looked wary, "Erm.. Well..."

"Great! Thought you'd never ask!" chirped Luna, taking a seat with him leaving Harry to look at her weird, and his friends to shake their heads in confusion.

"Ok..." he breathed, "Whatever." he shook his head, and ignored the murmuring the girl was doing as he got himself some lunch.

The late Owl Post came, just as Harry was finishing his fourth sandwich and Hermione squeezed between Luna and Harry on purpose.

Harry gave her an apologetic look, she just scowled and took a sandwich on his plate because he didn't want to reach over or ask Luna for the sandwiches, that 'she' liked. Salami was the closest and that was her worst food.

Owls among owls swooped down, delivering packages. A large black eagle owl flew down and landed in front of Harry dropping a black letter at his plate.

Harry just picked it up, as the owl flew back off. Curiosity, getting him he turned it over to see...

H. J. Potter

Hogwarts

In fine red letters.

He opened it, to a long letter...

Dear Mr. Potter,

I would like to congratulate you first off of your handling of Albus Dumbledore. You and I both know he's an meddling and controlling git. You and I Harry have a lot in common.

Let me introduce myself to you, we have not met officially, my name is Tom Marvolo Riddle, I am the greatest sorcerer in the world. I have come accustomed to being called Lord Voldemort. ('oh fuck' said Harry at the table)

You and I both Harry come from the same background. I was orphaned as a boy! My mother died, and my father rejected me, hating my very existence for what I happen to be, just like your relatives. We both look alike, well at least when I was younger. Black hair, startling eyes, secretive past. We share it all, right down to the core.

I am not writing to offer you to follow me, I am offering you to lead with me! To be right by my side as my equal. Do you know what we could conquer if we were to put 'your' power against mine? No one could stop us! No more muggles torturing us or anyone like us... purify the blood and keep it whole. We'll kill of the meddling fool and take over Hogwarts together. It'll be a chance of a lifetime, to make our wizarding world right again. To Purge it of the filth that has entered the building. Don't act so soon and write back telling me no. think about it, think of what I am offering! A chance to be free, a chance to show the world what you can do. Think of it Harry, and one evening you and I shall sit down and talk. No wands, no followers just you and I and a large cup of brandy.

Sincerely,

T.M. Riddle
L.M.

Harry nearly choked, as he put the letter down, his eyes widen in horror.

"What is it Harry? You OK?" asked Hermione concerned. "Shit!" was what he said. "Fuck, shit, damn! Oh man!" he was up now and ran out of the hall, leaving Hermione and his friends stunned.

“Parker!” Harry shouted, entering the room. “Parker!” he entered the room, and jumped several feet in the air, when he seen a white haired man standing next to Parker, and Parker shaking his hand.

Parker glanced over, and his eyes nearly widened... “H.. Harry!” He stammered.

Harry’s eyes narrowed, “Parker...” he said slowly.

“Aww... this must be Mr. Potter is it not? The one you’ve been talking about?” asked Lucius Malfoy, his friendly welcome did not reach the cold gray eyes, as he extended a gloved hand. He was holding a snake cane.

Harry looked at Parker, who didn’t look at Harry.

Lucius gave a smile, very crooked one. Thought Harry as he walked over, “I am Lucius Malfoy!”

Harry took the guys hand for now, “Charmed.” said Harry through gritted teeth. He held the letter tightly in his hand and slid it behind his back.

“I was just leaving... Parker, thank you for accepting.” Lucius walked out leaving Harry to stare at Parker, who looked the other way.

When Harry heard the footsteps die, and he knew Lucius Malfoy was out of sight.

Harry’s startling green eyes narrowed Parker, “You didn’t do what the fuck I think you did, did you?” Harry asked icily...

I promised you all I would make up for the missing time! I have two chapters all ready typed up... quite long too.. I promise nothing superficial... I’ll be giving them out quickly! I’m a devoted writer, who LOVES writing. Plus, I know how it feels to wait for weeks and weeks for a chapter of a story you are reading and never seeing it! I hate doing that, and I hate to be the one to ‘have’ done that. So expect two more chapters in the next day or so!)

Chapter Twenty: Warning: Do NOT piss Harry Potter off

"Please Parker, tell me you didn't just..."

"No!" said Parker quickly, and walked over, ushered Harry in and closed the door. "No no, I didn't accept anything."

"What was that all about then?" Harry asked icily, "Don't fuckin' lie to me Parker! Please do not!" Harry said, his face as flaming as hot coals.

Parker stared evenly at Harry, "I... have... offered... to..." he closed his eyes. "Allow Lucius Malfoy and his... pact... to use my pub."

"Don't lie to me Parker." growled Harry. "I'll get veritaserum and I'll drown you in it!"

Parker looked at him, "I swear Harry! That was all that was asked of me. He didn't ask about joining him. He just wanted a place for him and his friends without drawing Auror attention. And since my place is locked up tight, he asked me."

"You're fraternizing with the enemy Parker! Look what the fuck I just got!" Harry said thrusting the letter.

"Yeah I know." said Parker. "Lucius told me that Voldemort was going to make you an offer."

Harry's eyes narrowed, "What else did you tell Lucius about me?"

Parker sighed, "That... you were quite neutral and had nothing to do with Dumbledore, which is true, and that you hated him which is also true. I was speaking highly of you because I didn't want YOU to be a target!" said Parker, earnestly.

Harry just stared at him having not moved, "Parker... please... for the first time in my life." said Harry, getting a soft look in his eyes, "Don't... lie to me. Don't... do what I think you've been asked. If not for me, then think of Blaise, your niece."

Parker sighed, and closed his eyes, "Harry... I know. I'm not joining them... no way. I swear it." he insisted, "I would NEVER ever do anything to the boy I raised! I would die Harry, to save your life!" He told him. "That's the truth! It might not be very slytherinish of me, but that's what I'd do!" said Parker, staring at him his eyes firm. "You may not be mine in blood but you sure are in every other way."

Harry couldn't believe what Parker had just said. He sagged his shoulders, and stared down, "I... I'm sorry." He then said, staring at his boots.

"Hey kid! Don't worry! You had every right." he said, touching Harry's shoulder.

Harry's emotions had did a 180! He had to get a hold of them.

"What do I do about this letter? Just burn it?" asked Harry.

Parker took it and opened it and read the contents. "Yeah... just burn it."

Harry took the letter and stared at it, "There is no way!" Harry insisted, "NO way that I would EVER do something like that."

"I know... and neither would I. Maybe before I met you it may be a different story." Parker said honestly. "But not now."

Harry looked at him, "I'm going to trust you. Most people I wouldn't." Harry said, shaking the paper at him, that was clamped in his fist.

"I know Harry... I swear on my grave, my nieces grave and everything else that I hold dear, that I will not be a Deatheater, follow Voldemort or assist him in any other way."

Harry sighed, and pulled out his most powerful wand, the light colored one, and held his hand out with the letter, as Parker jumped out of the way.

"Incendio!" Harry hissed. "You can burn in hell Voldemort." Harry muttered as the power from the wand practically lit the room up as it

engulfed the letter in flames. Harry dropped it, into the waste basket near the table and watched it burn.

"You going to write?" "No... I'm going to... do nothing." said Harry.

"Good idea." said Parker. "Yeah...! I wonder if Dumbledore'll suspect something. I ran out cursing."

"He might, but there isn't a shard of evidence that will link a letter from Voldemort to you."

"Hmm... I sure hope not." he said warily. "That's all I need, someone thinking, I'm his right hand man." Harry said slumping down into the overstuffed armchair, and sinking into it and closing his eyes.

Parker sat on the edge and it was quiet, "Ready for the contest?"

"I want Malfoy, Parker! Give ME Malfoy!" Harry told him. "I want to show... everyone just how MUCH I loathe Deatheaters, and Voldemort."

Parker slouched slightly, "Are you ready?"

Harry grinned viciously, "I'm ready Parker. I'm more than fuckin ready!"

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0000000000I could be mean and leave it there... very short and cliffy... nah! That's to mean, boring, and doesn't give you enough information. I'm not 'that' bad!000000000000

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Harry didn't appear again until after four o' clock, when the Dueling Competition was to start, he walked in his back straight, and he had a fire in his eyes, that even if you didn't know him, you noticed.

Harry was wearing all black this time. A sleeveless top, his hair pulled back and black pants that were specially designed, to move with him and not cling or get into the way. His belt was also part of his décor, he never went anywhere without it.

Hermione seen him with Parker, and headed over much to Ron's dismay.

"Hey Harry!" she said, and flinched just looking at his eyes. "You OK?" she asked, concerned.

"Fine kitty!" he looked at Parker who nodded and winked, "See you Harry... tell me now." he then said, making Harry shake his head, "No, give me him!" Harry demanded quietly.

Parker nodded, "You got it."

Hermione frowned, "What's going on?"

"Oh nothing, just got a score to settle is all."

"What score? You're not going to do anything... illegal are you?" she gulped.

"Not in front of the faculty Kitty!" he told her.

She blinked, "Then what?"

"You'll see! You better get back over to the chili pepper that is watching us like a hawk." Harry sneered and gave Ron the middle finger causing Ron to growl at him, and Harry to smirk.

Hermione wrapped her hand around his hand and put his finger down, "None of that!"

"It's so much fun to antagonize!" He said making her scowl at him. "Harry! Please." she said, shaking her head.

The sound of a gong, got everyone's attention. Justin, Susan, and Hannah came over telling them they saved him a spot.

Harry looked at Hermione, and kissed her on the lips in front of people mainly to get a rise out of Ron, which it did because he knocked down the blond camera boy next to him out of unsupressed anger.

Harry smirked, as Hermione sighed, and shook her head, "Do you do that on purpose?" she had a grin slowly creeping on her face.

"What? Can't I kiss my girlfriend?" he asked, in mock outrage.

"Of course!" She rolled her eyes, and walked away, leaving Harry to smirk Ron's way, the red head just balled his fists up, when Justin rolled his eyes, "Having fun?"

"Much." He said, walking with Justin to the Hufflepuff group.

"Welcome everyone to the fourth Dueling Competition of the year." said Remus, in his kind voice. "So far we have seen very good competition between houses! Let's go over the winners of the last times we got together... Professor Zabini?"

Parker walked up on stage and drew his wand and drew up a black board.

"Your name, your rank and your house is up here. There are approximately 250 students altogether... that are competing for the victory. You will all be put to the test, you may think these are inaccurate because the ones who did not win didn't get a chance against other people. I promise you, you shall get your chance. As soon as we have this whole game established there will be more duels a week. It'll go from one week to two to three times a week. As soon as everyone has had a go we'll start doing two on one... it'll get tougher as the year progresses." he explained.

Harry's eyes scanned the names... in the Gryffindor section the winners happened to be; Dean Thomas, Alicia Spinnet, George Weasley, Fred Weasley, Lavender Brown, Linda Wing, Seamus Finnigan, Arnold Westaff, and Shawna Abercrombie. He remembered each one of the duels. George and Fred were really very colorful but

for the most part most of them were 'boring'. In Harry's opinion. Some of them just stood there, in one spot firing like Blaise had been doing. Harry wondered, how many terrible defense teachers had there been? Their dueling strategy could use some work.

His eyes went right to the Hufflepuffs, and was aware how... down they were. They clearly had more people in their house but they had less victors; Susan Bones, Daniel Doge, Zacharias Smith, Tobey Niles, and Kiara Daniels. Wow! Thought Harry with a bit of a wince, as he read them over. They seen some of the Hufflepuffs shuffling their feet. Harry had to think of something... they were looking... bad.

The Slytherin had six victors; Michael Vanzant, Asia Aires, Adrian Pucey, Amy Colvin, Dustin Stroff, and Charles Trent.

Ravenclaws, were about like Slytherin, Gryffindor seemed to have the most victors even though they have as many people as Hufflepuff did, except for the fifth years. There were only eight Gryffindors, three girls and five boys in that year. The Ravenclaws, were above Slytherin though that did NOT surprise Harry; Laurell Cauldwell, Mabelle Miller, Cho Chang, Padma Patil, Lisa Turpin, Terry Boot, Daphne Greengrass, and James Sheffield.

(Shew... that took a LONG time to write out the names on a separate word pad, so I didn't get things mixed up. Took ages! Had to make some names up! Heh, product of the kids in my school!))

"These don't have to be permanent. They can change. Besides your house in particular doesn't mean much when we go into the final rounds."

Everyone's eyebrows shot upwards, "You will be competing against each other...." "Then why did we choose captains?" asked someone from the crowd.

"That is to give you all a moral boost. Advisors, or guidances so to say."

There were murmurs all around, and Harry stood there, arms crossed waiting for Parker to hurry up.

“We will be drawing names again... and the competition will start. Are you all ready?”

“YES!” was a lot of the shouts. The younger students were in the high rises leaning over to get better looks.

Harry waited, as Remus chose the first name, “Tracy Davis of Slytherin vrs...” Pulling out another name, “Melanie Moon of Ravenclaw. Same year...” he said, with a smile as the names flew straight to the board.

Harry watched as a guy, Harry had never noticed stood up on stage. His face was deadpanned, and his brown eyes looked neutral. He was kind of stalker in a way, and a bit shorter than Harry, but he was broad and looked as if he wasn't an easy target. Harry wondered how good of friends he was with Draco. Harry had never seen Draco Malfoy hang out with Tracy Davis, actually, he seen Tracy hang out with several Ravenclaws, one happening to be Daphne Greengrass. Harry was observant even if he didn't know a lot of people.

The dueling stance was the same, Harry waited for the two to fire, Tracy was first he sent a round of streaming vibrant colors, and moved all around at all times. He didn't stay in one place, which told Harry he was good... however Melanie countered with a light screen shield that rebounded some of Tracy's hexes and curses causing him to dodge very quickly.

He was fast, and on his feet, and alert as his hexes went everywhere. He threw them to the side of Melanie but not straight at her. Harry knew this strategy. Melanie thought he was off by accident, but it wasn't no accident. Harry knew what he was doing. This was a way to distract your opponent and make them think you're not as good as you look. If they believe this, they will drop their guard a notch, which is usually a mistake.

The end of the tournament was done by Tracy Davis who placed a very nice Anti Gravitation Mist, catching Melanie off guard. She had been so use to him NOT casting spells directly at her that she didn't know he'd get one dead on. Tracy had all ready been hit by three of

Melanie's curses. It was a sacrifice to get her to drop her guard. She tried to curse him, but her wand was out of her hand with a well placed, "Accio wand."

Harry always thought you should place an anti summoning charm on your wand.

"Tracy Davis of Slytherin! Good job Miss Moon."

Melanie who was flaring red in the face, was released from the gravity defying curse. Remus helped her down so she didn't fall on her face.

The next few duels were kind of boring. Gryffindor vrs Slytherin or one of the Hufflepuffs vrs Gryffindor. Luckily this time around they won...

"All right for the next duel, Draco Malfoy of Slytherin... and Harry Potter of Hufflepuff." stated Parker, without even pulling out two names. Remus looked at Parker, but Parker ignored him.

Harry gave a vicious smirk, as he moved through the crowd. This got some of the crowd talking, and chattering to one another.

She made his way onto the stage where an egotistical Draco Malfoy was waiting. He had a grin wide on his face, causing Harry to arch his eyebrow upwards, as he walked up next to Parker. Draco followed walking forward.

Dumbledore leaned forward in anticipation, and everyone's eyes were on the two... they had to be the two best duelers in the competition. Most people were wary of going against either.

"You all know the rules. The person who is immobile, stunned or unable to fight is the loser." he said, slowly.

"Get ready Potter."

Harry just stared at him, unblinkingly, and didn't say anything. He wasn't going to rise to Draco Malfoy, not until 'after' he kicked the aristocrats ass.

"All right... you know the rules... bow to each other." said Parker.

Harry just scowled, as Draco stood straight up refusing.

"BOW!" growled Parker to both.

Harry very faintly bowed, and Draco followed suit. Gray eyes staring into intense green eyes. Draco had to look away. Harry won 'that' one. No one could ever stare into his eyes for long.

They retreated several steps back. Harry's eyes swept over the crowd for a second, he seen Hermione staring up her hands over her mouth, as Ron wasn't sure just WHO to root for. In the end, he looked at Harry and shouted, "KICK HIS ASSS!"

Harry just smirked, before turning to see Draco on the other end.

"One... two... three!" said Parker and he moved faster than a speeding spell out of the way of the two ebony vrs ivory...

Draco started with a stream of spells but Harry had all ready moved, and into a sharp turn and ducked down and shot a leg locker curse straight at Draco's knees, causing Draco to go falling to the ground, but not before a spell landed Harry in the right shoulder, causing everyone to hear a distinct 'crack'. Harry hissed in pain, as he felt it go out.

People gasped, in horror, as Draco continue to shoot. Harry dodged, his arm almost useless. "Thank you Parker." whispered Harry dropping his wand and picking it up with his other hand, and shot several spells with his left hand. This shocked some people. Not many knew how to use both hands especially casting spells.

Harry shot curse after curse, 'very' nasty with his left arm, walking closer and closer to Draco who was trying to curse but the spells were hitting him dead on in the chest, his face turned pink, then light

blue, and blue... Harry just fired, angrily as he stalked up to Draco just as the Slytherin struck with a curse that sent Harry's wand flying to the other side next to the teachers feet.

"Wandless now Potter!." Draco sneered with a grin.

"Yeah... you think so eh!" Harry asked dodging a few curses, as people gasped, and Hermione's eyes were hidden from view, "Oh no oh no!"

Harry dodged and missed spells, his arm useless. "C'mon Potter give it up! You haven't a wand!" growled Draco.

"You're forgetting!" Growled Harry, loud enough for people to hear. "That I didn't grow up in an incestuous family like you Malfoy!" He growled, as he dodged ducked, and rolled. He was getting closer to Malfoy who was enjoying sneering at Harry instead of attacking full on. Boy! The guy really was egotistical. This just made Harry's maneuvering much easier. He couldn't use his powerful wand, he couldn't give away that he had two.

This got Draco angrier, "What the hells that suppose to mean?"

"Its suppose to mean that I know how to fight!" Harry growled, and as he moved to the floor to miss a stunning hex he swung his feet almost in a disco way tripping the aristocrat wizard causing him to go flying straight to the back his wand in the air.

Harry snatched his wand, and although the damn thing didn't want to cooperate, he forced it too, by shouting a bunch of really nasty curses, "Serpensortia! Serpensortia, Serpensortia!" Harry shouted, five more times, and snakes as large as Hagrid's arms appeared causing gasps, shrieks, and horrified murmurs through out the hall. The teachers were on the edge of their seats, as Harry continued to cast serpent conjures. Harry didn't talk to him, he knew better but they pretty much did what he wanted, they coiled around Draco Malfoy's expensive robe pant legs, with hisses. Draco screamed with horror, as Harry continued to conjure them, some smaller some bigger, some medium size, until the stage was covered in them. "Enjoy that Malfoy? Eh?"

Harry asked. "Isn't this what you are? A Slimey snakey, Voldemort supporting Deatheater?"

Malfoy was screaming in horror and pleading for it to stop now. Harry ignored him. "You haven't passed out yet! I'm just getting started!" Harry growled, "You'll find! I'm as vicious as you are!" Harry snarled, and hit him with a curse straight to the stomach, a bright blue light causing Draco to scream, when he was levitated up, with the snakes coiling around him, he wiggled but one bit down on him causing him to scream, "There biting!"

People in the crowds gasped, and Parker winced, as he folded his arms, in shock. Remus just gulped.

"They aren't poisonous!" Harry growled, "Stop being a whiny baby!" Harry said, just as a snake slithered around Draco's neck, causing him to scream and squirm.

Harry grinned, used the same spinning spell that he used long ago to spin the blond around and around, the snakes hissing and people freaking out in horror.

"You will learn Malfoy! NOT to piss me off! Tell your disgusting low life, reptile faced Master, that I said hell no and to go to HELL!" Harry hit him with one last curse, he had been saving this one...

The spell squeezed against Draco causing him to scream and cry with agony. He jerked and twitched till his head slumped over, and the snakes just slithered around up his arms and legs.

Harry turned to see everyone stunned. "I think he's out!" said Harry, softly.

Could someone kindly tell me how I did? Remember what I said, my action is a bit... amatuer, heh... so advice is needed. I would have used new spells if I had a dictionary with me or an online one, but I'm currently typing with no internet... thanks for the reviews. I adore them.

Chapter Twenty-One: Interviews with the Vampires

The days following the shocking Saturday competition Draco vrs Harry, was shocking. No more talk about Harry and Hermione, it was all about Harry and Draco. Most people came up to him congratulating him saying he deserved everything he got, while some that were sympathetic to Draco Malfoy scorned him for what he did. They thought it was nasty to stoop to the same level.

Harry didn't care either way... Hermione however had nothing to say, and Ron... had surprisingly gave his nod of approval and did several whoops in the air, Neville joined him and most of the Gryffindors did. It was a shock that the Hufflepuffs were the ones acting like Harry shouldn't have done that. Even Susan and Hannah were wary and a bit... distant after that.

Harry finally gave in after much hassel to Hermione to take off the tracking bond.

Harry didn't want to do it, he didn't want to hurt her, or see her in agony.

They were in a classroom and it was the following Friday night, it was the weekend before Harry was to meet up with Candy, and go with her to the Dr.'s to find out the ultra-sound. It wasn't said if she would find out whether the baby was a boy or girl, he had only had contact with Shari and Vander once in the two weeks. Vander told Harry that Hagrid was doing a lot of walking in the woods lately and sometimes they heard weird noises as if someone was talking a foreign language. The vampires were all on guard when this was going on because it was the night time when Hagrid stepped into the forest.

This got Harry wondering about his bruises, and what Hermione had said.

Harry had conjured a comfortable mat with pillows in the lowly lit room.

He looked at Hermione who was waiting with anticipation. He had told her last Friday he'd do it, but he 'conveniently' forgot.

“Now, Kitty... this is painful.”

“I know you’ve told me, Harry! I can do it!” she insisted.

Harry sighed, “Ok... is that comfortable enough?” he asked, pointing to her outfit that happened to be all pink today. It was the soft pink pants, and a soft pink top to match. It hugged her waist and hips nicely, giving her a cuter shape than what she looked like in her Gryffindor robes.

She nodded, “Yeah! You told me to wear comfortable clothing!”

“Good take off your shoes.” Harry told her. She nodded and did so.

He waved his wand muttering something and Hermione’s hair went up into a comfortable bun.

She blinked, “YOU know how to do that?”

“Look at my hair Kitty!” he said, touching his, it was down at the moment.

She giggled, “Yeah... got a point. But you don’t put in a... bun do you?” she was struggling from getting to carried away with laughter.

He laughed and shook his head, “No way! I just ran across it when I was looking for a way to keep my hair from getting into my face during Quidditch, and rubber bands like to snap, and I’ll be damned if I wear a ribbon!” he added with disdain.

Hermione couldn’t help but giggle hearing that, and the way he said it and moved his eyes made it even funnier.

“You play tomorrow!” she told him.

“Yes, and I want you to be better to watch me.” said Harry.

Hermione smiled, “I will be! I won’t even bring a book.”

Harry just chuckled, "Good...! Ok... lay down... flat on your back." He instructed.

She nodded, and moved to the mat and laid down on it.

"I feel like I'm about to do Yoga."

"Do you do Yoga?" asked Harry. "Yes! Every morning, my roommates think I'm crazy." she giggled, "But I find it helps me relieve stress. You should do it with me."

Harry choked, "Hell no!" He answered. "I'm not contorting my body in ways that I can't fathom.'

"Might help with dueling." she said, as Harry blinked, and thought about that, "Erm... I don't like the thought of twisting my arse into a pretezel! I'd lose my leg."

"Oh c'mon! Think about it! It makes you limber." Hermione apprised, with a smile on her face.

"So does ballet but you don't see me doing it?" he disputed.

She giggled furiously as she stared at the ceiling. "The day I see 'that' is the day I will give up reading forever."

"Hmm." "Don't even." warned Hermione.

He chuckled, "Ok... now... relax." he told her. "Breathe in slowly and back out again." He instructed, walking over closer and bending down, and taking on hand and moving it out. "Make a spread eagle position."

She just cracked an eye. He smirked, "C'mon! I'm serious. Hermione, we've been dating for two weeks. I wouldn't do that without consent."

She just nodded, and did as she was told. He sighed, "C'mon more. Like a star." He told her.

She sighed and did so. He just smirked, and moved down moved one foot to the edge of the mat and the other foot to the other edge. He moved around and moved her arm, and made sure her head was straight.

“Are you comfortable?” he asked.

“Yes.” she said. “Good... because I have to get the points on each of your limbs... that connect to your heart, starting with your left hand ring finger.” said Harry walking around and kneeling down.

He pulled out four red magic clips. She opened her eyes, to see him clipping one to her middle finger. He moved down to her toe and clipped one to the middle of her toe and then her other foot, and then her ring finger on her right hand.

“Magic clips are rare. Where did you get them?” asked Hermione.

He smiled, “Don’t worry about ‘where’ I got them. Just be thankful I do! Because its hard enough to cast this spell without hitting parts of your body I shouldn’t be.” Magic clips draws the energy of the spell straight into whatever its clipped on and leaves no residue on any other part of the spell. A lot of criminals and Deatheaters used these on muggles and people they didn’t want to draw attention too.

“Ok... seriously close your eyes.” He told Hermione. “Whatever you do, do NOT open them.”

She nodded, and did, the first incantation slipped out of his wand in a streaming purple light and slipped through the magic clip causing Hermione’s chest to suddenly heave upwards, she squealed in pain.

Harry winced, and walked around to her right leg, having done her left ring finger. The same purple thread of light slipped out and through the magic clip on her toes, making her squeal and grit her teeth as the tears fell out of her eyes. Harry’s heart pounded as he remembered the pain. He was five years old when it was done to him and he was asleep for two days straight.

When he went upwards to her right finger, and said the incantation instead of a purple thread a faint blue stream of light flew out of his wand and slipped into the magical clips, causing Hermione to groan and whimper. Harry knew she wouldn't hear him because her ears would be clouded, due to her blood pressure rising in her ears. On the whole it felt as if you are going to have a heart attack. He was certain that her shoulders were hurting, with strain.

He walked over, quietly, and pointed his wand, and said the incantation, a dark navy blue slipped out and into her left foot. He seen her shaking and the tears her face was red, and her hands were pale white like a clam.

Harry knelt down beside her and placed his hand between her breasts, he hadn't told her about this part. He should have. But he slid his hand between them, and closed his eyes, as he did he could feel the energy flowing through her. No matter who you were you could feel this. You didn't have to have any special power to do so... it was a way of knowing that the bond was unraveling. Harry felt Hermione's heart racing like a jack rabbit, it then slowed down and Harry felt something loosen and separate. He ignored her soft moans and whimpers, as he felt for the right moment, and when he did, he sighed with relief knowing he did it. His shoulders sagged, and he moved his hand, and watched as her breathing slowed down, and got a bit more even. Just like it appeared it disappeared. Harry mutely went into a reverse action to take away the clips starting with the right hand this time, and finishing with the left hand. When he did he took her arms and moved the close. She was still in a catatonic state. When he pushed her legs together, and conjured a blanket. She was shivering now. Of course! It goes from hot to warm, to freezing cold. He moved and placed it over her, and bent down and whispered, "Its over... just breath and relax." he kissed her earlobe, feeling utterly terrible.

Just like before, he hated to see women crying. It was a weakness he had always had.

He said there, and waited, leaning against a desk, and watched Hermione as she slept. He checked his watch and lean back...

It was 'extremely' late, when he heard a moan. His eyes flew open having come out of a sleep state, he seen Hermione moan. "Ulgh... what..."

"It's over. The bond is separated, but I would advise you not to cast a spell till Sunday afternoon to be safe."

She nodded, "OK!" she murmured hoarsely, as she struggled up. "That was painful."

"I told you." He said, sliding over closer, as she rubbed her throat, "My throat." she said softly.

"OF course..." he was prepared for this and handed her a water bottle of cold water. "Don't drink or eat any dairy till Sunday."

She looked at him, and took a drink, "They do this when you're seventeen do they?"

He shook his head, "No, we've prematurely separated the bond. Kind of like if you take a baby out of a mother prematurely." he told her. "The bond naturally separates, and it feels just like a growth spurt. But, when you take something away a bit early it can be very painful."

She looked at him, "That was a dark spell wasn't it?"

Harry looked at her and nodded, "Yes, many people use them though. Dumbledore used it... I believe my godfather used it, otherwise when he escaped from Azkaban they would have traced him."

"But he's over age." said Hermione as a matter of factly.

Harry smirked, "When you're a prisoner placed in Azkaban the bond is placed back on you." Harry told her. "Its EVEN more painful to take off."

"So... the Ministry can't detect my magic?" she asked, as she took her hair out of the magical bun.

Harry smirked, "You got it! You could kill Malfoy and they'd never know."

She rolled her eyes, "Harry! You almost did that." she admonished.

Harry looked at her, "You didn't argue did you?"

"I'm divided." she admitted. She shrugged, "On one hand I know he deserved it, for the way he battled his fellow Slytherins, and his hateful attitude on the other hand... he's still human... and that matters." Hermione, held up both of her hands as if they were scales.

Harry looked at her, "Hermione, he's a Deatheater. I didn't do it because he was a Slytherin or to be viscious! I'm a mean bastard but I'm not that cruel."

She slapped him on the shoulder, at his choice of words. "How do you know? And mind the language!" she said, shaking her head.

Harry looked at him, "I know Kitty. I grew up on the streets, I roamed Knockturn Alley... when you do you hear many things. When you enter the alley what you hear stays there."

She just stared at him, drawing her legs into indian style.

"Everyone knows the name Malfoy." said Harry, slowly.

"Yeah, Ron told me." said Hermione quietly. "Mr. Weasley and Mr. Malfoy despise each other."

"They are near the same age I would 'spect." Harry responded.

"I think Mr. Weasley is older, by two years." Hermione told him.

She leaned back and sighed, "I'm exhausted." she said, quietly. She closed her eyes, and opened them again.

"Don't fight it." He told her. "I need... to get... to my dorm."

He checked his watch, "It's early yet! You can lay there. I won't disturb you or allow anyone too."

She laughed, "No, I'm OK." yet she laid back down out of instinct. That told Harry her body was exhausted.

She laid there, as Harry leaned back against the desk. She glanced over, "Thanks." she told him.

"For what? Putting you in pain?" asked Harry frowning.

She smiled, "No for taking off the tracking bond."

"Yeah well, tell no of this, kitty. It's dark magic and I'm not even suppose to know it." "Did Professor Zabini do it on you?" she asked, softly.

He looked at her, "I won't say yes or no." He told her. "Remember, its illegal."

She looked at him, as he winked at her. Hermione just smiled, and giggled, "You're as paranoid as Mad Eye Moody."

"Better safe than sorry." He told her. "You have a point." she replied.

He watched her go in and out of sleep, and it wasn't before long she did fall asleep even if she didn't want too. Harry just leaned back and checked his filthy nails instinctively. He had a lot to think about.

First thing that was on his mind... was Candy and the baby. They went together, as one until that baby was separated from her. He thought about his schooling and then about what he was going to do. That reminded him that he had to go apartment hunting, but then someone he remembered the deeds to Godric Hollow, and a couple other places. He tapped his mouth, unable to stay out of his own thoughts.

If he started building on the land then Dumbledore would find out and he being so young... he could get it taken away from him. He needed to talk to Sirius in private, since Sirius was his unannounced guardian

do to his parents will, he would have to consult him. Harry nearly scowled, he hated consulting others about his life.

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Harry didn't have much time to think about things on Saturday Morning... Quidditch with Ravenclaw was on his mind.

"Cho Chang, she's pretty good." said Daniel to Harry.

"The asian chick?" asked Harry, finishing the last of his toast. Most of the players weren't eating.

"Yeah... so watch out for her." said Daniel.

"Do you have your broom?" asked Hannah.

Harry smiled, "Yeah I got it! Got it last night."

"What kind?" asked Daniel.

"Uh.. I haven't got a chance to look at it. My godfather bought it for me."

Daniel's eyes widen, "Harry! You have to know what you are riding!"

Harry gave him a glare, "Don't even raise your voice Daniel."

"This is serious!" said Ernie. "You have to get use to your broom."

Harry rolled his eyes, "I'm sure my godfather did a good job seeing as he use to play Quidditch too."

Zacharias gave Harry a skeptical look but a lethal glare from Harry kept everyone from saying anything more.

He was just finishing his orange juice when he felt arms wrap around him. He glanced upwards to see Hermione, "Hi!"

“Hey, you feeling OK?” he asked, as she slid in next to him. Justin moved down just for her.

“Thanks Justin!” she said, warmly. “Yeah, feel better. Ron, thought it was weird I went to bed at seven.”

“What did he think happened?” asked Harry grinning.

Hermione nudged him, “Harry! You really like antagonizing him?”

“I LOVE antagonizing him! It’s much fun! I always wonder which red he will go.” Harry expressed, causing Hermione to stare at him, “Harry!” she nudged him but Harry just smirked, “Here! Have some toast.” he teased.

As Harry got up with the Quidditch Group, Hermione followed him out and hugged him, and then kissed him softly on the lips, “Good luck.”

“Yeah, I just dread wearing yellow.” Harry murmured making Hermione giggle, “Aw.. You’ll look!” she said, before bounding out to meet Ron and Neville at the Entrance Hall. Ron was glowering.

Harry got his broom from the dorm and came out, and unwrapped it, Daniel would die if he knew Harry hadn’t even looked at the broom. Having other things on his mind like his girlfriend in painful agony because of a silly tracking bond could do that to a guy.

He realized when he lifted it up to examine it, it was a Firebolt. He was told it was the fastest model ever. Speeds up to 100 mph. He smirked, “Someone could really get some air on this.” He murmured, when Justin ran in.

“Holy smoke!” He said, grinning, “Firebolt! All right! You’re really going to kick some arse.” said Justin, pumping his fist in the air.

Harry chuckled, “We’ll see.” Harry said taking the wrapping off.

Justin laughed, “I’m not EVEN going to tell Daniel about you not even opening it!”

Harry smirked, "Had more important things on my mind yesterday." He said, as they headed down.

Daniel was doing whoops when he seen Harry's broom, and Hannah was beside herself. Zacharias was red with jealousy but Ernie begged to hold it just for a moment.

"Cho Chang recently got a Nimbus 2000, but Nimbus' don't hold a candle to the Firebolt."

Harry grinned, "Sirius 'really' knew what to do!" Harry had to remember to thank his godfather.

Tanya was giggling, "Will you let me try later?" she asked, excitedly.

"Sure." said Harry, finding himself 'unable' to be mean to the young girl. She was like... a little girl. There were two very tiny girls on the team, and they didn't look older than eleven.

Harry did treat them much different. He didn't treat them like Zacharias or Daniel. Ernie was to nice, even if he was a bit pompous and the other team well, Hannah was his friend, and the others he didn't have much conversation with.

The Hufflepuff Team made their way down to the lockers, when Harry entered, he found his gear in the locker, and made a face of disgust.

"Why do WE have to have the yellow ones?" he grunted.

"No idea." Zacharias grunted.

After everyone was changed and dressed the girls came back in and sat down on the bench, along with Ernie and Zacharias, and the rest of the team.

Harry leaned against the lockers arms folded broom in hand.

"We have some great news! With Harry's firebolt things should be better!" he grinned, "I am proud to say we have the best team than we have 'ever' have. We have better chance at getting our victory

than 'ever'." said Daniel with a wide grin. "Let's out there and kick some Ravenclaw ass!"

Everyone was up, and Harry grabbed his broom and got in line, just as he heard Lee Jordan's voice, using the 'Sonus Charm.'

Harry mounted his broom and when he was called out he shot up in the air at top speed. Harry's eyes widen as he laughed, and nearly howled with amazement. It felt good! The wind whisped through his hair, and face. It was perfect weather, it was very cool but it wasn't freezing.

"Is that a firebolt!" Shouted Lee Jordan out of nowhere. "Wow! I have NEVER even TOUCHED one of those! The seeker Cho Chang is going to have her work cut out for her! Is Harry Potter's abilities as good as his brooms? Looks like we'll find out."

Harry shoot up and stopped across from the gorgeous raven-haired girl across from him. She gave him a hesitant smile. He just smirked at her, before watching as the balls were released. (Keep in mind I've never read Quidditch Through the Ages.)

The game started and Harry zoomed away from her as far as he could go, but she chased after him.

The ball was immediately in the Ravenclaw's posession but Ernie smacked a nasty bludger at the Ravenclaw Chaser, causing her to swerve and lose the ball as Hannah, the lead chaser snagged the ball and ran to the opposite side of the hoops. Beaters and chasers were chasing them... Zacharias and the other little girl were in position just like it was practiced, and just when the bludger was coming at Hannah she dropped the ball on purpose where Zacharias caught it and then threw it to the little girl who was closest to the hoops, she scored Hufflepuff's first goal, causing a ton of cheers, and Harry to smirk before veering off to the left, and doing a few dives.

It was time to find out just how good this chick could fly. Lee Jordan was going back and forth in the commentary talking about Harry's broom and then back to the game at hand, but his eyes and focus was on the broom, until McGonagall threatened to cut the charm off.

Harry did several loops and twists and turns, Cho followed, smoothly. She wasn't bad... in fact she was pretty good.

Harry's eyes scanned the crowd closely, he seen Hermione watching him through her ominoculars.

He also seen Luna was next to her, with a yellow flag. He blinked, she was a Ravenclaw! Thought Harry. She was weird! He then thought before flying below the court and skimming the grounds, as Cho did nothing but tail him.

"C'mon Harry! Think you're trying to out run me!" teased Cho.

Harry would have been annoyed had he not heard the joke in her voice, he glanced over, "If I wanted to out run you, I would have done it all ready." He smirked, and moved away from her as she chased after him.

"You may be good at dueling but I have the snitch! Not you." Cho teased before veering back slightly leaving Harry to smirk, "We'll see, baby." He murmured, as he shot himself across the field. He felt the wind blowing in the direction so his instincts were that the snitch would be swayed toward the Ravenclaw goal posts. Besides Snidgets were known for flying more toward the right than the left, and since it was created just like the Snidget, just artificial he was sure it was near here...

Harry tried to watch his team but every time he did he had to dodge a bludger or two.

The game was going smoothly although Daniel missed a couple bludgers because he was so worried about the smallest girl on the team. The score was 30-20 Ravenclaw.

Harry's eyes seen a glint of gold and his head shot up like an eagle, and he spotted it hovering below the tallest and middle hoot. You could hardly see it, and the only reason Harry could see it was because of his contacts, gave him perfect vision. He glanced around

him to see Cho glancing around her eyes not on him. She was looking at it too.

Harry thought about sneaking over, but knew it wouldn't work, Lee was watching his every move. As he veered toward the opposite side of the field, that's when he heard it, "I think Potter's spotted the snitch!"

Cho was on him as fast as he said this, and Harry smirked, as he glanced back to see the girl tailing him by two brooms. "Want to follow me? You're going to pay the consequences." Harry veered upwards really sharply. Cho followed, Harry curved around the opposite hoop.

The snitch was still hovering in the same place. Harry did a spiral dive, as Cho followed like a dummy. Harry however put on the speed diving needle nose down, causing shouts, shrieks, and horrified yells. Harry and Cho were together now and both hands moved out in the same direction. They were just seconds away from the ground, Both seekers reached, Harry snagged the end same with Cho just as both of them went head on into the Goal Pole, causing a bunch, groans, and oohs... Harry and Cho both toppled off their brooms, snitch in one of their hands... both were knocked unconscious...

"I don't believe it!" shouted Lee Jordan.

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Harry groaned, and opened his eyes, a while later, he felt ice on his head. "Have fun with the pole?" asked Hermione's soft voice.

"Hmm... blast." Harry murmured sarcastically. "Did I catch the snitch or did she?" he asked, hoarsely.

Hermione sighed softly, "I'm sorry Harry. You did really really good!"

Harry groaned, "Fuck, I let her win?"

“Language Harry. You did the best you could do.” said Hermione quietly as she placed the pack to the side. “It was your first time.” She said quietly.

Harry grumbled, “That sucks!” Harry said crossing his arms.

Hermione ran her hands over his wet bangs, “Since it was your first time no one ever expected you to catch the snitch all by yourself, like you did just two hours ago.”

His eyes widen, “WHAT!” he shrieked, sitting up.

She giggled, “YOU WON!” she squealed, hugging him around the neck making him gasp, “You... you faked me!” accused Harry, groaning, he fell for it!

She giggled, and moved back, “I learned from the best!” she said, smirking.

“We won? I got the snitch?”

“YEP! It was in your hand, when you two passed out.” she said smiling. “Although, I didn’t like the thought of you knocking your brains out into the pole!”

“We were going so fast, I forgot it was even there! My eyes was on that snitch.”

“Yeah... they said you two were going at least seventy miles an hour.” grumbled Hermione, ‘Enough to send SOME of us into shock!’

“You faked me! Not fair!” Harry grunted, crossing his arms.

She giggled, “I loved that face! Will this make you feel better.” she leaned in and kissed him on the lips.

“Mm...” he moved for a second, “It’s a start...”

She giggled, “Well then... looks like I ‘can’ persuade you.”

“Hmm.” he pulled her into him, to get another long kiss.

Harry was sure that Hufflepuff was on an adrenaline rush that day after beating Ravenclaw, because they won three matches in a row that afternoon at the Dueling Tournament. Harry was there with an ice pack on his head, and Cho was red and wouldn't even speak to him.

Everyone was slapping him on the back, sometimes making the ice pack fall. “Ack!” Grumbled Harry, when a big burly seventh year slapped him on the back, and told him how much he rocked.

Had it been someone smaller he would have been cursed... without a wand.

Colin came over wanting a picture, he was grinning like mad making Harry look wide eyed, “Raise that camera...” Harry said slowly. “And it will be broken along with every part of your body that happens to have lifted and touched that camera.” he said lethally.

Least to say Colin ran away as fast as he could, leaving Justin to laugh and Hannah and Susan to gasp at him, “That was SO mean!” Hannah chastised.

Harry snorted, “No one has EVER accused me of being nice.” Harry told them.

“Obviously! You could use a lesson in the manner department.” Susan quipped.

Harry laughed, “WHY would I wanna go and do something like that?” he asked, sourly. “Then that'd take away my freedom. Nah! I'm mean and love it.”

They just looked at him and shook their head, their friend was insufferable. But, there was something that you just couldn't hate about him... indeed the next day Colin came over apologizing, but he got scared off again when Harry said, ‘Boo!’ he couldn't pass it up, the boy was shaking from head to toe.

However Hermione slapped him hard on the arm, and gave him the third degree, which left Harry's ears and cheeks red with embarrassment because he apologized to her for it, and a few people just snickered, never having heard Harry apologize to anyone.

Sunday was a lazy day for most. The Ravenclaws were gathered in the library for their very own library club.

Harry however was in the library in the corner thumbing through tomes and jotting down notes. He looked very serious about what he was doing and indeed when two Ravenclaws came by asking if they could sit, he sent them scurrying.

Something had been plaguing his dreams and mind for the last two weeks and he was determined to find out what the hell it was. Occlumency lessons with Parker were going terribly. Harry was having the visions more and more and his scar was burning something fierce. Harry was sure he just wasn't cut out for Occlumency, but Parker insisted that it wasn't an easy tool to learn. Indeed Harry nearly cursed the Slytherin several times... that particular Sunday he was in a 'very' foul mood. That's how Shari found him, when she pranced over in her cat form. She jumped up onto the table and curled up staring at him.

"I see you Vanessa." murmured Harry. He glanced up over his shoulder, and arched an eyebrow. "Is there anything important you are needing?"

She gave him a look with her crystal blue eyes. Harry cleared his throat, "I can't understand telepathy especially with cats. I think it's safe to turn real fast tell me what you need." She usually didn't follow him anywhere but outside or at night in his dorm.

She jumped down, and Harry glanced around, when a small pop and the gorgeous vamp was standing in the cat's place. She was wearing a white half shirt, obviously no bra... if Vander found out, he'd be bitching. She was wearing tight 'very' tight blue jeans, and her black hair fell over her pale shoulders.

“Harry! Vander wants to talk to you! Its serious!” said Shari sitting down.

“What is going on?” asked Harry.

“There was some trouble...” said Shari quietly. “Last night...!”

“What trouble?” asked Harry.

“Centaurs.” Shari said simply.

Harry furrowed his eyes, “What about Centaurs?”

“You remember how, Vander told you Hagrid was going in and out of the forest so much?” asked Shari, in a quiet voice.

“Yeah...! Hermione pointed it out.” he told her. “She’s good friends with the big guy.”

Shari scrunched her nose, it was apparent that she did NOT like Hermione. Harry had no idea why when Hermione and Shari have never even spoken.

“Well, we found out why.” said Shari, leaning back.

“And... why is that?” asked Harry. “He’s got a giant in the forest.”

Harry’s eyes widen and he dropped his book, “He what?” Harry hissed in horror.

“Yep... one of the smaller ones mind you. Only about 17 feet tall.”

“ONLY!” Harry hissed, he knew Giants were bigger than that, but still... 17 feet! He didn’t even want to think about that!

“Yeah he’s kind of a baby too in Giant years.”

Harry blinked, “Ok... does Dumbledore know?”

“Apparently, Dumbledore ‘suggested’ it.”

“So... that’s where Hagrid went on his ‘little’ vacation in September.”

“Yes, from sources far far away, information was that Hagrid and a woman about like his size were seen in the mountains near where the giants reside.”

“Hmm...” Harry tapped his fingers. “I’m betting...” He said slowly. “That since there is only ONE giant in the forest that they did not strike any luck.”

Shari nodded, “That’s only the TIP of the ice berg. Vander wants to talk to you tonight. Midnight. I’ll meet you by the forest, bring Parker if you like.” they heard voices; Shari jumped hugged him and kissed his cheek before transforming into the cat and landing in his lap while doing so.

Harry just shook his head and ran his hand over her fur when a group of third year Gryffindors, spotted him. They just stared open mouthed at him, “What are you staring at?” Harry snapped, making them jump and run off.

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That night, he met Shari by the forest. She tackled him with hugs, but he moved before she could kiss his lips. A roll of her eyes was evident but she didn’t stop clinging to him as her arm was around him and she was giggling the whole way to the camp.

“Shari! You KNEW better than to talk so loud!” hissed Vander, marching over.

Shari giggled, “Don’t worry! We took the vancant trail!” she told him.

“I don’t care!” Vander hissed. “That fat oaf is all ready coming in and out! We don’t need to draw anymore suspicion!”

Shari pouted, “I’m sorry!” she looked down feeling ashamed, as her father reprimanded her.

“Vander! It’s not her fault!” said Harry.

“Yes it is! Stop trying to cover! She KNOWS better! Now sit down and shut up!”

“Yes daddy.” Shari walked over, and sat down with a pout. Since she was half vampire she could blush, and it looked odd against her pale cheeks.

“Sit down Harry, we’ve got to go through a few things. Stazz!” Shouted Vander.

“Talk about loud!” scoffed Harry, feeling bad for Shari.

“I have silencers all around here! More than on your apartment.” Vander said grinning.

Harry rolled his eyes, “That’s hardly possible!”

“Vampire magic is very strong...” Vander said grinning.

“Don’t make me jealous!” scoffed Harry bitterly.

A dark haired vampire appeared, looking generally like a pale beggar whose been digging graves.

“Yes Vander?” asked Stazz, his eyes tracing over me. They were clear and liquidy. Even more freaky than Vanders.

“Stazz followed Hagrid. It was OUR luck the oaf travels by night!” Vander said pulling up a chair.

Shari was rocking on the chair, crossing her arms over her chest.

“Is that why he looks like a homeless streetwalker?” asked Harry.

Shari giggled loudly causing Vander to shoot her a look, as Stazz scoffed, “You think I LIKE looking like this?” he growled at Harry. “I HATE filth!” Stazz growled.

"But you also hate stakes through your heart." Vander reminded.

"That's worse." Stazz admitted, sourly.

"So what's up?"

"Deatheaters made better progress than HE did!" Vander sighed, and shook his head, "Stazz can tell it better."

Stazz grumbled, "Talk about heinous! You think WE'RE disgusting! At least we suck and leave! We don't tare people's body parts up!"

"Unless its for hearts or the vaines! They're juicy." Vander commented licking his fangs, causing Harry to make a face, "Ulgh, c'mon! Wizard here! Not Vampire." Harry held up a hand.

"Even I don't like that!" Shari commented.

"You don't even LIKE blood!" shot Stazz.

"I do too! Just... not from humans... or animals." Shari murmured.

Vander rolled his eyes, "That MUST be the normal part of her." he murmured. "I have to get it pre-packaged otherwise she bursts into tears!" He grumbled.

Harry knew he'd do anything for Shari, even if it meant going against his own morals... whatever those may be!

"I'm not dead!" Shari snapped, "I'm not immortal! I have feelings! And a conscience!" she retorted.

"Shari!" Vander said slowly.

"Well I do!"

"Stop getting an attitude OK?" Vander glared at her, making her huff and turn the other way, her back facing him.

She crossed her arms murmuring nasty and quite colorful names, that caused Harry to smirk. "I'll have to remember some of those! May come in handy."

"Back to the giants." said Stazz, leaning back in the chair. "The first try was successful. The leader of the Giants was very agreeable... but then tragedy struck and a giant named Karkus killed the first leader. He didn't want anything to do with Hagrid or the woman after that." said Stazz lazily. "The idiots didn't go about it right." he then added.

"What would you have done?"

"KNOWING, that Karkus was as violent as he was and ENJOYED killing? You don't give presence and be nice! You tell him, he'll have ALL the blood and murder he wants!" Stazz remarked. "You have to work with their personality! Even if they ARE light." Stazz scowled, "That's why the light ALWAYS tramples over dead ends and problems! They don't know how to use the darkness to their advantage. Just because you say it doesn't mean you 'always' have to follow it!"

"I know that!" said Harry. He did it all the time.

"Anyway... the ones that 'wanted' to be free of Karkus were too scared, and pretty much ran them off. Hagrid however did find his little brother which is residing just north east of us... and the centaurs are pissed."

"Hmm... how many centaurs are there?" asked Harry.

"About sixty of them we know of... there may be more... babies even." said Vander.

Harry knew that Vampires wouldn't 'dream' of killing a centaur. Centaur blood was unearthly fatal to a Vampire or Werewolf. Centaur blood had been used in many poisons over the years. Centaur blood is the opposite of Unicorn blood, and Vampires weren't stupid by any means, touching a unicorn that is so pure would send their bodies into shock, and Vander always said, 'even we're not that cruel!'

Besides, Shari would hate him forever, if he did such a thing. Unicorns were her favorite creatures. She had a necklace around her neck at all times with a unicorn on it.

“What if...” said Harry leaning back, “If I tried to talk to the giants?” asked Harry.

Vander blanched, “Are you out of your mind! You’ll be dead before you could get a word out!”

“The more allies we have the better.” said Harry. “Merlin knows Dumbledore will screw everything up! He’s all ready lost the giants to the light side! You guys wouldn’t even BE for the light if it wasn’t for me!” Harry said, bitterly.

“Not to mention the werewolves.” Vander told him.

“Goblins... Sterling, Griphook, and SharpGob have pretty good influence and can get hard to find resources.”

“Yes, Sterling and Griphook are very good add ons to all this. I’m hoping this stops before it gets out of hand.” said Stazz.

Vander whistled, “That’ll be a cold day in hell.”

Stazz shivered, “Who’d want it to be cold in hell? I find it morbidly pleasant!”

Harry just made a disgusted face, “Anyway...” Harry said slowly.

He didn’t want to hear about how disgustingly pleasant it was for the vampires. They were always morbid and gross, but Harry got use to it... sort of... ok he didn’t but he still found them curious and liked their cunning brains.

Stazz smirked at Harry’s nauseas looking face, “Make you sick?”

“Well I am HUMAN!” Harry expressed. “Last time I checked.” the teen looked at himself and nodded, “Yeah... human.” he concluded.

Vander smirked, "What we need to do is find out just how many servants Voldemort has collected and win is Azkaban going to be tore open."

"That'll be bad." said Harry. "He'll have his MOST loyal servants." "Yes... he'll likely set up a distraction... who knows what distraction that'll be. Probably Diagon Alley or Hogsmeade, so cliché." Murmured Stazz, lazily.

Harry grunted, "We have five of his followers locked in Hogwarts. Parker, has a hidden passageway."

"That's dangerous Harry! Have you interrogated them?" asked Vander.

"Yes, they know nothing! They were lowly recruits! Still, the less the better! It's better than what the damn Order is doing! Watching and waiting like dogs on leashes!" Harry pointed out.

"That is better than nothing. Five down but he's probably gained five plus that." Vander commented.

"Don't I know that?" asked Harry. "I have NO idea when he's going to strike! Dumbledore is leaving Sirius out of a LOT of things, and my sources tell me that Remus is being left out too!" the teen sighed and ran a hand through his long black hair. "It's because of the closeness between the two! So my source is running fuckin' low! Geri Gibson, although, I banged her, she has nothing; she isn't apart of the Order! She's neutral just like Parker! Parker won't have ANYTHING to do with the Order. He knows better." Harry placed a hand over his mouth and he stared off into the night trying to come up with a plan for information.

"Looks like we're going to have to play a waiting game." Stazz said slowly.

"Looks it. I wish I could get into Snape's brain!" Harry murmured. "I KNOW he knows everything! He's a fuckin' spy! I still don't know about him though."

"I don't think he's going to betray Dumbledore." said Vander earnestly.

"How do you know?" asked Harry. "He's so silky and he's so damn sly! You'd think he was a vampire." Harry murmured. "He's fuckin' good! Smart, I like him even though he loathes me."

"He doesn't loathe you Harry." Vander began. "Who said he wasn't." the vamp then said quietly.

Harry snorted, "Snape? A vampire?" the teen chuckled, "He may be a lot of things but I don't think he is a vampire! If he was he would KNOW about what I've done for you guys!"

"I do know Harry Potter!" said the voice from behind Harry, causing Harry to stand and turn quickly to see Snape standing there, with a smirk on his pale face. (heh, hope that wasn't too cliché, I had to put the snarky git in my story just had to find a place to fit him in.)

I wanted to express that the rating is going up as soon as chapter twenty-two or three is given out. So, I guess if I'm on a C2 community with this story it'll probably be taken off. I've been keeping low on the violence because I wanted it to stay PG 13, and I don't think a bit of teen cussing and a bit of vague sex requires R yet... oh wait... the rating changed! (Slaps forehead, You get what I mean right o'?)... then again I'm very... relaxed about ratings so some people may think different, but I won't be able to stop the violence any longer... it's coming and some of it may be quite graphic... I have a friend who loves action and such and is helping me with it. I'm sorry for the mistakes in my story. I like getting the story up and running and when I'm done I'll go back through and get a beta reader or something when I have my own internet back. So enough of my talk, I have another chapter to write! Did you know I wrote these three in a course of 24 hours! Heh... school pc/boyfriends pc/friends pc, and library combined and my speed typing skills. I think a lot of my mistakes come from the speed I type... I know I don't do 'that' horribly in school with grammar... a lot of my errors are the simple ones that you overlook and I also suck with past and present tense words like have, had and such... enough of my yapping...! Blah, I'm gone.

Chapter Twenty-Two: White Christmas Turns Red

Harry stared at Snape who came gliding over, "I am NOT full vampire. I am like Shari!" He waved to the girl who glanced over, and smiled, "Hi Sev!" she waved happily as he nodded, and took a seat opposite of Stazz and sneered, "Good merlin man, go wash!"

"I would if I wasn't giving important information." Stazz stated feeling important.

"Who knows about you?" asked Harry.

"No one," said Snape, "Not even the Headmaster."

"Did Voldemort really tell you to be nice to me?" asked Harry.

Snape snorted, "Hell no." he folded his arms, "I haven't hardly a choice you imbecile!"

Harry just sat back down slowly.

"Severus!" Vander gave Snape that look. "I have to like you! You saved most of the vampires lives! WE owe our lives." Snape grumbled, "It's worse than a Wizards Debt. Which I have that too! Damn it!"

"Do you hate to admit that I'm not James Potter?" asked Harry. "I know he was a bullying git." Harry said simply. "I'm not stupid, I've heard enough from Sirius to make me gag about my own father. He may have ironed out later, but it don't take much to read between the lines. Only reason I attacked Malfoy so fiercely was because I wanted to 'prove' that I would in NO way join Voldemort..."

Snape sneered, "What do you take me for Potter? As a two-year-old who doesn't know right from wrong?" he glowered. "I KNOW what you were doing! I KNEW the Dark Lord was sending a letter out! I kept it from being intercepted with the Headmaster."

"I wondered why the old man didn't get a hold of it."

"You never get mail." stated Snape.

"Yeah, I do! I don't have an owl. I have a cat." Harry told him.

Snape smirked, "You're more cunning than I figured! Can't believe you're a Hufflepuff!"

"Neither can we!" Shari and Vander said at the same time.

Harry shrugged, "Guess I'm to..." he tapped his mouth, "Hermione's word... different."

"What do you see in that Muggleborn girl?" asked Snape, with disgust.

Shari glanced over listening intently now.

Harry rolled his eyes, "Unlike, some, I don't mind dating a muggleborn! I've fucked many muggles."

Snape made a disdainful face, "Too much information Potter!"

"You asked why I like muggleborns? I don't think of them like that." the teen stated folding his arms. "She's a person, she's smart! She's the only one who can keep up with me." stated Harry. "Besides it pisses Ron off to the point where he blows up like a blow fish." Grinning madly, Snape just rolled his dark eyes.

"See!" stated Harry waving his hand, "YOU can't deny she isn't smart."

"Know it all brat more like!" stated Snape.

Harry smirked, "Intimidated?"

Snape growled, "Don't even go there."

"You are!" stated Harry. "Most people are. She's not a know it all for no reason. You realize she was a muggleborn, she didn't want to be left out! She wanted to know 'what' she was getting into. Frankly, I don't blame her."

"Enough about muggleborns! We have something else to discuss!" said Vander, sighing. "Night is getting old!"

"Information! We need info!" Harry stated.

"I can't dish it out." Snape scowled. "You do realize that the Headmaster is quite clear when we do oaths." Snape however dropped a piece of parchment.

"I can't tell you a thing." said Snape, as Vander picked it up and unrolled it, and smirked, and gave it to Harry who went over it.

Harry smirked, "You aren't a snarky Slytherin for nothing now are you?"

Snape just stared at him, and raised one eyebrow upwards, "No... I am not."

"Harry we'll go over this and get back to you." said Vander.

Harry nodded, "OK, I need to get back." he said checking the time seeing it was after one-thirty.

"I'm going... to be... exhausted tomorrow." He grumbled standing and yawning.

"I'll walk you back!" Shari bounded up and clung to his arm with a giggle.

Vander glared at her, "BE quiet! Talk quietly Shari!" he warned.

Shari nodded, "I will! Promise!" She squealed, as Harry smirked, and nodded, "G'night guys."

"Hmm... you've delayed my hunt." Stazz murmured standing.

"You still got several hours Stazz." Vander teased. "I'm hungry too! Go lurking together?"

“I thought you’d never ask!” Stazz said grinning.

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As it turned out Harry was a mess the next morning. He rolled out of bed and wiped the sleep from his eyes and he made it to the floor with a thump.

“Long night?” asked Justin coming out. The second time the teen was up before him.

“Hmmp.”

“With Hermione?” teased Justin.

Harry shook his head, “No...” He yawned. “Parker...” he lied, and rolled over lazily to the drawer and pulled clothes out.

He was laying on the floor practically as he slid everything on. Ernie and Zacharias had to walk over him, and Justin was just laughing at Harry, with amusement.

Harry just left him to it; now if Zacharias was laughing, the boy wouldn’t have any teeth, but Justin was just a bag of happiness and his first best friend in Hogwarts not counting Hannah.

Harry was laying on his back clothes on and closed his eyes to fall back asleep when Justin nudged him with his foot, “Harry! Up.” said Justin chuckling.

Harry groaned, and rolled over and sighed tiredly, “Ulgh!” He then realized what he was doing today. He couldn’t go to class!

“SHIT!” Harry hissed.

“What?” asked Justin bending down. “I can’t go to class.” Harry looked up, “I have to go with Candy! I forgot!” Harry slapped himself on forehead and stood quickly, and undressed from his robes.

“OH! What about class and the Headmaster?”

“Screw the Headmaster, I have more important things at the moment. I’ll skip you tell them I was being a lazy arse lump and they’ll give me detention.”

Harry said, pulling out normal clothes. “Going to shower! I have to meet her at nine.” Harry said rubbing his head, and brushing his teeth before flipping on the taps.

Justin came in, “What do you want me to tell Hermione?”

Harry choked and glanced over as he slipped in the stall, “Uh... tell her... uh... damn it!” He hissed, as he moved the taps, too hot and he was straining his brain. “Just tell her I’m asleep! I’ll listen to her bitch later.”

Justin smirked, “OK.” he walked out leaving Harry to grumble, “This girlfriend business is weird. I’m not even getting any!”

Harry grabbed a few items, as well as his wallet, and wands and slid them in their designated spots. Out of his usual black leather jeans and metallica shirts. He was wearing a blue silk button up long sleeved shirt and a pair of black dress slacks. He had to make the belt invisible because the studs just did NOT look right with the outfit.

His earrings were out of place but like hell was he taking them out. Who knew when he needed the magic out of them.

He tied his long hair back, it had gotten a lot longer and there was a slight wave in it that annoyed Harry, but cutting it would look terrible. He seen pictures of himself as a child with short hair, very bad! His hair was out of control.

Harry slid on the invisibility cloak and grabbed the blue-print of Hogwarts and opened it, and checked to see the best path to take. He seen Justin and Hermione talking. He smirked, she’s probably going red about now! He thought as he slipped out the door and then out the portrait. Harry had to dodge as many students as he could by skirting the halls and doing seeker like maneuvers.

Harry 'should' have asked Shari to help him. He didn't want to apparate but he hadn't a choice. He just hoped he did not get caught. He had to move between a bunch of people waiting at the Hogsmeade Station for their train to arrive. He also hoped that no one followed.

Once he was out of sight of people, he looked around and with a small 'pop' he was gone.

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"There you are!" said Candy, sitting on his couch, looking as pregnant as ever.

She was wearing a short mini skirt, and a baggy purple sweater, and her hair was pulled up. She had a bit of lip gloss on her lips but otherwise she wasn't wearing any make-up.

"I thought you forgot." she said simply. "No, I didn't forget just had to dodge a few people." Harry said, putting his cloak aside. "Are we ready?"

She nodded, "Yeah... we're ready." she had a bit of trouble getting back up from the couch.

She grumbled, "Gah! I hate this." she said, as he took her other arm gently. "I'm big!" she told him.

"You're pregnant." he said as a matter of fact.

"Same difference." scoffed Candy.

"No its not." said Harry simply as he gave her a jacket. "Its too hot!"

"No its not! It's cold! Even by MY standard."

"Its HOT!" griped Candy. "Let's go!" she waved her hand and headed out the door leaving Harry to roll his eyes, "Hormones." He murmured, closing the door behind.

The air was really cold but Candy didn't look bothered.

"Here! You need to drive! It's starting to get hard to drive." Candy told him.

"You sure you're not further along than the Dr. thinks?"

Candy shrugged, "I don't know! I've never been pregnant." she said sliding into the passenger side of the SUV.

Harry used his magic to be able to drive, otherwise he wouldn't be able to do so. He did charm this SUV before he gave it to Candy to not wreck no matter what, but still he was fifteen, no license, taking chances with his child in Candy was not going to happen.

"Are you going to find out?" asked Harry.

She shrugged, "It's up to you." she said, simply. "Either way I don't care much."

Harry just glanced at her, "So you don't care whether it's a boy or girl?"

She shook her head, "Don't care. It's yours..." She told him. "It's up to you."

Harry just turned his attention back to the road. "Are you taking your prescriptions right?" he asked, as she fiddled with the radio.

"Of course I am. But, the odd cravings are a menace! My parents are a bit... put off that they won't get custody, but I told them your standing on it."

"Good! I'd hate to have to resort to drastic measures."

Candy stared at him, "You wouldn't would you?"

"For my child?" he glanced over at Candy. "I'd do anything." he said simply.

“How can YOU all ready be attached to something that hasn't even appeared yet?”

Harry just looked at her, “Does it matter HOW?” He asked, turning his eyes back onto the road, and making a left hand turn. “What matters is that I am.”

Harry pulled into the lot that had assorted businesses and offices scattered all around the plaza. They parked, and Harry got out and helped Candy.

Upon entering Harry stared around curiously, there were many people in the Dr.'s office at the moment. A bunch of girls, and a bunch of women who all ready had kids.

Harry walked with Candy to the glass screen that had a receptionist sitting behind.

“Please sign in!” she said professionally.

Harry sat down next to Candy, and looked at his surroundings. There was a young girl about Harry's age sitting in the corner looking quite pale, she was rocking back and forth and a stern woman was on her right, that woman was sitting straight up, and her skirt was plaid and came to her knees.

“If I was sixteen and pregnant, that's how MY mum would be.” Candy responded in a low voice.

“Hmm...” He murmured, glancing at each female.

One all ready far along, she looked a bit older about thirty maybe. She had a two year old playing at her feet. He was a blond haired boy with the curliest hair and when he looked up his eyes were a baby blue.

There was a tiny female infant on his right, and a large woman was looking down at the baby who was in the carseat. She was wrapped in a light purple blanket, and had a small little hat. Harry was trying not to smile.

They were one of the last to be called by the nurse standing at the door with a legal pad.

"Miss Samson? And you are?" she asked, curiously.

"The father." stated Harry. "Oh right." she said, "Follow me."

Harry waited outside the door for the check up and then entered for the ultra-sound. He didn't know much about the magical way of doing it, but this was just as good, and besides he didn't want to risk anyone finding out about the child.

He was surprised when he seen a small little ball in a web of static. He could just make it out, and his eyes grew wide, with shock. Candy was laying there watching it, convinced there was nothing there.

"I see it!" said Harry and touched the screen and traced the outline with his finger.

"Oh." she said, unconvinced. "Yes, that is your child." the Dr. told them.

"What about the sex of the child?" asked Harry.

"Let's see..." said the Dr. moving the device across Candy's pregnant belly. Harry forgot what it was called. He didn't listen to the technical stuff.

"Looks like the child is being rather stubborn. The child is developed quite nicely, however it doesn't seem to want to move so we can get a better view."

Harry smirked, "Maybe its shy?" he tried.

The Dr. chuckled, "Yes, shy... apparently." the Dr. all ready liked Harry.

"I wouldn't want someone I didn't know seeing me naked either!" commented Harry.

Through the whole ultra-sound the baby was stubborn. It would turn over and move its foot but the Dr. couldn't get him/her into the right angle to find out whether it was a boy or girl. ()')

Candy soon gave up, "Forget it! I'm exhausted." she said, sighing.

Harry tried not to roll his eyes at the woman, only SHE would care for not seeing her own child and finding out what it was.

"I'll give you a tape and a print out! I'm sure you'll enjoy it." said the Dr.

"Heh, OK! Can I get dressed and go now?" asked Candy standing and making a face, as she grunted.

Harry just sighed, and helped her up.

"Yes you may get dressed. Let me get you a prescription refill and then we'll be through." He smiled, and walked out, as Candy grunted, and put her clothes back on.

"You know you can be a bit less grouchy about this."

She just glared at him but said nothing as she adjusted her skirt. "I'm exhausted."

"You can sleep at my apartment if you like. I need to go apartment hunting while I'm out here anyway." He said checking his watch seeing it saying noon. He had a few hours. "Let's go get something to eat."

"Good! I'm starved." said Candy tying her hair tighter, just as the Dr. came in handed Harry the prescriptions and the tapes.

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After getting Candy's prescription refills and getting a bite to eat, he let her off at his apartment, she went in, and Harry backed out in the SUV quickly. Now that she wasn't in the car he could drive faster, which was what he liked best.

He bent down and found his Rush CD, and pulled out the disc. That was the only thing Candy and him had in common, they both liked classic rock.

Harry leaned back, and thought about what he had seen in the monitor. It took a lot for the teens emotions to stay put. 'That was HIS kid. HIS flesh and blood. He'll be damned if anyone takes it away.' He smiled, and turned into a Quicky Mart to get a newspaper, having to do this the muggle way didn't bother him any. It was a bit of a neusance but it was better than having Dumbledore know what he was doing. As soon as he got Sirius to sign the emancipation papers, then he'd be thinking differently. He'd be getting the deed to Godric Hollow and hiring a muggle contractor not a magical. He didn't trust them anymore than he could throw them. Then again given the right movement he could throw them far so maybe that's not a good comparison.

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Six-thirty Harry appeared back at school. He dropped his cloak in the trunk, when Justin came over, "Hermione is spitting nails. She told me to come up and get you."

Harry laughed, "Damn, I'm later than I thought. I forgot, I have a one bedroom apartment."

"Oh... well did you find out?" he asked, as they walked out.

"No, it was stubborn and Candy wanted to leave."

"Hehe, got your personality all ready I bet!" said Justin, as Susan and Hannah came over asking the same question as Justin.

"What about Hermione? You're not telling her are you?"

Harry winced, "No! Less who knows the better." Harry said, heading down the corridor when he came face to face with a blazing angry brunette.

“Harry!” she said, “I thought you were sick!”

Harry smiled, “No, go on guys!” Harry said, to his friends. When they were gone she slapped him on the chest, “Where were you? You missed class, lunch, and you’ve missed a half hour of dinner!”

“C’mon Hermione!” Harry wrapped his arm around her, and they headed toward the library.

“I’m sorry, but I had to go into the muggle world.” He told her. He decided to settle on half the truth.

“Why?” asked Hermione shocked. “Remember Hermione, I’m ‘from’ the muggle world just like you but I’ve left a lot of unfinished business! No, I’m moving.” He told her. “My old apartment, all the damn witches and wizards know where its at! I don’t want that.”

Hermione just stared at him, wondering if she should believe him. He held up his hands, “I swear Hermione! I wasn’t doing anything you would disapprove of except skip classes.”

She just huffed, “Which is a BIG no no!” she chastised, as they leaned against the table in the back of the library.

He looked over, “I’m sorry!” He said simply. “I didn’t forget about you, I just didn’t want to tell you till I had done what I needed to do.”

She scowled and nudged him as he wrapped his arm around her, “Can I make it up to you?” his mouth to her ear.

She laughed, and moved one shoulder against her ear, unable to help it, it tickled.

“Yeah! Do your homework.”

He made a face, “No!” He protested. “Yes!” she said turning and kissing him on the lips, “Homework, and then we’ll figure something else out.”

He made a pout and nodded, "Fine! You're no fun!" his chin was against her shoulder.

She just looked at him, "I didn't say that was ALL!" Hermione was adopting Harry's trademark smirks, down to a fine science.

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There was no more Quidditch till the new year, and a lot of the fifth years, Hermione included were starting to pull out the past year books. O.W.L's were coming up and Hermione was spending more and more time in the library until Harry dragged her out of there, or tickled her into making out. "That's why a library was built." Harry told her one late November evening.

She scoffed, "Harry!"

"What? It's true! They were built for making out because its sooo quiet..." he said, his arm around her small frame.

They were sitting there, and Hermione just kept glancing over at him with sparkle in her eye.

"No, it wasn't you silly." "Yeah it was! So... put the book down." He took her book and she scoffed, "Harry! Owls are coming up!"

"Not till next year!" He griped, and put the second year book away. "Besides! You know all the second year stuff! You're a genius! You can't get any higher than that."

"Harry... please, I really really want to study!"

"No you don't! C'mon!" He pulled her closer to where she was practically in his lap. "Please... no more studying?"

She just glared at him and he smiled charismatically, making her cave in and lean into him closer, as his arms went all the way around her. And locked at her waist. "Good! I get my way." He grinned evilly.

“For now.” said Hermione simply, before giving in to the kisses he was leaving her on her neck.

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December popped up quickly, there was a bit of snow spraying all over the land of Hogwarts. Hogsmeade was scheduled for the second week of December. The Dueling competition was getting very competitive, it was getting down to some of the more powerful witch and wizards. Hermione battled a seventh year girl from Ravenclaw, and that girl was crying with embarrassment at the end of it. What he wanted to see was Blaise’s duel, he had been working with her, and he definitely thought she improved.

Voldemort was staying silent, the information Snape had given Vander, all it happened to be was a Deatheater List, which Harry copied and sent right in to the Daily Prophet. They were eager to print it the second they got a hold of it. This however proved to be a BIG mistake, especially when Harry’s name showed up in the Daily Prophet... a big mistake and Harry would pay the ultimate price...

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Harry was debating on where to spend Christmas.

“Why don’t you come home with me!” said Hermione, with a light in her eyes.

Harry smiled, “What about your parents?”

She giggled, “I wrote them two weeks ago, telling them about you... and they want to meet you!” she said, excitedly.

Harry’s arm was around her, and her hand was on his leg, they were in the library, it had been the meeting place for them since they couldn’t share a common room.

Harry smiled, “Well, I could. I’d like to be in the muggle world for a change.” He told her. “That way I can get my business done.” he told her.

She smiled, "See! It'll work out great! NO one will badger you!" He smiled, "I'm not taking my earrings out." he told her.

She laughed, "No... you don't have too!" she said, "I'm betting there's more than metal in those eh?"

"You starting to think like me or something?" he teased, as she smiled, "I could be."

"Hmm... that's scary." He theorized, with a grin on his face.

"Yes it is!" said Hermione, moving in for a kiss. One in which Harry wouldn't turn down.

This whole girlfriend business was getting easier and easier to do. He still was unsure of letting her in on anything... at the moment. He would wait till later see how they work out.

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One of the last days Harry had at Hogwarts, he was packing everything. Justin was talking to him, "You ought to stop by! So we can exchange gifts! Hannah and Susan are coming over on Christmas Eve! Come on! There'll be a big dinner and everything."

Harry smiled, "Can Hermione come?"

"Of course! Susan and Hannah got her some candy."

Harry smiled, and nodded, "Ok..." said Harry putting everything in a certain way in his trunk.

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He met up with Hermione on the day they were leaving. Black leather pants, and a black AC/DC t shirt, and his hair all down.

She just laughed, "Are you wanting to try to intimidate my parents?" she teased, as Harry placed his trunk by the door with hundreds of others.

He laughed, "No, I'll change later. We have six hours." He told her.

She laughed and shrugged, "I don't care..." she said. She liked the leather pants.

Hermione had to go to the prefect compartment, along with Hannah and Ernie.

Harry sat with Susan and Justin, and Lily was perched in his lap begging for the attention he had neglected to give her. He scratched the auburn kitty behind the ear most of the way, until Hannah turned up at fifteen past twelve.

"Hermione said she'll come in at two! She's dividing the attention." said Hannah, smiling and sitting next to Harry and ran her hand over Lily, who purred even more.

Before Harry left Hogwarts, he had done a few things in case of an emergency. He had an emergency port-key on his belt. He had two throwing knives in his boots, and he had a couple daggers strapped to his waist with concealment charms, not counting his two wands.

Harry rarely went anywhere unarmed, that was just the way it was and the way it would always be.

Hermione bounded into the compartment at exactly two o' clock., with a smile on her face.

"Hey Harry!" Hannah moved, but she smiled, "It's OK!" she sat in Harry's lap. Harry didn't complain his arm went around her petite waist, as she kissed him and ran her hand over Lily who was on Hannah's lap now.

Hermione was helping Justin with his Potions Homework, while Harry was going through his trunk and pulling out some clothes.

“Harry you don’t have to look all conservative.” she told him.

He glanced over, “I know, I wasn’t planning on it. But, I can’t look like you got me out of a concert.” he told her as she snickered.

“My parents won’t care. Just go like you are.” she said, smiling.

“Those pants do look good!” Giggled Susan.

Harry smirked, “They are my favorite.”

“Mine too.” said Hermione with a smile.

Harry just laughed, and threw his clothes in the trunk and shut it, “I don’t mind changing if needed.”

She waved her hand and grabbed his arm and pulled him over to her, “Don’t worry about it.”

The Hogwarts Express pulled into the platform at ten till six, Harry and Hermione got off the platform together, when the red haired seeker came running over to her. Harry remembered her from the Quidditch Game Slytherin vrs Gryffindor.

“Hey Hermione!” she stopped and stared at Harry in shock for a moment before turning her brown eyes to his girlfriend.

“Hey Ginny!”

“Are you going to you know where on Christmas?” asked Ginny hopefully. “I don’t need to be the only girl.” she said, grumbling. She was wearing a faded pair of blue robes.

Hermione smiled, “Harry knows all about it! Sirius IS his godfather.”

Harry nodded, “I’m stopping by too.” He told her as a matter of factly.

Ginny just looked at him and nodded, “Oh... Ok then. I’ll see you! Good to know I’m not going to be the only girl!” she hugged Hermione before bounding off toward her brothers.

The Weasley twins gave him a wink, causing Harry to smirk, and grab the cart that was passing their way with no one behind it.

“Hey Harry! Come over with me to say g’bye to the Weasleys!”

Harry groaned, “All right.” He murmured pushing the cart over, as Hermione bounded over faster than him. He made his way over there as a motherly looking woman who was pleasantly plump, had her arms around Hermione. “We’ll miss you Hermione!” she said, warmly.

“I’ll be there on Christmas! So will Harry!” Said Hermione pointing behind her, as Harry stopped midway.

The red haired woman glanced up, “You must be Harry!” she said, her eyes lighting up. “Fred and George has told me all about you!” she said, but her eyes went to his tattoo that was on his arm and his earrings and hair.

Harry glanced at the twins who smirked, “Really... probably heard a load of bad.” He said immodestly.

“Oh no! Nothing bad at all! Just how smart you were! Sirius has been talking a lot too.” said Mrs. Weasley fondly.

Mr. Weasley stepped up the balding red head smiled, “Hello there Harry! I’m Arthur Weasley! This is Molly, I think she forgets her own name.”

“Arthur!” Mrs. Weasley glared at her husband but he smiled, “Sirius has talked so much about you.”

Harry just looked from one Weasley to the other adult Weasley and then to Ron who was scowling and crossing his arms, with anger. Ginny, the only other girl in the group was between her twin brothers, who were giving her bunny ears with their fingers.

Harry gave a half a grin, as he shook Mr. Weasley’s hand.

“He said you were coming for Christmas?”

"Yes either Christmas or on Boxing Day." Harry told them.

"Yeah mum and dad want me home for Christmas this time. Harry's staying!" She smiled, as Mrs. Weasley's smile faltered. "Oh... I wondered why Sirius didn't come by."

Harry just nodded, and listened to Mrs. Weasley talk warmly to Hermione, they were whispering about something.

The twins came over, and nudged him in the shoulder. "What do you two freckle face punks want?" asked Harry with a smirk on his face.

"Nothing." They said with identical grins. "Mhmm..."

"We just wanted to... ask you a few questions." said George wrapping an arm around him and veering him to the side away from the others leaving Mrs. Weasley to narrow her eyes at her kids.

"We wanted to know, if you would like to go in with us on a joke shop?" asked Fred smiling.

"It's our dream! But..." George trailed off hesitantly.

"You need help financially?" asked Harry simply.

They nodded, "We figured... since... you understand... that you could help out." George stuffed his hands in his pockets.

Harry smirked, "You know, I don't think that's a bad idea. I'll see what I can do guys!" said Harry smiling. He hated to see the two twins looking so painful and not comical.

"Really?" asked Fred. "We were hesitant on asking! We have half of the money all ready for premises in Diagon Alley."

"But, its not enough. We've taken out an add in the Daily Prophet and Witch Weekly, we get good orders!" stated George.

"But, to get started is pricy."

Harry smirked, "I'll see what I can do guys! Have a Happy Christmas!" he winked, and walked over to where Hermione is waiting.

"What did 'those' two want?" she asked, suspiciously.

Harry smiled, "Nothing, just a little heart to heart talk."

"You don't talk to 'anyone' heart to heart." she said as a matter of fact.

He smirked, "I think you are starting to know me too well!"

Hermione lifted her head up high and he glanced over, "And that's dangerous." He teased, as she rolled her eyes, "Sure it is."

They ran through into the muggle world, and Harry glanced around as the chill slid up his back. Hermione was wearing his leather jacket. She was wearing a soft pink sweater and a black pair of jeans that were slightly flare. She had a headband in her hair that matched her sweater.

She glanced around, "Mum! Dad!" she shouted, running over to a tall thin couple.

The woman looked identical to Hermione, curly brown hair and light brown eyes. The father however had Hermione's soft face, and dimples. The mother had more of a long face.

"Harry!" She waved him over, as he walked over dreading this. Since when did 'he' have to suck up to people? He thought bitterly to himself. Then again since when did he agree to getting a girlfriend?

"Guys! This is Harry Potter!"

"Oh! You're the boy they talk about in Hermione's books?" said her mother with a look of surprise. Her eyes were looking at his wardrobe in shock.

Mr. Granger however smiled, "Hello Harry! I'm Richard Granger, and this is my wife Sophie! Call us by our first names. It's a pleasure to meet you, Hermione's told us loads about you."

"Not too much I hope." said Harry, cordially.

They chuckled warmly, and Harry was aware of how 'nice' they seemed. Mrs. Granger or more like Sophie, however couldn't stop looking at his attire, that was until Hermione nudged her a bit hard.

Richard and Sophie Granger lead both Harry and Hermione over to a silver BMW.

Richard popped the boot and Harry proceeded to put the trunks up when Richard smiled, "I got them Harry! You go ahead and get in! It's freezing out here."

Indeed it was, Harry smiled slightly and slid in beside Hermione who was grinning widely.

Harry tried not to feel uncomfortable, as he glanced at Hermione who winked, "Relax." she told him. "Easy for you to say." Harry murmured back. Sophie was glancing through the rear view mirror at them.

Richard got into the drivers seat and they talked the whole way through town. The two asked the usual questions of how did school go and what did they do, and how were her grades.

"Harry here rivals me!" said Hermione. "He's absolutely brilliant however when it comes to Defense. No one has beat him yet."

"I've only battled Draco." commented Harry, dryly.

"So! He was the worst one!" Hermione added. "NO one wanted to battle Malfoy."

"You mean that mean little blond twit?" asked Richard.

Hermione nodded, "Yeah." she answered quietly.

"Bout time someone got the best of him." he commented, giving Harry an appraising look.

"Was he the one we seen in Diagon Alley a long time ago?" asked Sophie curiously.

"That was his father!" Hermione expressed, "Malfoy was with him though, he was the one antagonizing Ron and Ginny."

"So it took several years for someone to finally stand up to him?"

"I never let Ron." Hermione quipped. "He's all ready had detentions over the prat!"

"But, YOU stood up to him?" Richard glanced over his shoulder.

Harry had to guess that Richard took Draco Malfoy quite seriously in regards to his daughter. "Yeah, several times actually." Harry told him. "I'm not afraid of getting in trouble. Dumbledore needs me more than I need him."

Richard smirked, and Sophie looked confused, "What do you mean Harry?"

Harry shrugged, "I'm the new kid." He told her.

"Oh!" "Remember mum? How the Daily Prophet use to talk about Harry being dead? No one knew where he was?"

"That was YOU?" Sophie asked, now looking at him with interest.

Harry nodded, "Yeah, I wanted to stay dead to the world." He told them simply.

"Why?" asked Sophie, curiously. "The Wizarding World has more bigots and racism than the muggle world... or this world." He corrected.

Hermione sighed, "It does unfortunately. It's people like Malfoy that give it such a bad name." She gave him a warning look.

Harry glanced at her and she shook her head slowly. Harry suddenly got it... her parents had no idea about Voldemort. They thought he was gone. Of course! As protective as Richard was, and Harry had only met him ten minutes ago... they'd yank Hermione out faster than you could say, 'Veritaserum'

"Its bigotry for me because of the ideas people have in their heads about me." He said smoothing things over.

"Oh! Is it because you're well known?" asked Richard.

Harry nodded, "Yeah, comes with a nasty price."

"I don't particularly blame you for that." Sophie then replied.

They turned down a cul-de-sac and pulled into a large white house with light blue shutters. There was another car parked in the drive, a dark blue SAAB.

Getting out the cold caused Harry to shiver slightly, as Richard insisted he got the trunks.

"Yours is quite light." Richard noticed.

Harry nodded, "It's got a few spells around it." Harry told him, as Hermione smiled, "C'mon! Let me show you around!" she said, grabbing his hand and pulling him toward the house.

The inside smelled of cinnamon and spice. The living room was very nice indeed, Harry noticed right off the bat that everything was coordinated burgundy and hunter green was the theme. He was aware of the love of crafts and angelic items all around.

"Mums favorite colors are burgundy and hunter green." Hermione told him.

Harry was given a tour, of the three bedroom house. In the back there was a pool but it was tarped and covered.

“Dad had that put in two years ago!” said Hermione, as she went up the steps with him.

Hermione’s room was a light powdered blue, with a nice floor to ceiling book shelf on each side of the room. The wood was a medium willow and very nice.

“Dad loves to build things.” she told him. “Before he became a dentist he worked for a construction site.” she told him.

“I worked for a construction site.” he told her. She glanced at him, “Did you? How long?” asked Hermione.

“A year and a half.” Harry told her. The shelves were stuffed with books, and there were places that were vacant, obviously the books in her trunk fit there. They passed her parents room and she pointed to the bathroom and then to the guest room which was on the other side of her parents. It was nice and burgundy and hunter green kind of like downstairs. There was a large double bed in the corner, and an oak dresser with a mirror above it.

“This will be your room. I hope its comfortable.” she said, sweetly.

“It’s fine.” He stated simply, when Richard came up, “Aww... Hermione’s all ready showed you around. Excellent.” He said placing Harry’s trunk down.

Richard smiled, “Everything good for you Harry? Need more covers or anything?”

“No, I’m good.” said Harry as Hermione and him followed Richard out.

“You know this is the first time Hermione’s been home for Christmas since her first year. Her school really takes her time.” said Richard, as they scaled the steps to the dinning room to hear clinking and clanking from the kitchen.

“I’m going to help mum!” she said touching his arm and bounding into the kitchen leaving Harry alone with Richard. Hermione wished she wouldn’t.

“So Harry, Hermione tells me you are very independent?” Richard smiled and ushered Harry into the living room where Harry sat down on one of the hunter green armchairs.

“Uh... yeah... I have my own apartment.” he told Richard, whose eyebrows shot upwards, “Oh? My I ask how you finance such a thing?”

Harry was going to have to lie a little here, “I worked at a construction site, I make pretty decent money, and my parents left me some when they died.”

“Oh right... that would make sense. Didn't your world give you to a family or something?” he asked, quite concerned.

Harry felt a bit uncomfortable, “Yeah...” said Harry, looking around him. “My aunt and uncle... even if it was in my parents will. My mothers sister hated her.”

“Oh! Why would she hate your mother?” asked Richard.

“She was jealous, I suspect.” said Harry simply. “You can imagine they didn't treat me too good. I ran away at five when I couldn't take it no longer.”

Richard was absolutely flabbergasted, “Five? Oh dear goodness.” he remarked.

Harry shrugged, “It's worked this long. I was very happy until Dumbledore came and pounded on my door, somehow finding me.” Harry sighed, “Still have figured that one out. I covered my tracks.” “Well everyone is uncovered one way or nother Harry. Things can't stay permanent.” “That's putting it lightly.” Harry said bitterly.

“I take it you don't like your school? Hermione adores it.” said Richard mildly surprised.

Harry looked at Richard, "I'd like it, if there was a different Headmaster." he looked at Richard, "You know how it is, when someone has been in power far to long eh?"

Richard nodded slowly, "Yes I do."

"The old man means well, but don't 'ever' be fooled by his twinkle and grandfatherly smile. He's a big liar underneath it all." Harry told Richard.

"Oh dear." was all Richard could say.

They got onto a lighter subject, Harry's schooling.

"I had a few tutors, one who is residing at Hogwarts at the moment, to make sure I stay safe."

Richard was happy to hear the teen had 'some' sort of guidance.

"Hermione never told me, how did you two... get together?" asked Richard, doing the usual fatherly thing, and interrogating the teen that was dating his daughter.

"Uh..." he faught a smirk, "Well we're both in different houses. But, she was curious about me, and I guess through her 'observations' she found that I was a down to the point person, so she came up to me talking to me asking me all kinds of questions, trying to get to know me. I wouldn't talk to her around her friend Ron Weasley because we don't get along."

"Oh... I didn't know that."

"Ron's a bit.... Hot headed and I don't like hearing about my fame every five seconds of my life. It's complicated a person either likes me or they hate me." Harry shrugged. "I can't please everyone and I'm not gonna try."

Richard smiled, "Did you two just started dating?"

“Pretty much.” said Harry. He was going to leave it at that. “We just... kind of... started dating out of the blue.”

“You’re fifteen so this is your first relationship?”

Harry felt uncomfortable with all these questions, but he knew it was a fathers job to interrogate no matter how many lies Harry had to feed the man. “Yes.”

“Dad! Stop interrogating Harry!” Hermione said coming out and crossing her arms.

Richard glanced up at his daughter, “I am not! We’re just talking.” Hermione rolled her eyes, “Mum said you two are going to set the table.” she said, smiling at Harry before turning and heading in.

Harry got up with Richard, who smiled, “You’ll find Harry, that both of them are dominating women.”

“I know.” stated Harry. That’s what he liked about Hermione.

“I’m singled out in this house.” he informed.

Harry smirked, “Too much estrogen?” he offered.

Richard gave him a look, “You have NO idea.” he expressed.

Harry did see where Hermione got her good looks, both Hermione’s parents were good looking. The mother was very pretty, and during dinner Harry noticed how everything had no sugar and most things were boiled with hardly any salt at all.

Hermione gave him a sympathetic look and slipped him a salt shaker. Harry just smirked and took the shaker. The potatoes wouldn’t have been the same without it.

Life at the Grangers was different for Harry, he had to watch what he said, and a couple times he had to change his words, almost saying ‘fuck’ was not a way to win the hearts of two protective parents.

Harry was also dieing for a cigarette, and when everyone went to bed at eleven thirty, Harry snuck out the window and onto the roof of the house. It was freezing but it was better than not being able to have a smoke.

He sat on the roof of the house near his window, and pulled out a cigarette and it felt like heaven to him. He was almost off of them. January he'd go down to one a day and then hopefully in February he could go to one or two a week. Hopefully by the time the baby was born he would be smoke free.

"Hey!" whispered a voice, making Harry glance over his shoulder to see Hermione staring out his window.

She must have snuck in, he smirked as he seen her wince as she struggled out the window, "Ack! Its freezing!" she squeaked, wearing baggy light blue pajamas that had yellow stars and a small spaghetti strapped shirt to match. Quite attractive and gave enough room for imagination.

"You're looking hot!" He told her, making her gush, "Oh Harry." she scooted closer. "Ulgh."

Harry's arm went around her and pulled her close. "I had to smoke!" He told her.

She just frowned slightly and nodded understanding as she buried herself in his arms. Harry rubbed her arm, and they sat there for several moments.

"Your parents are nice." Harry told her.

She smiled, and glanced up, "Really? Do you really think that or are you just saying that?"

Harry looked at her, "Kitty, you'll find, I don't say anything I don't want to say."

"I should have known that." agreed Hermione.

“They are nice. Your mother hated my clothes.”

Hermione giggled, “She thought... ok yes, she hated them, but she knows its your clothes not hers.”

Harry snorted, “Right.” he blew the smoke away from Hermione, who buried herself in his arms.

Hermione felt his warmth spread through her, as if his magic was touching her skin, and she didn't feel so cold. Snowflakes were falling all around giving it a beautiful glow. The street lights were on and the light silhouetted the dark night.

Harry glanced up to see a new moon in process. Remus would be feeling his best right about now.

“You blew them away!” she said smiling. “They like you! My ‘dad’ likes you.” Harry smirked, “I think he was stunned at how ‘we’ got together.”

She laughed, “What did you tell him?”

Harry shrugged, “I just said... we got together. It really happened oddly.” “It sure did.” said Hermione, laughingly. “You told me I was walking into a Tigers Den.”

“Pretty much, and I wasn't lieing.” he told her.

She laughed, “Yeah... how do I hold up to the big ones?”

Harry just smiled, and put out the cigarette and flicked it off onto the street. He turned to Hermione and nodded, “Hold up well.” he said, as she scooted up and kissed his mouth.

Touching her cheek he deepened the kiss her hand touching his chest, as her arm was around him. “You have to be freezing.” He told her.

She smiled, “A bit, but you're doing a good job keeping me warm.” she said, softly and kissed him impulsively.

It soon got too cold for the two of them to continue sitting on the rooftop. The snow was falling heavier now falling into their hair. Helped Hermione back into the room, where she shivered, as a warm burst of heat fell upon her. "Woo! Its cold." she said, as he delicately closed the window, and moved and sat on his bed, as he took her hand and pulled her close to him where she sat on his lap.

It was very dark, it was quiet between the two when Harry's mouth touched the base of her neck, and slowly gave her kisses causing herself to shiver, and close her eyes, as her hair was moved out of the way.

She moved slightly to where she was sideways on his lap and kissed him on the lips. The two fell back onto the bed, her on him. They kissed and made out but didn't go any further than that. She moved and laid beside him.

He laid beside her with a playful groan in the middle of her back. She just smiled, and delicately said 'no'. He just smiled though, and kissed her neck, "Ok." He pouted, as she giggled quietly. "Not funny! You turn a guy on and now I need a cold shower." he murmured.

"Then take that cold shower." she teased.

Another groan but he just smiled, and rested himself against her back, as she laid there his arms locked around her. She almost gave in... almost.

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Daylight came, and Hermione had left his room by then, leaving Harry to get up and get dressed. He had some business in the muggle world today. Hermione's parents had went to their office, and Hermione was still fast asleep. Harry left her a note by her head before heading out.

After checking up on Candy who seemed to be grumpy as ever. He placed a tracking device on her when she wasn't aware of it. He also connected it to his port-key, one of the many destinations that it was

programmed to be set for, all he had to do was think 'Candace' and it would take him exactly where she was.

Harry had been looking at apartments most of the morning, and finally decided on paying for a nice two bedroom flat that was near the main district. It was ten times nicer than his old one, and decided to start moving in after Christmas. All he really had to do was shrink things. He also had to buy baby stuff, and he had NO idea where to start. He would have gotten Candy to go with him, had she not been so grumpy and acting as if she could care less. Still, Harry made his way to the nearest mall and took a quick look around at the items they had. He still hadn't a clue whether the baby was a boy or girl so buying coordinated stuff was a bit difficult. A mint green was neutral but he wasn't so sure about a yellow. A yellow looked good on a girl but for a boy? Even though they consider it neutral Harry would have to argue. He had to wear yellow during Quidditch, that was enough!

A woman who was as far along as Candy, came over, yet she seemed more ecstatic and excited, and when she heard he was having a kid and had no idea what to do she gladly helped. Harry happened to come out of the place with so much stuff he wondered where the hell to put it! So he just shrunk it when no one was around and headed off to the new apartment. No need to take this to the old one and transport it later.

It was after one, when Harry came back to Hermione's. He had the papers for his apartment and all.

She was sitting on the couch reading a book when he came in.

"Hi! I got your letter." she said holding it up.

Harry smiled, and sat down with her, "Tried to get back quickly." he told her, "But a few things ran in my way."

She smiled, "That's OK. Mum and dad are at work." she said, sheepishly.

“Oh?” he looked at her as she put the book down, and voluntarily slid into his arms and lap and kissed him softly. “Won’t be back for two hours.” She said, making him grin, “I like that...”

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Christmas Eve, Harry and Hermione went to Justin’s...

They appeared at the door, and Justin answered, “Harry! Hermione! So glad you could come!” he said, hugging Hermione and went to hug Harry when the two quickly moved away, “Whoa... heh.” Justin held out his hand as Harry smirked, and shook it. Hermione rolled her eyes, “Boys.” she murmured.

“Hey! We don’t need anyone thinking something!” Justin insisted.

“Definitely don’t need that!” Harry commented.

They entered to see Susan and Hannah who both ran over hugged Harry and even hugged Hermione. Everyone seemed excited.

“My sisters are here, so you’re going to have to excuse them!” said Justin, rolling his eyes. Harry didn’t see anyone but Susan and Hannah, that was when Justin told him, he asked for some time alone with his friends.

“Its so hard to find that time! Its weird you know...” stated Justin. “I go to school and am around nothing but females, I come home and it’s the same thing!” He said sitting down.

“But we’re different!” said Hannah playfully. Susan smirked, “We’re not related.”

“True... but still! Estrogen city!” Justin said causing two slaps, and Harry to chuckle, “That’s what your dad said Hermione.” He said, making Hermione sighed, “That’s what he says ‘all’ the time.”

“You know what statistics say eh? That soon there will be five girls to every guy!” said Susan knowingly. (that statement is actually ‘very’ true!)

"I hope so!" Harry then said when he got a hard slap on the shoulder, "OW! I was joking." Harry rubbed his arm.

Hermione scowled, and sat with Hannah and Susan, "Here's your gifts!" she said, glaring at Harry who gave her an impish grin.

Justin smirked, "I can say that and not get hit!" teased Justin but that wasn't true because two slaps later, he was red as a beat.

Justin brought out sandwiches and drinks to everyone, and they sat around opening gifts, talking and laughing. Harry didn't sit on the floor like the girls did, neither did Justin. Hermione was at his feet, and put a Fairy Taffy in her mouth.

He held out his hand and she placed a butterbeer one in his hand. She was also staring at the lip-gloss with interest. Hannah had bought it for her.

"JUSTIN!" shouted a girls voice. Justin rolled his eyes, "What?" he called.

"Have you seen a pair of blue high heels?"

Justin scowled, "Why would I have seen them? I've been in here! He called, when a tall brunette came into the room.

She looked identical to Justin down to the tee. Harry found something familiar about her. She was very slender nicely built, and her face was long and her eyes were pretty and fluttery.

Her eyes fell on him and her eyes widen like snitches, "YOU'RE A KID!" she shrieked.

Harry blinked, "Excuse me?" asked Harry.

"A KID! Oh shit!" the girl gasped, and covered her mouth.

Harry blinked, "Do I know..." His eyes widen at that moment, "Oh shit! Mary?" he then asked, remembering the stripper, he slept with at the Dutch Tavern.

"YOUR! My brothers friend? Oh my god!" she said, horrified, her hand going through her brown hair.

Everyone was looking from Harry to Mary with puzzled faces. "YOU never called!"

Harry winced, "I... I had school."

"Oh my gods!" she sat down and stared at him in horror.

"What is going on! How do you two know each other?" asked Justin curiously.

Hermione apparently wanted to know that same thing.

Harry winced, "Uh..."

"Oh my gosh! You're fifteen?" she asked, in horror. "I thought... I thought you were twenty! Or nineteen at least!" she shrieked, "HOW do you get into bars at that age?"

Hermione gave him a look and Harry winced, "Looks can be deceiving, and I'm a wizard."

"Oh... boy! I have done it now!" said Mary in horror.

"Wait! How do you two know each other?" asked Justin suspiciously.

Mary gave him a look of complete paralysis, "A kid? A kid!" "Hey now! I do live on my own, work, and pay my own bills." Harry defended.

Mary just shook her head and crossed her legs, her manicured hand over her mouth, she glanced over at him and shook her head furiously, "Oh man... if this gets out..."

"No one ever knew!" Harry told her. She looked at him, "You can't be fifteen!"

"I am..." said Harry. "Ulgh...!" She said, her hand going through her hair nervously.

"OK...!" said Justin sternly. "I'm going to ask ONE more time... how do you two know each other?"

"We met at a bar." Harry said simply.

"YOU were in a bar?" Justin asked his sister.

"Not... for very long! Harry was giving me directions... I sort of kissed him as a thanks!" she gave Harry that look. "That's why I'm freaking out!"

"That's why I didn't remember." said Harry, simply. He didn't remember because it didn't happen that way. Nope, the two got pissed and ended up in bed together for his birthday. Yep, that's what happened.

"I was lost!" she told her brother.

"What were YOU doing there?" asked Justin.

"People from the construction site took me out for my birthday." said Harry.

Harry had a feeling that no one knew of her profession. Harry felt uncomfortable, and Hermione was looking at Harry, who wouldn't look at her nor would he look at Mary. The girl that he had thought was Marie or Maria.

Justin seemed to except these statements, and Hannah and Susan were trying not to giggle, however Hermione was anything but stupid.

Mary didn't stay for long, "I have to be at the office." she said, as Harry snorted simply. Mary shot him a death glare before stalking out. Office? Is that what they are calling it now? He thought to himself.

“She’s a secretary.” said Justin.

Harry bit his tongue, ‘Secretary? Hmm... last I heard she was dancing around a pole naked!’ he thought to himself.

“Is that so?” asked Harry. “I never asked.” he said, simply.

Hermione was quiet all evening and when they left, she interrogated him the whole way home in the taxi.

“WHO was that girl?”

Harry groaned, and leaned his head back, “A mistake.” he admitted.

“A mistake?” asked Hermione. Harry glanced over, “I was pissed Hermione! It was my birthday... and that girl ain’t no damn secretary.” Harry then said with a snort.

“What is she then?” asked Hermione, crossing her arms. Harry glanced at her, “She dances around a pole for a living.” Hermione’s eyes widen, “WHAT! You were at a...”

“No... we met at Dutch Tavern. A pub that I use to go to a lot with the guys from the construction site. We got drunk one thing lead to another and we ended up in bed together.”

“Oh merlin!” Gaspd Hermione horrified.

“Hermione that was before I even KNEW you.” He glanced over, “You knew when you got with me, that I was... more experienced, you said so yourself.”

“I know.” Hermione said weakly. “I just... never thought...” she sighed, “I don’t know.” she said looking out the window with a weak looking face.

The taxi just gave Harry a look, that said, ‘ya should have lied.’

But Harry had to much respect for Hermione to lie to her.

"Hermione, I told you the truth just now." he said as they got out of the taxi.

She walked around and stared at him in shock, "A stripper Harry? You had sex with a stripper?"

"I didn't know till afterwards!" he said as a matter of factly. "I didn't even know her name."

Her eyes widen, and he sighed, "Hermione, I have enough respect to tell you the truth. You asked, I told you the truth. I did not lie to you now did I? Any guy could have easily lied, but I didn't."

She just crossed her arms, "I... its weird Harry!" she told him, glancing the other way, feeling the snow and cold hit her face.

Hermione moved from one foot to another, "Did... you... uh..."

"Yes, we used protection. I've always used protection... except a few times." he admitted.

"What do you mean except?" Hermione asked slowly.

Harry sighed, "The only onese tha was without protection was because I knew them and the time I wasn't any longer a virgin."

"How long ago was that?" she asked.

Harry winced, "Want to know that Hermione?" he asked.

"Yes, I want to know." she said, quietly.

"Thirteen and a half."

She gasped, "WHAT!"

Harry looked down, "Yep, a widowed woman took me in... I was doing some odd jobs around the house...! You get the picture."

Hermione shook her head, "I can't believe that...! Is there anything ELSE that I ought to know?" she asked, in shock.

Harry stared down at the snow that was on the ground. "There is things... but I can't tell you right now." he told her.

She just looked at him, "Wow...!" was what she said, as she stared at her house to see the lights on, but the curtains and blinds were drawn.

The darkness was all around, it was after eight and nights always got longer in the winter.

"Hermione, you are the first true relationship, I have ever had." he turned and looked at her, "I told you, I was more experienced. I grew up by myself, Hermione on the streets. I grew up when you were still playing with your Barbie Dolls."

"I never liked Barbies." she commented quickly.

He smirked, "You didn't?" he asked. She shook her head, "I liked puzzles." she told him. "And legos, and Lincoln logs."

He smiled, "See!" He said, "I never had anything like that. I never had Christmas except with Parker... I never had toys or a family. I had myself." He told her.

Hermione's lip quivered, as she listened to him.

"I can't apologize for what I've done in the past." He said, as she glanced up.

"But, as long as we've been dating, I have not once cheated on you or thought about it. I'm not stupid. And, it has never come to my mind in case you want to know." he said. "Have I ever 'tried' to get you to do something you didn't want to do?" he asked.

She shook her head, "No." she said softly.

It was true they had come close last night, but she refused and he backed down with a playful pout.

She walked over to him, and took her hands out of his leather jacket, and wrapped them around him.

He smiled, and held her, "I'm sorry, I didn't tell you before but no one ever asked, and I forgot." he said honestly.

"I know." she said softly. "I need to remember... that was the past."

"Yes, it was." he said, touching her curls. "Remember kitty, I would never 'ever' in my life try to get you to do something that you are uncomfortable with." he said, as she tightened her grip on him. "I know Harry... I guess I'm sorry for over reacting." Harry played with her curls, "It's all right. You had no idea, and you had every right." he told her. "Don't be sorry for something you wanted to know about. All you have to do is ask kitty."

She moved and kissed him on the lips, "I'm cold. Let's go in." she said. He smiled, "Are we good?" he asked.

She nodded, "We're good."

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Christmas Morning and Harry felt someone jumping on the bed. "Up up up up!" Squealed the voice of Hermione Granger, making Harry groan, "Wha..."

"Its Christmas! C'mon now!" she bounced till she fell onto the bed, and smirked as Harry cracked open an emerald eye.

"Happy Christmas!" she said, sweetly.

He smirked, and turned over, and wrapped his arm around her, pulling her onto him, "Hmm..." was what he said as she giggled, and hugged him, "C'mon! Up!" she kissed him mouth closed on the lips, before bounding up. "Get up get dressed! We have gifts!" she bounded out, leaving Harry to sit up, "How 'can' she be so hyper?" he

murmured and checked his watch and groaned, "Seven o' clock?" he laid back down and curled up to fall back asleep, and he did... until... 'SPLASH!'

Harry jumped out of bed, soak and wet when Hermione fell to the floor in fits of giggles.

"HERMIONE!" Harry gasped, wearing nothing but boxers. Her face went red seeing his body, and she gasped, "You got a tattoo!" she said in shock. "On your back!" she said shocked, as she got up forgetting she had just plashed him with a bucket of water.

He gave her a glare, "You!" He grabbed her and lifted her making her get wet with him as she begged him to stop, "Pleaseee! You are... tattoo!" she said, smirking and touched his back and glanced around to see it.

"Whoa! Dragon? That's... wild!" she said, as he smirked, seeing her top completely soaked.

She rolled her eyes and crossed her arms, but not before pushing him onto the wet bed, "Get up!" she said, and walked out, "Now I have to change."

"Ulgh... what a way to wake." He groaned.

When Harry finally got dressed, he was wearing a green silky button up shirt, and black dress pants. His hair was all down, and he took out Hermione's presents, he got her two. Never having bought for a girlfriend before he had sought the help of Hannah and Susan for it.

When he came down the steps he was greeted with a hug from Sophie Granger, and Richard was teasing him about the rude awakening.

Harry just glared at Hermione playfully. She just smirked, and drank her milk.

"It wasn't 'that' bad!" said Hermione.

“Oh yeah? Want to be on the receiving end?” asked Harry, sitting next to her.

She snickered, “Not really.”

“Well then! Don’t judge something you haven’t experienced.” he teased, as she rolled her eyes, and passed him the biscuits, ones he had been eyeing.

“I remember when Hermione was little...” Richard started.

Hermione groaned, “Dad!” she pleaded. Harry smirked, “No no go on!” he said amused as Hermione bowed her head in shame.

Richard smiled, “She’d get up at five thirty ‘every’ Christmas morning come in wearing a reindeer outfit and jump up and down on our bed, wearing the Rudolph nose.”

Hermione groaned with embarrassment, “Dad! Stop please.”

“It was so cute! She’d try to make noises that a reindeer would and jump between us.” Richard finished.

Sophie was giggling, and looking at her daughter who was beat.

“I see... Rudolph eh?”

“Oh no.” Hermione breathed.

“Yes, but that’s NOTHING compared to the time, she got scared of the tooth fairy and ran and hid under our bed!”

Hermione groaned.

“The tooth fairy eh?”

“Guys please...”

“What about the time she thought there was Christmas in July?” asked Sophie.

“Oh man, we about ‘never’ got her out of that.” said Richard with a smile. “She had seen a TV show that was talking about Christmas in July... she hounded us and got so mad because she thought we were holding out on her.”

Hermione just groaned, “OK! Enough embarrassment!”

“We do have baby pictures.” “NOOOO!” said Hermione helplessly as Harry smirked, “Baby pictures eh?”

Hermione glared at him, and Harry just winked. “No no no!” she pulled out her wand, “I can do magic!” she said, with an evil grin, causing people to laugh.

“Not outside of school!” teased Richard.

“Oh yeah?” asked Hermione smirking.

“Uh oh! I knew it would come back to bite me.” murmured Harry.

“What?” asked Sophie.

“Harry took the tracking charm off.” Hermione teased, “I can do magic!” she was grinning like a mad woman!

“How?” asked Richard perplexed.

“Heh... that is not to be given out! NO one is to know this!” Harry gave Hermione a firm look. “Oh they won’t say nothing! They have no idea anyway.” she waved her hand smiling, “But show any baby pictures and your sleep will be interrupted with blue hair, and tentacles tonight!” she warned simply.

Sophie and Richard exchanged looks, “You can do that?” Sophie then asked. “Oh can I!” said Hermione smirking.

For once Sophie and Richard looked kind of frightened, Harry was laughing into his breakfast.

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Christmas gifts were exchanged, Harry got a wallet, muggle sugar-free candy, and two black belts from Sophie and Richard Granger.

Harry got them something quite simple, he had no idea what to get them not having put any interest in buying anyone anything he actually took a little time with this years purchases.

He got Sophie a single long lasting yellow rose and Richard sugar-free candies, bags of it.

"Thank you Harry!" Sophie gave him a huge hug, and kissed his cheek.

Richard smiled, "Do you know HOW hard it is to give a kid a sugar-free candy that's not disgusting to them?"

"Those are chocolate and they taste just like sugary stuff." Harry told him.

"Thank you Harry! Very thoughtful of you." said Richard honestly.

"Yeah! I didn't expect that." commented Hermione with a smile.

"Yeah well..." he shrugged helplessly.

He wasn't use to all this.... Family stuff. It was weird, and he felt something inside of him that kind of frightened him. Hermione got a ton of stuff from her parents.

Sirius and Remus bombarded him with gifts. Harry got a set of two way mirrors, a knife that opened any door, a large tomb of Defense and Transfiguration combos that would shock your enemies.

Parker got him a pack of quills, some invisible ink, and a new wand holster.

Blaise even got him something.

"I didn't know you knew her." commented Hermione.

"Yeah, after the beating she took from Malfoy, I sort of helped her." He told Hermione.

"Helped?" asked Hermione curiously. "Yeah... taught her how to duel."

"OH!" said Hermione smiling. "I had too! She's Parkers niece." he said shrugging. "NO matter how difficult she is."

Hermione laughed. Sophie and Richard soon left so Harry and Hermione could exchanged their gifts alone.

"I didn't... know what to get you. You're not a Quidditch Head like Ron... so I ruled that out your not a green thumbed herbologist like Neville so I ruled that out..." she held out a gift. "Happy Christmas."

He smiled, and took it, "Thanks Hermione." He said, and unwrapped it, and to his surprise he was staring back at platinum record in a glass case. "Whoa!" Harry said in surprise. He took it and lifted it and was in shock to see the signatures of Metallica Artists scribbled on it. It was their Master of the Puppets Album. Harry's ultimate favorite. How did she know this? "Amazing! How did you get it?" he said, amazed.

She smiled, "There's something in the muggle world called the Internet." she told him. She giggled, "Also, my dad has a few... special connections. So combine the two you get this!"

Harry just stared at her in surprise, "I LOVE it!" He hugged her, making her giggle, "I had no idea." she said softly.

Harry smiled, "I got you something... a couple somethings." he said, pulling out a delicate gift, and handed it to her.

"This one is just practical." he said giving her the other. "But this... I actually had to get Susan to help with it."

She smiled, and took the one that Harry wasn't handling delicately and opened it, and giggled when she seen a simple little teddy bear with a real rose wrapped around its neck.

"Here! This... was something I suggested but Susan helped get it perfected."

She smiled and took it, and delicately opened, and her eyes widen, "Whoa! Wow!" it was a glass dome and inside was a revolving magical rose it changed colors.

"That's a real rose!" he told her. "It'll never die." He told her. "Unless... you take it out of its glass dome." He told her. "It's charmed." he smiled, "Watch." He said waving his hand around it, and a soft melody slid out of it. Hermione was watching it entranced, the bright light just drew her in.

"You... wow... I LOVE it!" said Hermione. No had ever got her something so... creative. "Thank you!" she placed it down delicately and engulfed him with a big hug, and kissed him deeply on the lips, "Happy Christmas."

"Happy Christmas Hermione." he said, hugging her, as she giggled, "I love it!" she couldn't stop looking at it and she held her bear to him as Harry was looking the disk over and over.

Sophie adored the rose and Richard smiled, "Hermione told me you liked Metallica. I was surprised you liked such a mature group." He said, knealing down to take the glass item.

"I'll put an unbreakable charm on this." He said, pulling his wand out and doing so.

"It wasn't all that hard to do. I have a few... very... unexpected connections." said Richard with a warm smile.

"That's a beautiful rose!" he told Harry who smiled, lightly.

Harry was just about to take everything upstairs when there was a bang against the window causing everyone to gasp and look up to see a white faced man.

“VANDER!” Harry said suddenly running over, just as Hermione shrieked, “Vampire!”

“Its OK Hermione! He’s a good vampire...” Harry said swinging the door open.

Vander came running and stopped at the threshold, “HARRY! C’mon! Bad luck bad bad bad!”

“WHAT happened?” demanded Harry. “Its not WHAT happened! Its happening! Two deatheaters found out about Candy, there is a spy running loose in Hogwarts... they’ve found her. I can’t enter the house! The clicker is not on!”

The color drained from Harry’s face, “I got to go!” he said, quickly, and without another word he disappeared on the spot, leaving Hermione and her family very confused.

When Harry popped in he heard screams and cries of agony and curses, when Harrys’ wand was out he entered the bedroom to see two death eaters standing over Candy who was being tortured senseless by two laughing deatheaters.

“HEY! Mother fuckers!” Harry shouted, and just as one turned he whipped a long thin flame from his wand and wrapped the death eater in it just as the other one launched a Killing Curse, Harry dodged it and extended the flame and wrapped the other around, he then used his other wand and used a levitation spell before spinning them like tops against the hot flames causing their robes to split and them to scream in piercing agony and pain, as it melted the robes to ashes and moved against their skin. “YOU fuck with me you will pay the damn price!” growled Harry when he released them, they fell to the floor with a thump, and Harry used spell after spell to turn their bodies from normal to burnt, scared, and tortured targets. The anger released from him was one that was swept up by a feeling of horror as he ran over to Candy who was crying and screaming, “Harry! Help!

Pain! Hurting! Labor!" she gasped all at once, her eyes rolled in the back of her head, sweat pouring down her face, she had blood running down her cheek from her eyes.

So many things happened at once Candy squealed with intense pain from labor pains and after effects from the Cruciatus.

"Stay here! I'll be right back!" Harry pressed the Port-key activation, and he was sent straight to the Hogwarts Hospital Wing.

Madam Pomfery was just coming into the ward. "Mr. Potter!" she said in shock.

"Madam Pomfery! C'mon! Do you know how to deliver a baby?" Harry asked. "Wha... whats this about? Of course I can! I'm trained." she told him.

"Its an emergency please! Get anything you need to deliver a baby! NOW!" he shouted, making her nod and run straight to her office.

She came out with a bag full of items. Harry grabbed her and activated the port key. They appeared to hear sobbing, and cries.

Harry pulled the medi-witch into the bedroom and Madam Pomfery gasped, "Oh my god! What happened?" she asked, running over to the girl who as sobbing in pain, she used her wand to give a once over. She then pulled out a silver medical wand.

"Two deatheaters." Harry said quietly.

He pointed to the corner where they were all tied up and burnt up. Masks were off. "Macnair and Avery!" she said softly.

Harry shrugged, "Please what can I do?" insisted the teen.

"Clean towels Mr. Potter!" "Harry damn it! We haven't time for formalites." Harry said running off to his bathroom. He was glad he didn't clear everything out just yet.

“Harry! Wash your hands scrub them!” she said, all ready sending Candy into a sleeping state with a potion that went down the girls throat.

Harry did as he was told, “DON’T TOUCH NOTHING!” Pomfery shouted, from the bedroom.

Harry came running back in two minutes later, hands up. “Got it!” he seen that plenty of times on hospital shows.

“Harry...” she looked at the teen, “Whose baby is this?”

Harry looked at her, “Mine.”

Pomfery was doing several spells on Candy, and had to strip her clothes off.

“Your baby?” she said quietly. “Yes... I’m keeping it! It’s mine! We agreed!”

“I’ve just done spells... the baby used all of its magic to save itself from death... but the stress and strain caused Candy to weaken sending her into a state of panic, shock, and I won’t be able to give her a normal birth. C-Section! She’s knocked out and her breathing is very labored. Her brain cells are shutting down, and her heart is beating so fast and so rapid that if I don’t get this baby out of her, both of them will die!”

Harry felt faint, “Do what ever you have to do! I trust you Madam Pomfery!” Harry said, his feelings swelling to maximum size.

Madam Pomfery looked at him, “Poppy.” she then said, and stood, and pulled out some tools, and took the towels.

She coached Harry as of what to do, it was ten long crucial moments, when Madam Pomfery was able to extract a red and purple squawling child from Candy.

“Here! Wash it off, gently!” Poppy gave him everything he needed, and Harry held the baby in a towel and was gasping in shock, as he

ran it to the bathroom as fast as he could. His own heart thumping rapidly feeling like it was going to jump right out of his chest. So many things were happening at once. Harry hardly had time to gather himself.

His breathing was rapid, as he washed the child down, and cut the umbilical cord just like Poppy had explained, and he was aware of the child being a baby girl...

"Ssh... its OK!" the baby was squawling, straining its own vocals. It was alive! Looked 'kind' of healthy. He thought breathlessly as he got her cleaned up, and a weak smile slid on his face as he wrapped her in a blue towel. "Hi there." he then said, as he shakily, held his daughter, in his arms. He stared at her for several moments, she was still crying until her eyes opened. Bright green just like his, and she stared at him and yawned calming down.

He smiled, "Wow!" he said, softly, holding her to his chest.

She just stared before stirring back asleep. She was pink, and warm against him, as he walked to the room, to see Madam Pomfery, her eyes had tears trailing down her cheeks, and she had just covered Candy up.

"She's dead Harry..." said Madam Pomfery softly. "I'm sorry! Her body... mind... and heart, couldn't handle the tortures and the labor at the same time."

Harry just stood there, and brought his daughter to his chest, and held her snugly but gently, as e struggled not to cry, he moved back and forth gently, in place.

The baby stirred, and whimpered, "Ssh... daddy's here... he won't let no one hurt you..." he cooed gently, as the tears ran from his face. Having not cried in years, he couldn't hold back...

:I'm in tears right now. So I'm not leaving any statements. If you think its too vicious, I apologize.:

Chapter Twenty-Three: Life Goes On

Harry held his daughter in his arms, and closed his eyes, as he listened to Madam Pomfery clean up. "Is she a muggle Harry?"

"Yes." said Harry softly, as his hand ran over the back of his baby.

"We're going to have to clean her up and make it look as if she died just having the baby. Nothing else."

Harry nodded slowly, "Harry, does anyone know about the baby?" asked Poppy.

Harry winced, "No." He said. He opened his eyes, "No one knows."

Madam Pomfery sighed, as she waved her wand, and forced potions down Candy's throat to heal the internal wounds that the Cruciatus had developed.

"What do we do with them?" she asked, pointing with a disgusted look on her face.

"I'll... send an untraceable port-key to the Ministry." Harry lied. 'No,' Harry was going to bury them... they were still alive and kicking. 'What better way of getting revenge eh?'

Madam Pomfery nodded, and covered Candy up, and walked over, "Let me see her Harry, I need to check her over and make sure she's breathing all right, and find out what she needs." she said, and gave a weak smile, when Harry delicately handed her the baby.

"Oh... she's beautiful." Whispered the nurse.

"I'll need to call for the medics and stuff... and explain what happened." Harry said quietly. "Poppy!" Harry then said walking over slowly, his feet and legs felt like lead.

She looked up as she ran a silver wand over the baby who was fast asleep and twitching.

"Would... you... keep this quiet?" he asked, "I don't want to lose her." Poppy just stared at him before turning her eyes back onto the baby, "She weighs 4 lbs 8 oz. That's... not so bad for a premature infant." She told him. "I tested the female she was 29 weeks pregnant." she told him.

"Yeah... February."

"Actually January 30th." she told Harry. "Muggles are always off by a week or so."

"Do you have a name?" asked Poppy, trying to look on the bright side of things, although at the moment its quite dim.

"Uh..." Harry looked at the baby, and smiled weakly and touched her forehead causing her to stir and whimper.

The top of her head was black. It was apparent she adopted his hair and eyes. He didn't know many girl names, and hadn't given it a thought yet. Then one hit him. "Eve Evans." he then said. "Name her Eve after the first woman to ever walk the earth."

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Harry did everything he could, to make sure all the muggle laws were abided.

Poppy stayed with him and gave the statement under a false name. It seemed out of the ordinary for such a Hogwarts Nurse to do so, but the extent of what happened could not leak out to muggles or anyone for that matter, and Poppy had a heart. When ever she glanced over at Harry who was holding his child, her heart would melt that much more. It was apparent that the automatic attachment was all ready in place, and merlin help anyone who stood in the way of him and his daughter.

The medics insisted on the child being taken to an emergency and checked over, and given proper birth records and papers. Harry did not argue, he was going to raise her as a muggle.

Poppy also informed him later that night before she left, that Eve may be a muggle after what happened.

“She used so much of her magical fields, that there’s a 75 percent chance the baby will stay a muggle. She will not be a squib because the female Candace was not a witch.” she told Harry, who didn’t care at the moment. “All children that are born witch or wizard has magic even at birth but if that magic is somehow used up, it is likely the child will turn out to be muggle.”

The less magic she had the safer his daughter would be, out of the public eye.

“That’s least of my worries Poppy!” he said, quietly.

She looked at him, “I want to see this child again tomorrow! Where will you be?” she asked. “Out of my judgement I will keep this quiet!” said Poppy.

Harry looked at her with relief in his eyes, “Oh thank you.”

“I’ve been in this profession for years, and I know what I see.” Harry gave her his new address, before he was taken in the ambulance with his daughter in his arms.

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Harry was discouraged that the Dr.’s and nurses wanted to keep the child overnight. Harry didn’t want to leave her.

“She must be looked after Mr. Evans! To make sure she is healthy enough for you to take home.” said the nurse.

Harry scowled, “I’m not leaving without her!” Harry said firmly. He wasn’t going to allow anyone to get near the nursery if he had his say.

“Mr. Evans, it does no good to wait.” said the nurse.

"Want to bet that?" asked Harry silkily. "Read my lips... lady. I am staying." his eyes narrowed, and she nearly squeaked, and nodded before walking off down the hall but not without a look back.

Harry sunk down into a bench near the nursery and leaned forward his elbows on his knees, he rubbed his tired face, and tried to block out tonight's events. He was going to have to talk to Candy's parents, and he had no idea how he was going to do this. He was sure they were all ready being contacted. He had two people to deal with but he would be damned if he left his daughter alone. He sat there with things running through his mind when a female nurse came over and held out a paper, "Would you sign this Mr. Evans?" she asked, professionally.

Harry took the pen and looked at it, it was for Eve's birth certificate. He scribbled his name, using Evans and not Potter.

"Have you come up with a middle name?" asked the nurse. "It's a bit unorthodox now days."

Harry looked up at her, "Erm..." he glanced around him, when he seen a little blonde haired girl running through the wing, and a young mother shouting, "Madison! Get back here." "Madison." He said simply. The nurse smiled, "That is a pretty name."

He nodded, "Yeah..." he said, handing her the paper, when she gave him another. "For her very first shots."

Harry took it and read it over, and signed off on them. He was left to his own thoughts after that.

"Harry!" said a calm voice. Harry looked up after a few moments to see Parker standing there, wearing muggle clothes, looking quite weird. He must have gotten into Harry's drawers.

"Hi Parker." Harry said glumly. Parker sat next to Harry, "What happened?"

"Candy's dead." said Harry softly. "They tortured her, and she went into labor."

Parker's eyes widen, "The child?" "A baby girl... she's fine. Eve Madison Evans. 4lbs not so bad for a premie." Harry said, hoarsely.

"I'm sorry Harry... where's the deatheaters?" he asked, Harry softly.

"There tied up half alive in my closet under a concealment charm. The cops and ambulance are there at the moment cleaning everything up and roping things off."

"What are you going to do?" asked Parker. "Bury them alive." whispered Harry.

Parker glanced over, "Do you need help?" he offered.

"I might." he stated simply. "It's on...!" Harry said lethally. "I'll kill every one of them damn supporters."

Parker sighed, "You'll have even more to kill Harry."

Harry looked at Parker, "What do you mean?"

"Voldemort, knew the second you found out about Candy, that you would run to her without any other thought..." Parker looked at him, "It is said that Voldemort is more worried about you than Dumbledore. Voldemort went to Azkaban while that was going on tonight." he told Harry.

"Every dementor joined, and all of Voldemort's supporters are back with him even as we speak." Parker said quietly.

Harry just stared down at the ground his green eyes blazing, "It's on... it is 'so' on." he said, in a calm cold voice.

Parker looked over at Harry and placed a hand on the teens shoulder, "Right now Harry, worry about taking care of your daughter."

Harry simply nodded, "Yeah..." he then offered a half smile, "Want to see her?"

Parker smiled, "Would I?" he stood quickly.

Harry pointed her out, and Parker smirked, "Well... fifteen and a daddy!" he teased.

Harry rolled his eyes, "I don't look at it like that." he murmured. "Of course not!" Parker smirked, "Sirius was worried when Remus showed up with Shari."

"Hopefully we get out tomorrow. I have a LOT of stuff to get and do. I have not the slightest clue about children." he admitted.

"You'll learn...!" said Parker. "I didn't have a clue about you."

"I was five and a half! At least I could eat by myself."

"True..." Parker muttered. "You could also dress yourself, even though you didn't understand tag in the back."

Harry chuckled, "I was five!" "Yes... and you looked like you were three." Parker teased.

"Shut up!" Harry grumbled, "What? You did!"

"I'll be damned if she looks like that at five." he insisted, pointing his finger at the plexy glass.

"She's beautiful." said Parker.

Harry smirked, "Yeah... she is. One dies one lives. I don't know how to feel Parker." He admitted. "On one hand I'm so ecstatic that she's alive and that she's a girl! Then on the other hand, Candy suffered, and was murdered..."

"Don't you dare say it was your fault." said Parker. "It wasn't your fault. You had wards on the apartment is that correct?"

"Yes..." said Harry. "You did what you could. They could have only apparated in had they been invited."

“We need to place wards on my new flat.” he told Parker.

Parker nodded, “I’ll go and get that started on if you want me too. Fidelius?” he asked.

Harry nodded, “Yeah...”

“All right... I’ll need to get Remus’ help. He’s better at it than I am.”

“I’ll take the secret.” said Harry quietly.

Parker nodded, and checked the time. It was eleven-thirty. “What are you going to do about Hermione?” he asked.

Harry’s eyes widen momentarily, “Shit! I forgot.” he said, rubbing his face he turned and sat back down by the window, as Parker sat with him. He could see the deep crows feet underneath Harry’s eyes.

“Want me to give her a message for you?” asked Parker.

Harry looked at him, “What do you say to a girl that you ran out on because a Vampire showed up at her door?”

Parker just stared at Harry, “If you trust her, tell her the truth.”

Harry just stared at him, “I don’t trust hardly anyone Parker! Let alone trust a girl I’ve been dating for a little more than a month. No way! She’d never understand, and she’d flip out.”

Parker leaned against the wall in thought, “How bout, I go over there, and tell her that something serious has happened and leave it at that?” Harry rubbed the side of his face with a deep sigh, “What if she finds the need to go to Dumbledore?”

“I still need to go over and get your trunk.” He told Harry who nodded, “Take it to the flat. Just tell her, I’ll talk to her later, and that I haven’t ran out on her.”

Parker nodded, and stood, "Want me to come by in the morning? I know you'll have to go get yourself a few things if you're going to take care of her right."

Harry just sat there, and looked over his shoulder, and nodded, "Yeah, I don't want to leave her alone. I don't trust anyone." he responded. "I'll deal with the Death Eaters later."

Parker smiled softly, "I'll see you Harry! Relax." he told the teen, before heading toward the double doors.

Harry leaned back and stared straight ahead at the ceiling. He couldn't afford to fall into a sleep. He didn't trust anyone walking past the ward. He kept his eyes open and alert.

The nurse came over twice to see if he was all right. "Do you need me to get you a coffee Mr. Evans?"

"No, I'm fine." Harry stated simply.

The hours on the wall passed, and Harry was up pacing, minute by minute staring into the nursery as the nurses entered every so often, to check on the babies.

Harry moved his hand to his belt, and unclipped a phial and glanced around him when it was deserted he downed it. It defied all he believed in, but he was going to stay awake if it killed him. He wasn't up for stimulant potions, but he always kept a couple on him in case of an emergency. The potion livened him up, to where he felt active. It was an ingredient much like caffeine, but it was twice the stimulant caffeine was. It was considered a drug. It was the sting of billywigs. Pro-Quidditch Players had been caught using these potions and were suspended from the field for several games. They called it cheating, if you couldn't take the heat of the game get out of it.

Wizards use to get stung by them on purpose for an ultimate high. Harry used the stings combined with fairy wings and the powdered unicorn horn, were the three key ingredients to keep you awake for as long as you need. But too much could make your heart stop.

The crows feet disappeared from underneath his eyes, and he spent most of his time watching, arms crossed. Sometimes he moved, sometimes he didn't.

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He was searching through baby magazines, when the sun came up. The shifts of the nurses changed while Harry was on the ward and several of the morning nurses came in questioning him.

"I'm not leaving without my daughter." Harry said simply.

"How long have you been here?" asked a nurse.

Harry shrugged, "Oh... about eight hours or more." Harry said simply.

She just gave him an odd look before walking away.

Harry was sat there till eight that morning, when he came face to face with Bob and Carol. Harry's heart sank, as he seen them, Carol's eyes were red as fire, and Bob just had a deadpanned face.

Harry stood to face them, "Where is our grandchild?" asked Carol swiftly.

"She's in there."

"It's a girl?" asked Bob slowly.

"Yes, Eve Madison Evans, four pounds." said Harry.

"What happened?" asked Bob, sternly.

Harry sighed, "She went into labor, I was contacted while away. The nurse at my school delivered the baby. She was too weak, and it all came to fast. Her body couldn't handle it, and her heart stopped." said Harry.

"That's whawt the police and medics say." said Carol, who seemed to hiccup into a hankerchief.

"Where were you at the time?" asked Bob. "When I was contacted, I was at my godfathers house for Christmas. I figured she would be with you."

"She was! She got tired and went home." remarked Carol.

"Why did she go to YOUR flat?" asked Bob.

"I told her she was welcome to it anytime. She is having my child, and if she was unable to continue work and needed a place to stay she was more than welcome." stated Harry simply, he crossed his arms.

"How long have you been here? WE didn't expect you to be here this early." Bob looked at Harry, who just glanced evenly at him.

"I've been here since she was brought in. I have not left. I have not fallen asleep. I'm not leaving till I have her in my arms." said Harry simply.

Bob and Carol exchanged looks, "Candace told us... you were going to..."

"Yes, we talked and agreed that I would have custody of the baby. Candy, didn't think she could do it, and didn't want to have the child in the first place."

Bob sighed, "You're serious about this? Even if you are sixteen years old?"

Harry just stared at Bob, "I'll be damned if my daughter leaves my sight. I grew up without any parents. I'll be damned if my daughter grows up that way."

"Do you really think you can take over responsibility for an infant?" asked Carol.

"I know I can Mrs. Samson. I can and I will." said Harry simply.

There was tension between the three. Harry looked at them, "Are you making funeral arrangements?"

"We are going following this visit. We wanted to talk to you about our grandchild's living arrangements." said Bob.

"She's mine." said Harry simply. "She's my daughter, and I'm not giving her up, or allowing anyone other than myself take her. So you can drop the subject and be on your way. I would like to attend the funeral if you have no objections."

"There are no objections to that. Do you plan on allowing us to see our granddaughter?" asked Carol.

"Of course, I do!" said Harry quietly. "I have ONE objection however."

"What is that?" Bob crossed his arms.

Harry gave him an even calm look and spoke, "Until you move from Privet Drive and away from the Dursleys, there will be no long term stays, you got it?"

"You can't do that! We're entitled!" But Carol was broke off.

"I'm not doing this to spite you." Harry said, raising a hand. "I'm doing this to protect my daughter from two crazy human beings who don't give a damn about anyone but themselves! This isn't open for discussion you two. My daughter will not step foot 'near' Surrey."

"I think you're being a little harsh... Petunia and Vernon are very ni.."

"If you finish that..." Harry slowly hissed, "You will 'never' see your granddaughter again. I guarantee it. I know how to disappear. I did it for ten years. I'll do it again."

Bob and Carol looked at each other. Carol breathed deeply, and Harry did not move or waver, it was clear on his face. The teen was not giving into anyone.

"C'mon Carol! We have things to do." said Bob his arm touching her arm.

She just hiccupped and nodded, "You're welcome to the funeral Harry."

It wasn't long before they left...

Harry just scowled at the double doors before his eyes fell on his daughter who was being examined at this very moment.

"Hey!" said the voice next to him. Harry sighed, "Parker... you're early."

"No, I'm right on time. Have you had ANY sleep?" he asked.

"No, I've got a stimulant running."

"Oh damn... Billywig Potion?" he asked. "What other potion keeps you awake for so long?"

"Get what you need to done! I'm here." said Parker.

Harry turned his eyes on Parker, "What did Hermione say?"

Parker shrugged, "I didn't tell Hermione. I snuck into the house and got all your stuff. I figured it would be the best way."

Harry just smirked, "What about Sirius? They're expecting me. Dumbledore will know I'm not there."

"Let me handle them. You go get everything you need! I got this off of one Madam Pomfery, who will be here at noon, as soon as she's out of sight of Dumbledore. That was a smart thing you did there Harry! Going to her like that." said Parker.

"I hadn't a choice! It was either her or someone from St. Mungo's!" Harry told him.

"You made a good choice." Parker said giving him a rare smile.

Harry sighed, and took the list of items, and read over them carefully, "This is all muggle?"

"Yes, believe it or not, Madam Pomfery married a muggle man." Harry glanced up, "Did she? When? She's always at school?"

"He died of a muggle disease called Leukemia. Even wizards can't do a thing about it." Parker told him.

Harry glanced at him, "I didn't know. How long were they married?" he asked.

"Seven and a half years before he died. The therapy he was taking by muggles left him steril unable for him to have children."

Harry turned and stared at his daughter, "I want to see her before I leave." he said, going over to call a nurse.

Harry couldn't hide a smile, as he held his daughter in his arms. She was wiggling slightly, and twitching.

"Hi, Eve." Harry said softly, his eyes gazing at the little movement in his arms.

She stirred at the soft voice, and opened her green eyes, and stared up at Harry her mouth moving in a yawn, as she had her fist up in the air.

Harry smiled, "Someone's awake." He said softly.

He brushed the side of her cheek with his thumb. Her cheeks were rosy and her nose matched that of Harry's. She had Candy's chubby cheeks. He spoke softly in a voice he would never use on a regular basis. All of his pride was thrown out the window, as he allowed one female to know his extremely soft side, a side that no one has ever seen.

He kissed her cheek gave her back, and passed Parker who handed him the list. "Be careful Harry! Don't start tripping out from that narcotic."

"It's not a narcotic! Its not even illegal!" Harry said, annoyed.

"But it's a narcotic! Approved by St. Mungo's as a narcotic."

Harry glared at him, "Don't even say it Parker!" Harry said, with a huff. "It's either this or fall asleep and allow some moron D.E. steal her away! I don't.. fuckin' think so." Harry hissed

"I think you're a little over protective Harry." said Parker. "I'm going to bet that they think since she was tortured the baby died too."

Harry glared at Parker, "Don't use those two words in the same sentence."

Parker just crossed his arms, "This is particularly 'why' they considered Billywig Potion Narcotics! Turns you against yourself." Harry scowled, and glared at Parker who held out a potion phial. "Go on take it! It's a sleeping potion it'll wipe all the affects of Billywig Potion."

"I don't have time to sleep Parker!" Harry insisted.

"You need it! You're going to be up night and day with her! You need it! Do it! I will NOT allow her to leave my sight! I swear it Harry." Parker insisted, handing him the shrunken phial.

Harry just sighed, "Fine... I'll take it." said Harry.

"I've also set up a few things in your flat before I came over." Parker told him. "I took out your old bed from the pub."

Harry nodded, "OK."

"Also, I shrunk all your stuff and moved it out. The bodies are being held in Hogwarts with the others. They are barely living, and the elves really want to take care of them."

Harry thought about this, "Yeah, let them take care of them... I want them alive for what I'm going to do to them." said Harry slyly, before walking away leaving Parker to sigh, "Boy, you are really high." he murmured to himself, as he walked over, and peered in to see one of the nurses checking one of the baby boys.

Harry did as Parker was told, he got to his new flat, and entered, to see it much bigger and much more lively. He noticed some of his stuffs arranged in odd ways. "Parkers taste." murmured Harry as he crashed on the couch, and laid there for a moment. He waved his most powerful wand to place a detection charm before downing the potion, and being knocked unconscious before he could drop the phial.

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It was evening when Harry came out of the nearest shopping mall with bags and bags of items. He was using the SUV, that he had bought for Candy. He needed a suitable ride and floo powder or port-key will not work.

He got the plates changed and everything, he was well rested and off Billywig Potion and suddenly felt the urge to apologize to Parker, for way he acted. "Aw well, he knows." he murmured sliding in and placing things to the side. Harry had to make his way through the women who were trying to get in on the last of the items. Day after Christmas was hell but Harry didn't have much of a choice, and so he faught his way, snidely, rudely, and even shoved a few of the ladies out of the way to get what he needed. Like it was said, Harry was never accused of being nice.

Harry pulled into the hospital about eight that night, and slid out, with a sigh. He adjusted his leather jacket, before heading up towards the hospital.

When he entered he glanced around him before going down the maternity wing.

"Excuse me young man, you're going down the wrong wing." said a female nurse.

Harry just arched an eyebrow, "No, I'm pretty sure since I stayed up all night last night, that I'm in the right wing." the teen sneered with disgust. "I can describe it front to back...! Now move out of my way, or be moved."

She moved quickly, Harry passed her and went through the double doors to see Parker talking with Remus.

"Hey Harry! How you feeling?" asked Parker standing.

Harry nodded, "Better, thanks for knocking some sense into me."

Remus smiled softly, "She's beautiful."

Harry smiled, and glanced over to see his daughter, and nodded, "Yeah!" He agreed.

Remus had his hands in his pockets, and he had one foot on the bench.

"I talked to Sirius, and he's at the moment in the same room with your girlfriend."

Harry groaned, "Oh shit!" he slapped himself on the forehead.

Remus looked over with sympathy, "She has NO idea what's going on and Sirius is trying his hardest to smooth it over."

"Is he doing a good job?" asked Harry.

"He's doing a horrendous job!" Remus answered.

"Damn..." He murmured.

"Hermione's a smart witch." he told Harry.

"Tell me something I haven't figured out Remus!" Harry murmured sitting down and sighing, "Well, I bought a crib, a basinet, a car seat,

blankets, bottles, diapers, baby wipes. Damn children need a lot of shit!" Harry then said causing Parker to snort and sit. "That it?"

"No! Then I bought some clothes, a stroller, and one of those jolly jump up items!" He said with a half smile, "They looked fun!" He told them. "More clothes, more diapers, oh! I stocked up on formula and a ton of bottles. Still have no damn idea how to make a bottle. Hell, I don't even know how to change a diaper."

Remus started laughing and Parker was snickering, "Poor Harry."

Harry just shrugged, "I'll learn. I also got a play pen, and..." he smirked, "Everything that was in the baby aisle, I bought." He summoned.

"Everything?" asked Remus snickering. "Yeah! Everything! The cashier just gave me an odd look."

"Of course she would..." Parker snorted, trying to see Harry buying baby items.

"It's all shrunken in the car." Harry told them. "Did Poppy come by?" he then asked.

"Yes, she came by and checked out Eve, and gave her some of her own potions to help the baby gain a little weight." Parker told Harry who nodded, "How did she give an infant a potion?"

"Through I.V."

"Ow." Harry said subconsciously. "I also brought some clothes so she can go home in it." He pulled out a pink bootie outfit that had a white bunny, and a pink hat to match.

"You'll have to figure out how to dress a baby." Teased Remus.

Harry just gave him a look, "I'll learn." he murmured. "When should I go and... talk to Hermione?"

“WHen ever you feel the need to get your head cut off.” Remus answered.

Parker snorted with amusement, “The Dr. came out and wanted you to sign these forms. She can be released in a few hours.” he handed Harry the papers.

Harry looked over them, and read them thoroughly. “Guys, I have a feeling, I am going to have some grandparent problems.” He told them sourly.

“What do you mean?” asked Parker.

“Candy’s parents. They came by this morning... they were hinting around about Eve, wanting custody. I told them flat out... hell no and no child of mine is going to step foot in Privet Drive.” he said, taking the offered pink from Parker and scribbling his name onto the documents.

“Oh dear, looks like you may.” said Remus simply. “They could... try and take this to the muggle courts.”

Harry scowled, “I’ll obliviate them.”

“Would you really do that?” asked Remus. “That’s a bit cruel.”

Parker looked at Remus, “You are such a damn Gryffindor!” he grunted. “Do you have any idea how dangerous people like ‘that’ can be?” asked Parker. “They live next door to the Dursleys! On the same street Harry was abused and grew up on. Do you really think this little girl should have no father?”

Remus sighed, “I’m just trying to think rationally!”

“What else you want me to do Remus? I’m not having my daughter taken away. I’ll fight till the death.” Harry sternly. “NO one touches her no one is taking her...”

“How bout... simple threat.” said Remus. He hated threats but it was better than Harry’s first option.

Harry shrugged, "No idea, let me see what they try to pull first, then we'll go from there. Hopefully, they won't give me too much trouble."

"Are you going to the funeral?" asked Parker. "Of course, I have to go!" said Harry, softly.

Parker and Remus stayed with Harry, and they were talking over it quietly. Harry would stand and look over every so often before continuing his discussion.

"What about Dumbledore? Has he any clue?"

"He suspects something is up. Since Azkaban was broken into, he's been busy with that. Fudge is hounding him like bees on honey, for help and answers." Remus told him.

Parker rubbed his forehead, and looked up at Harry who was now thumbing through a baby book.

"I'll deal with the old man when I have time. Right now, there's a lot to get done."

"Hermione." said Remus simply. Harry groaned, "I don't know what to say." he admitted. "I don't want to tell her. I really do not."

"I think she'd understand." said Remus.

Parker shrugged, "Leave me out of this." he held up his hands.

"She'd flip out Remus! She flipped out when she found out that I slept with Justin's sister who happened to be a stripper!"

Remus blanched, "WHAT? Since when did you..."

"It was a total accident! I didn't even know Remus! I had no idea until Christmas Eve." he said, sighing. "How did I know that her brother was a Hufflepuff or my soon to be friend." he snorted, "I'm not a seer!" he thumbed through the book and stopped it on formula making, and read it over several times as he half listened to Remus and Parker bickering back and forth.

"I'm tired of being here." Harry said suddenly. "I want my daughter, and I want to go home." Standing, Harry walked over to the nearest nurse.

"I'm sorry, but we can't release her until the Dr. gives the ok." said the nurse.

Harry scowled, "You better hurry it up!" he growled, making her eyes widen, "Mr. Evans... I assure you, your daughter is in the best hands."

"I don't care! I have my own Dr.! I believe she came in! Poppy McGill?"

The nurse gave Harry a disdainful look before responding, "Yes, but our Dr. wants.." "I don't give a flying fuck what your Dr. wanted! I have the release papers! It says here she's fine, and ready to go home as SOON as I sign these! I'm here, I signed them, I want my daughter!" he growled.

She took the papers, wordlessly and walked off quickly.

"Boy Harry, you really enjoy harassing the nurses?" Remus asked, with a flicker of amusement in his eye.

"She was being a total bitch!" he grunted. "Did you see the way she looked at me? As if I wasn't 'good' enough! I'll show her good enough with a hex up her arse!" Harry said snidely.

Ten minutes later, Harry gently laid her in the pink precious moment carseat he picked up, and wrapped a soft pink blanket around her. He adjusted her hat, with a weak smile. Eve was yawning at the moment and stirred, and opened her eyes. "We're going home finally." Harry told her. She just made a funny gurgling noise, as Harry bent down and kissed the top of her head, and lifted her, as Parker and Remus walked on both sides. Remus had to get a good look at her and Parker was just smirking. "At least she's better looking than you!" he teased making Harry scoff, and roll his eyes. He had a smile on his face though.

"I'll go pull the car around since 'I' know how to drive." said Remus taking the keys.

"I never found the need." muttered Parker. "I'm a pureblood! I'd rather not leave my world."

Harry just gave him a smirk, "Aw... you know you're curious."

"Curiosity kill the cat, isn't that you always say?" sneered Parker.

Harry smiled, "Might... do you actually 'listen' to me?"

"For some weird reason, I do." muttered the Slytherin blandly.

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Harry got to the flat that evening, Eve was fast asleep as Harry delicately placed her on the couch. Remus was searching the house.

"I need to find the middle of this place." Remus told him.

When he did, Harry watched as Remus cast a vibrant blue haze in the middle which was near the coffee table. The blue haze spread quickly covering everyone and everything and it was done, Remus pointed his wand at Harry and murmured some latin phrases. "Harry repeat after me." said Remus.

Harry nodded, "I Harry James Potter am the soul secret guardian of London Grove apartment D, London, England." the blue haze suddenly was sucked up into Harry who winced feeling a tad bit uncomfortable, but soon he felt nothing and it vanished.

Remus groaned as he stared around himself, he was in nothing but a grassy field at the moment and so was Parker. "Harry!" he griped.

Harry whispered the secret to his daughter before whispering it to Remus and Parker who were all staring around as if they were blind bats.

"It's done and it works." said Remus.

"You bet it does! I was stuck in a field for a moment there." commented Parker a bit uncomfortable.

"I seen you all the whole time." said Harry smirking.

"Smart ass!" griped Parker, as he walked around, "Anything else you need Harry?"

"No, I think I can add the last of the spells."

"Let me add a few of my own!" said Remus. "I'd feel better if I can." He said, looking around.

Harry nodded, "All right." he agreed. "Can't ever have too much protection." rationalized the teen father, who walked over to his daughter and pulled back the visor. She was fast asleep her tiny hand was gripping the blanket. Harry sat down with exhaustion, his hand touching the carseat and he rocked it gently, as he watched Parker and Remus shoot spells and his apartment light up every so often.

"I'm going to go check the mail boxes really quick." said Remus, heading out the door into the freezing cold weather.

Parker and Harry were left alone. "Tell me when those two D.E.'s get half better." said Harry.

Parker nodded, "I will Harry." he looked at the teen, "What are you going to do?"

Harry tilted his head, "What would you do if someone threatened your niece's life and nearly killed her?"

Parker nodded mutely, not even having to voice what he was thinking.

"What about school Harry?" he asked.

Harry shrugged, "What's it matter? I have more important things to do."

“Dumbledore will be questioning.” He told Harry.

“Don’t accept any lemon drops or any type of tea from the old man.” Parker just stared at him as he slid into the armchair, “Why the fuck would I in the first place?” he asked, as Harry smirked, “That is true.”

Remus came in, “All right! The mailbox is blocked from view and your car is even gone from D’s parking space.” He said, proud of his handy work.

“Do you have everything you need? I’ve just been summoned to an Order meeting.” said Remus.

Harry thought about this, “No, I have everything, thanks Remus.”

“No problem. Parker...” Remus looked at the Slytherin, “Dumbledore wants to talk to you as well.”

Harry stood, “Here! Give these to Sirius in private! The second he signs them... I’m free.” papers were shoved into Parker’s hand.

The Slytherin nodded, “Be seeing you kid! Don’t get into too much trouble and good luck. You’re gonna need it!” He teased, as he walked out with Remus with a click.

Harry just sighed, and crashed on the couch, “Well Eve.” he said slowly. “It’s just you and I! What do you say to that?” he asked, as he heard her whimper and stir.

“What I thought.” he murmured.

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12 Grimmauld Place 9:01 P.M.

Parker and Remus showed up together... the house was stirring and Sirius was up, “Guys!”

Remus hugged Sirius, and slipped papers in his pocket, “Sign them immediately!” whispered Remus.

Sirius just looked at him, and nodded.

"Where's Harry?" asked Hermione jumping up. "Is he hurt? Did that damn thing hurt him?" she was nearly hysterical.

Parker sighed, "Harry is just fine Hermione!" he gave her a pointed look to hush.

She understood the look and gave him a confused look before sitting down next to Ron and Ginny.

"Is he all right?" asked Mrs. Weasley with worry, even though she didn't know the boy she still worried.

"He's just fine! He had a few personal affairs to take care of." said Parker sitting down but not before staring around, "Good merlin Sirius! Did your parents live like this?" he asked, disgusted.

Sirius snorted, "You have no idea." he said disgusted. "Even by my standards this is hideous!" Parker commented.

"Thanks! Cheers me up!" Sirius told him.

"Anytime." he said dryly.

Sirius was reading over papers, and quickly grabbed Hermione's quill and signed on all of them, causing the papers to make a violent movement and a soft gold glow emitted from it.

"Good! Sealed!" said Parker, as Sirius smiled and slipped them in his pocket.

"What's sealed?" asked Mr. Weasley curiously.

"Oh just a few things I have been thinking about for a while." said Sirius, handing Hermione's quill back.

She gave him a curious look when Dumbledore entered the scene at the moment.

He glanced around, "I am quite concerned." He said as Severus passed and sat next to Parker. The two exchanged looks, before their attention went to Dumbledore.

"Hermione, you contacted me last night, you said an odd looking man that you thought was a vampire came to your house wanting Harry?" asked Dumbledore.

Hermione looked for a second at Parker, who had his head bowed, he gently moved his head to one side and then the other.

She sighed, "It wasn't a vampire." she lied softly. "It was... one of his street friends. He was pale and sickly like a vampire, but he came in so..."

"I thought you said he was for sure a vampire?" asked Dumbledore more pushingly.

Hermione shook her head wondering why she was lying when Harry could be a corpse somewhere. She was trusting Parker on this one.

"No, it was just the way he looked. He told Harry something urgent came up, something about a girl named Candy." she said, quietly.

Dumbledore looked over at Parker, "Parker do you happen to know anything? I happen to have run across Candy Samson the day I met Harry for the first time."

Parker had to think about this 'very' quickly. "Yeah, Harry helped Candy out of a few problems. There is nothing going on between those two anymore. Actually, he couldn't stand her." said Parker, simply.

"Parker, is there something serious you are not telling us?" asked Dumbledore.

Parker crossed his arms, "Nothing that has anything to do with the wizard world." he shrugged. "It's a muggle problem a muggle situation that does not require a wizard or witch. If Harry was in danger I would

take matters into my own hands and I wouldn't be here with you all!" Parker sneered.

There was a few scowls at him, but Parker simply stated, "Harry, wants his private business to stay exactly that! Private."

"But if it seemed urgent."

"How do you know that it wasn't a bunch of street idiots breaking into his apartment?" He then asked. "That's none of your business! You are NOT his guardian." said Parker.

"And neither are you!" said Dumbledore simply.

Parker just gave him a cool look, "I know that Headmaster, thank you for pointing it out so nicely. But the fact is, Harry does NOT need anyone to worry about him. He told me to tell Hermione that he is very sorry that he ran out and hopes you can forgive him and when he gets everything in order he will find you." said Parker.

"Remus, what do you know?" Dumbledore asked, giving up on the Slytherin.

Remus looked at him, "Why would you think I know something?"

"You two walked in together." said Dumbledore. "I'm assuming you were with Parker." Remus leaned back in his chair and stared at the table. "Like it was said, its nothing of wizarding importance."

"Does this have anything to do with Azkaban? Did he know about it somehow?" asked Dumbledore.

Parker snorted, "He had no damn idea. He had his own worries to think about Headmaster. It's all your fault that Azkaban was broken into! You don't know how to take things into your own hands! The only smart one here is next to me!" said Parker moving his thumb toward Snape. "I'm betting he told you months ago that this was planned! But you all just play a waiting game allow it to happen! Who gives a damn about rules! Sometimes you've got to play dirty! Even if it means by resorting to drastic measures! That's the ONLY way you are going to get anything done!" Parker was steamed at the moment.

'Oh how he hated the Headmaster.' The old man had been in power far to long.

There was silence and everyone was gaping at Parker. Hermione asked calmly, "Who is Candy?"

"No one you need to worry about Hermione." said Parker, staring at her. "He's completely faithful to you. Candy, was a girl who was in big trouble, and Harry helped her out of that trouble, by knocking a few muggles unconscious. I think Harry ought to tell you the rest. It is not my place."

"So he's safe right?" asked Sirius. "Yes... very safe... he's at home at the moment."

"I could pay him a visit." said Dumbledore softly, stroking his beard.

Parker shook his head, "Sorry, that won't work. He moved."

Dumbledore looked at Parker in disbelief. "I'll talk to his landlord, I'm sure he..."

"Do you really think, Harry left traces of himself behind?" asked Parker. "You're still underestimating him old man!"

People were shocked at Parker's attitude toward Dumbledore.

"He's still under age."

"And its my job." said Sirius. "Or... it was, had I not signed a set of legal documents." He pulled out the parchment, and opened it. "You can rip it up shred it all you want but the second I signed it a copy went to Gringotts, and every department in the Ministry, just in case you tried to dodge any of it for some weird reason."

There were gasps, and Dumbledore took the documents. "Do you realize, this is dangerous?" he said his eyes were blazing with anger.

Sirius looked at Dumbledore, "I trust my godson, and I believe that since he disappeared from you for ten years, that he's done a pretty damn good job of staying out of the eye."

“Sirius! You shouldn’t have done that!” Tonks admonished.

“Shut up Tonks! You’re too brainwashed! It took a fifteen year old with balls to stick up to you Headmaster! That HIT me like a ton of bricks.” he stated simply. “Everyone, agrees with everything you say, no questions asked!” he snorted, “I felt ridiculous for it! So many things I was against! I never spoke up! I was being yanked around by a chain. Well, I might be a dog, but I’m not stupid and I’m not going to do it any longer.” said Sirius angrily. “I have respect Headmaster for you. You are a powerful human being. But that’s just it... you are human.”

There was quiet all around, the Order had no idea what to say, and Snape was giving Sirius a look he had never even ‘thought’ of giving the grim like animagus.

“The animagus has a point Albus.” growled Mad Eye, who had been quiet this whole time. His blue eye whizzing all around.

“I believe Potter, has earned the right to have his own say in his life.” Mad Eye pointed out.

“I don’t think that is wise. You all realize what is at stake.” said Dumbledore softly. This was NOT going the way he wanted.

“We do! We know there’s a damn prophecy! And it probably says that Harry and Voldemort will have some sort of stupid face off!” snapped Sirius. “BUT... I’ll be damned if you walk him into a trap. I’ll be damned if you use my godson as a tool for your war. I’m sure my godson will kick ass... but let him do it on his own. That’s the only way this war is going to end! No one is going to push him or pull him or make him do something he don’t want. I found that out with just ten minutes of sitting down and talking to him.” Sirius sat and crossed a leg, and waited for everyone to make their comments.

“No one knows Harry like I do!” said Parker. “Sorry Hermione, not even you.” he stated, seeing her mouth open. “You don’t realize, just how much smarter he is than you all.”

There were some scowls and some glares, but Parker smirked, "He kicked my ass in dueling!" stated Parker simply. "And I'm no damn push over! You seen what he did to Draco Malfoy, when he was pissed off. You might want to watch it, Harry Potter is powerful and he's mean." said Parker. "He'll never go to the dark side..." he added seeing some people's faces. "I know that for a fact. But, he is not nice. He hates everyone he first meets. No matter who you are." He smirked, "He's a snarky little bastard who has a habit of leaving a very bad aftertaste in your mouth. Even if his intentions turn out to be good."

"There's nothing you can do Headmaster. Harry's officially his own keeper, even in the muggle world." said Sirius, softly.

Dumbledore couldn't believe how three people an ex-con, an out of tune Slytherin, and a teenage git could push him into a corner he was having trouble getting out. His plan was falling apart, crumbling like a cookie in the hands of a child. He had this planned from the beginning to make Harry into his own, and to guide him and to keep him safe until further notice, no matter what the cost, but he was finding himself being thrown against the wall by people he least suspected, would do such a thing. Even the werewolf, had a small role in this and what that role was he hadn't figured out and even Hermione was being swayed by her teenage hormones and emotions. This was turning into a circus, one he was going to have to put down quickly, but how? Documents signed the only authority he had was when Harry was at school, but he was betting the teen had read every law and every by law from the time Hogwarts was built to now. He hadn't felt this old in months. He had to grasp a hold of this somehow. It was all for the greater good, no matter the cost.

"You give me no choice Sirius but to exclude you from now on in anything that has to do with the Order." said Dumbledore quietly. "You too Remus."

Remus wasn't as torn as one might think. As much as he appreciated everything Dumbledore did when he was a child, Remus was now a grown man faced with decisions. Harry meant more to him than an order. He was all he had left of Lily and James, two of the greatest people in the world.

Parker smirked, "Can't say a damn thing to me! I'm not in this wretched Order, and I wouldn't be if you gave it to me!" the Slytherin sneered, "I'm making my exit. If you want answers, get them yourself!" Parker barked before disappearing on the spot.

Sirius smiled, "Well, Headmaster looks like Remus and I will be making our exit so you can talk to the rest of the Order members."

"Sirius you have the chance..." "I will not defy my godson. I'll listen to him before you." Sirius glared at him, "You owe me old man! You sent me to prison... you are lucky, I'm even 'allowing' you to use this house." Sirius stalked past as Remus stood, "G'evening." He touched Hermione's shoulders, "Don't worry, he'll tell you. Remember Hermione it takes a lot to get the boys trust. When he does tell you, I hope you look at just how mature he is." Remus said softly, making Hermione look at him, "Is it something serious?" she asked.

Remus looked at her, "Very serious Hermione, and he may need support." the werewolf made his exit.

Mrs. Weasley shooed all the kids away, leaving a confused Hermione, a curious Ron, and a questioning Ginny.

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Two days... and it felt like a month. Harry was learning fast. Changing a diaper proved to be nearly hopeless. He was almost resorted to banging his head on the wall, when ever it came lose. He wanted to use magic, but Poppy had warned him not to use spells near a baby.

Eve cried a lot too, and Harry had to figure out what she wanted! If it wasn't food, it was needing to be changed or rocked, or given attention. Harry didn't mind the latter, he loved talking to her and whispering to her and rocking her.

"Goodness girl! What now?" Grumbled Harry sliding up as he heard her whimpering and crying by his bed. Her vocals were still strained however, due to her age.

She was in the pink lace basinet, and Harry staggered over and peered in realizing by her movements that she needed a bottle. Yeah.. It was two minutes before his timer went off.

Rubbing his eyes, he gently lifted Eve, kissed her cheek sleepily, and headed off into the kitchen for one of the many bottles he had learned to prepare.

It took five ruined cans of formula for Harry to finally figure it all out. He either made it to chalky, to thin, burnt the milk to where it smelled, or he'd drop the can half asleep or just get angry and throw it against the wall out of frustration.

Harry rocked his daughter, and fed her while speaking very gently into her ear. "You're a slave driver." he whispered. She just gurgled and stared at him as he rocked her.

"Did you know that? You'll put the gray on me at twenty." he murmured, as she gurgled, and whimpered.

She gave Harry what looked like a crooked weak smile, Harry couldn't help but grin, "That's your first smile! Too bad it couldn't have been when I was more awake." He pointed out, making her gurgle, and kick her feet at his arm slightly.

"Like abusing me eh?" he asked softly, as she twitched, and sucked against the bottle.

Harry heard the deep breathing noises she was making and her fist was up in the air. "Watch it with that fist... could be fatal." he whispered.

He kissed it making her wiggle it slightly while staring at him. It was weird how your own kid could make you do weird things. Heck, he was a kid himself, in the years but in the experience of life he was as much of an adult as anyone else over eighteen.

He thought about Candy a lot though, about how she died because of him, but he pushed it out of his mind. He didn't have much time to

grieve when he had his daughter to take care of. At the moment, that's all that matter was that his daughter was alive and well. It was so hard to be upset whenever he looked at Eve's soft face, and her beautiful emerald green eyes. He felt that he should be upset, and that he should feel bad but... the feeling was numb and every time he looked at Eve, he couldn't help but give a big smile, a very rare one that he didn't give to many. Not even Hermione he gave that smile too. Hermione... he thought to himself as he rocked Eve and watched her nod off to sleep in the middle of feeding. It took almost an hour just for one feeding. What was he going to say and do about her? Hermione will be asking every question in the book and he's going to have to avoid as many as he could. He didn't want to give anything away. He didn't need his daughter taken away from him. School was out of the question, he couldn't do both and he wasn't going to allow someone else to take care of his baby. He couldn't do that... he refused.

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The funeral was scheduled for the 31st of December. Harry was up, and going through his clothes with disdain. He hated suits... he thought to himself, as he finished dressing Eve in a black velvet little dress, and a white bow on the front and she was wearing on top of her head a little black bonnet with the same bow. He hated the bonnet but she needed to keep her soft spot covered up. He thought the bonnet over did it a bit.

When Eve fell asleep in her carseat, Harry proceeded to getting dressed. In the end he settled on a black button up dress shirt and black slacks. He charmed his belt to hide the phials from view. He pulled his wavy hair back in a black holder that he snagged from Hermione. He would have wore a suit had he not looked weird in one. His hair and earrings just did not go with the suit thing, and ties just looked absolutely ridiculous on him. He had to wear one at school... that was enough.

"We better get going." Harry said to Eve, as he draped a purple baby blanket over her head, and headed out the backway to the SUV. Once he got his daughter in the car that was all ready warmed up he took the blanket from her head.

Harry kept the music on low Metallica, his nerves were hitting him and he was nicking. That's what resorted to the silver gum wrappers on the dash.

The funeral home didn't have all that many people. Just Candy's closest friends and family. Harry parked, and sat there for a moment feeling the heat. His heart thumped, and he felt exhausted all ready.

He got out, and unstrapped Eve from the back. She was fussing, for a bottle, so Harry propped it up, not trusting magic at the moment, and slid the blanket over her head for safety.

Harry seen Bob and Carol in their funeral attire. Carol's eyes were red while Bob looked as if he had seen better days.

They were apparently shocked to see Harry there. Bob gave him a distasteful look while Carol sniffed, "Can I see my granddaughter?" she asked.

"Inside." said Harry. "It's freezing out here." he said simply, as he entered the funeral home. It smelled like antiseptic, almost like a hospital. The soft music in the background, and the podium where everyone was to sign their name was there. Harry scribbled his and Eve's name down before lifting Eve, and propping the carseat onto his knee and pulling the blanket back to see Eve sucking on her propped up bottle.

"She's beautiful." said Carol. "Is Eve is it?" asked Bob.

"Yes, Eve. Eve Evans." Harry told them.

Harry gave them a set of first pictures that the hospital had given him. They thanked him as the funeral director came over, he was a short bald man, he nodded to Harry and shook his hand before proceeding to get more chairs for the people who continued to come in.

Carol lifted Eve and held her, "Oh she's so small."

"She's early by five weeks." He told her.

"I thought it was February?"

"Actually the 30th of January would have been the precise date." Harry said remembering what Poppy told him.

"Oh... we've got to show mum!" said Carol, with sniffs, and a weak smile.

Bob held her for a moment, until she started crying. Carol was able to handle her better. Harry followed them, not allowing her out of his sight. Carol showed her to several elderly people, that happened to be Eve's great grandmother, grandfather, and two aunts and one uncle.

Harry didn't like so many people handling her, he didn't want her to get sick, and it was apparent Eve wasn't digging the 'pass baby around to idiot strangers' game, cause she started crying when Carol took her. She wouldn't stop till she was safely in the arms she recognized, which happened to be Harry's.

"She... she's gotten q.. quite attached to you." said Carol with a sniff.

"I would hope so." remarked Harry as he held her on his shoulder and patted her back softly, as she gurgled, and put her balled fist in her mouth.

Several people Harry did not know came up to him. When some of Candy's 'druggy' friends asked to hold Eve. Harry's simple answer was, 'no'. He didn't give reason he just turned away leaving them to stare shocked if not half high.

Harry sat in the back as the priest made his statements. He listened as he held Eve. (I do NOT know anything about Catholics or what they do at funerals. This is pathetic, my dad is in this funeral/burial profession yet, I'm freakin' clueless about funerals. Been to one recently but I paid no mind to the preacher...)

"Candace Marie Samson, was a beautiful woman, who had many extraordinary talents. She was a graduate at Stonewall High

School... and left behind a baby daughter, by the name of Eve Evans..." he went on, and Harry was sure that some of the stuff said was a lie, and it was made up by Carol and Bob to make Candy look good.

Harry felt eyes on him and stared around him when he locked eyes with his aunt, who was sitting in the back row in black and with his massive cousin. However Uncle Vernon wasn't with them.

Harry scowled at her silently and held his daughter more snugly. She had a look of shock in her blue eyes.

Harry wanted to leave before it ended. He gently placed Eve back into her carseat and stood to exit when the Priest called upon him.

"Mr. Evans would you so kind to come up and show everyone Candace's beautiful creation?"

Harry nearly cursed at the priest. He was nearly out the door too! He thought as he turned, "Erm... I guess so." He stated evenly, as he pulled the blanket back and walked up the aisle.

Harry lifted Eve, who was gurgling and fussing. There were a few soft smiles, as Harry held her, in his arms. The priest took her and held her with a smile, "She left behind one of gods beautiful creations! Eve Madison Evans... born December 25th, on a beautiful day! The Lord has plans for this young child."

'Yeah and those plans are to give me my baby back before I wack someone in the head.' thought Harry, protectively.

The priest continued his talk as Eve got startled by the tones of the priest. She started whimpering, and then started fussing, as the priest continued to talk and rant and go on till she was crying.

Harry went for the baby but the priest moved, apparently not paying much attention as he addressed the congregation. "Hey git! Give me my daughter." Harry snapped, angrily.

He hated to get angry with the priest, but this was ridiculous. He didn't see an old woman in the crowd her hands over her mouth, in shock. She was gripping her walker, that had a cat toy hanging from it.

Harry took his daughter before the priest could say anymore. He calmed her down as several people looked in shock, at Harry.

"I think young man we ought to pray and bless this child since she was born out of wedlock."

Harry scowled, "You will do no such thing." Harry protested.

"Believe me son, she will need it."

"Believe me when I say 'no'." Harry warned, as he picked up the carseat.

He glanced over at Candy in the casket, "I'm sorry Candy." He said softly, touching her cold hand. "G'bye." he said, before taking the carseat and storming out of the church with disgust.

His jacket over his daughter as he headed to the car, the snow was falling heavily now.

He gently laid her in the carseat as she looked at him. "I'm so sorry what that stupid priest said!" He said softly, and kissed her cheek.

"Harry!" said the voice from behind making Harry turn to see Carol approaching.

"Will you let your daughter be christened?" she asked. "I think it would be a great thing?"

Harry just stared at her, "I'm not Catholic, and I don't know what Eve is until she's older and can make that decision for herself. Now, if you'll excuse me its getting rather cold, and bad. I am sorry for your loss and Eve's loss about Candy, I give you my condolences, but please, do not try and push a religion on me or my daughter. You can see her when you wish just write, but remember what I said... Privet

Drive will NOT be a resting place for my daughter.” he closed the door and slid in leaving Carol to sniff.

“Wait!” said Carol, Harry looked at the thin woman who touched the window.

“Won’t you give us custody Harry? Please? You can see her when ever you want... we’ll move... if that’s what it takes. Please, you’re young you need to finish school and get better educated.” said Carol, hoping to find a reasoning behind Harry.

Harry looked at her, “I can’t do that Carol.” he said simply. “I went all my life without a mother or father... I can’t do that to my daughter. She’s my everything and you need to realize that. I warn you if you go to the courts, I will have to resort to drastic measures to keep you from taking Eve. I’ll do it... don’t give me a reason.” Harry drove off out of the lot leaving Carol to breath in deeply remembering Harry’s promise and threat.

Chapter Twenty-Four: Shari met Hermione

The first came, and Harry hadn't left his apartment, hadn't wrote anyone or made any contact with the outside world except Candy's funeral and a stop at the cemetery after everyone left. The third was the day Harry was to go back to school, but the teen decided against going.

If he wasn't giving his attention to Eve, he was writing Parker, Remus, and Sirius. He had a letter to Hermione but it was half finished. He'd sit on the couch playing one of his many rock CD's while composing letters. He even wrote one to Poppy Pomfery. She had told him she wanted updates on Eve, and how she was doing and how much she was weighing in at. Well, she was still smaller than a sack of potatoes, but she was healthy; eating just fine and seemed pretty happy.

Eve was fast asleep at the moment on the couch, Harry was next to her. He also wrote Albus Dumbledore, stating he couldn't come back to school very important tasks have come up and asked him 'not' to bother. Harry was sure the old man would over look this and start a nationwide man-hunt for him. He was sure of it...

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Parker had no idea why he was here again. It was New Years Day and he'd rather spend it with his family instead of listening to whatever drabble the old man had to say.

Remus showed up too and Sirius was in the kitchen with everyone, he was finishing a letter to Harry, and about to send it off, when Hermione came through. "Sirius are you going to see Harry any time soon?" asked Hermione.

"I will." said Parker. Hermione turned, "Would you give him this?"

Parker smiled, and took the letter, "Sure will Hermione." He said, staring around, "Now why the hell am I here when I could be back with my niece and brother?" he asked, sitting down with a scowl.

“Dumbledore said it was urgent.” said Mrs. Weasley simply. She didn’t take to well of Parker’s attitude.

Remus sat down and looked at Parker, “I wonder if it has anything to do with Harry’s dropping out.” whispered Remus.

Parker shrugged, “Probably, he’s probably going to ask me to go over there and talk some sense in him.”

The three were in a conversation that was built for them three leaving most Orders to speculate about them. They wondered since when did Remus have such a relationship with Parker, and when did Sirius get along with Slytherins.

Ron was playing chess with Hermione, who wasn’t paying attention. She was staring at her teddy bear that had a rose wrapped around its neck. Ron kept saying things about Harry that was making Hermione angry. “Ron, I’m going to give you two seconds to shut up or I’m hexing you into oblivion.” Hermoine warned silkily.

Ron didn’t look startled, “You can’t! The ministry...” but that was as far as he got for Hermione shot a disarming spell right at Ron, he gasped, and tipped over and crashed to the floor as Hermione smirked, and people gasped at her, “Hermione! You’ll get a letter young lady!” said Mrs. Weasley admonishingly, not much worrying about her son who was picking himself off the floor.

“No I won’t.” said Hermione. “Ministry has no idea I did that.” she said simply. “Ron.. Open your fat mouth again, and see what else I pull.”

Ron’s mouth just opened in horror, “Y.. you did illegal magic! Outside of school!” He shrieked.

Hermione smirked, “Yeah so?”

“How?” asked Ginny.

“That’s for me to know and you NOT to find out.” said Hermione.

Parker smirked, “Was it painful?” he asked.

Hermione looked at him, "You have no idea." she commented sourly.

The room was looking at her in absolute shock, but she called out a move to the chess board and knocked one of Ron's knights off the board. "Check." she smiled, as Ron just stared at her open mouthed.

The old man made his entrance with Snape, who passed them and sat on the other side of Sirius. The two didn't look at each other, but Snape didn't sneer either.

"Parker, I have asked you here to ask if you know anything about Harry's resignation letter to Hogwarts." He held it out and Hermione gasped, as well as others.

Parker took the letter and opened it, and smirked at some of the remarks in it.

"Yeah I knew about it. Harry has more important things to worry about."

"Like a one Eve Madison Evans." said Dumbledore causing Parker to drop his guard and Sirius' whisky to slip and crash to the floor.

"You son of a bitch!" Growled Parker, standing abruptly, "YOU do ANYTHING to torment him or get her taken away and I will come back at you!" snarled Harry's mentor angrily.

There were gasps and questions. "Whose Eve Evans?" asked Hermione.

Dumbledore looked at Parker coolly, "So you know." he said simply.

"Yes I know!" Growled Parker. "So did I!" said Sirius. "I did too." said Remus standing. "You'll have to go through us if you want to get to Harry and Eve." Remus said simply.

Dumbledore glanced at the three men who were standing and staring sharply at him. The old man had to think quickly.

"Why didn't he simply come to me?" he asked, softly. "I would have done what I Could to make sure Miss Samson had the best of care."

"Do you realize old man how little he trusts you?" growled Parker. "You do know you are the same person who left a 'baby' on Privet Drive to fend for himself!" snarled the man who was using all his restraints to keep from attacking the old man full on.

"Why is it so important to you?" Growled Parker. "Its Harry's business! Harry Potter not Albus Dumbledore's. Eve Evans has nothing to do with you or anyone else but Harry and Harry's alone."

"How did Candace Samson die?" asked Dumbledore calmly.

Parker, Remus, and Sirius exchanged looks with one another, before sitting down. Parker was on edge about ready to hex anyone who said the wrong thing. Hermione had the most confused face in the world.

"She died on Christmas day... when Harry was at Hermione's." said Remus.

Parker glared at him but Remus sighed, "We might as well tell him for Harry so he doesn't have to repeat it."

Parker shrugged, "Its your head Remus." He leaned back hand over mouth and listened.

"Shouldn't you start at the beginning?" asked Sirius.

Remus nodded, "Yeah... but whatever is said it does NOT leave this room!" He looked at Ron, Ginny, and Hermione.

Hermione was scratching her head in curiosity.

Remus looked at Parker, "I don't know everything like you do Parker."

Parker sat there, "Harry met Candy at Wal-Mart the department store she was working for. No one knew his age, no one ever knows his age. Someone knocked into Candy's ladder and she fell off but he

grabbed her before she could hit the floor... the two talked and the two dated a couple times but that was it." said Parker. "At the beginning of May, Candy gets into some serious trouble. She's picked up for drug trafficking and assaults and officer. She called Harry for help... you may not believe this, but Harry has more of a heart than you all think he does. He helped her out wiped a few minds, and got her off on a misdemeanor. They didn't really have much of a relationship, the two just slept together a few times..."

Hermione winced, as Ron's eyes widen. "I've always known his experience was greater than most." she said softly, trying not to feel uncomfortable.

"In July Candy shows up." said Remus taking over. He could see Parker did not want to talk about this, he didn't want to give Harry away.

"She's upset, she's crying and has no idea what to do. She's pregnant." Remus said. "The baby is Harry's."

"Oh my gosh!" Hermione gasped, and bowed her head. "He never told me!" she shrieked in horror.

"He didn't tell anyone Hermione." said Parker. "It would be deadly. He doesn't trust anyone, let alone a girl he's only been seeing a month. But that's just half of it. Listen before you start judging and forming things in your minds." Parker said angrily.

Remus sighed, "Harry of course is absolutely stunned not even sure if the baby's his until the blood test results. When he finds out, although he is fifteen he takes matters into his own hands. Candy didn't want the baby. She wanted to give it up one way or another, but Harry was adamant on keeping the baby and raising it. He blocked any possible way for Candy to handle the situation on her own. It was later agreed that Harry would take full custody of the baby." Remus thought about how to continue.

"On Christmas Night, while Vander was on watch of Harry's flat, he spots two cloaked men bombarding the door of Harry's flat. Candy is

in there... Vander can't enter because the clicker wasn't on." said Remus.

"You mean he 'was' a vampire?" asked Dumbledore slowly. Hermione gulped, having been caught in a lie.

Parker glared at Dumbledore, "Listen old man before continuing! Harry has the support of 'every' vampire. ALL the vampires are on his side."

"How?" asked Dumbledore. "A debt. Harry saved nearly all of their lives not to mention the life of Vander's daughter." stated Parker firmly.

Dumbledore was floored...

Remus scowled, "Will you let me finish?" he growled, "It's hard enough to tell it! Its' terrible what happened. Vander warned Harry, he left to his apartment only to find that Candy was being tortured by the two Deatheaters."

There were gasps, "Oh my gosh!" said Hermione her hand over her mouth. She was rocking on the chair. Ginny was rubbing her back and looking stunned too and Ron just looked pale.

"After Harry defeated both of the Deatheaters, he..." He faltered and looked at Parker who shrugged, "She can't get in trouble. Its confidentiality of the patients."

Remus nodded, "Harry went to Hogwarts and got Madam Pomfery." he said, and Dumbledore looked visibly shocked.

"Candy went into labor, she was in pain and in labor. Poppy performed a c-section on Candy to get the baby out as fast as she could... the baby was healthy for a premie... a little girl... but Candy... between the stress of labor and the tortures she received she died, unable to handle it. Harry stayed in the muggle hospital for a complete day no sleep and determined to stay not letting Eve out of his sight. You'll find that Harry is 'very' protective and he will kill if

anyone gets in the way of him and his daughter.” said Remus at a finish.

The werewolf leaned back and took a drink of his tea. He needed something stronger at the moment.

“I wish I would have known this...”

“It’s none of your business, and if you try and get Eve taken away, Harry will destroy you and everything else around you. It’s a clear warning.” said Parker simply. “You don’t realize what that teen has on his side.”

“Werewolves.” stated Remus. “Vampires.” said Parker. “Goblins.” Sirius remarked. “Elves.” Parker smirked. “You don’t want to do anything that dangerous.”

“How do they all owe their lives to him?” asked Mad Eye in absolute shock. It was hard to stun the old ex-auror.

Remus smirked, “He helped the werewolves, he saved the vampires, he communicates great with the Goblins, and the elves simply adore him.”

“How long have you known Harry, Remus?” asked Dumbledore slowly.

Remus leaned up, “Since he was seven-years-old.” Remus admitted.

There were gasps, and questions as of why Remus hadn’t said anything.

“That’s simple. Harry did not wish to be found or seen or heard by the wizarding world. He was there all the time just out of sight.” Remus said simply. “Lily, Sirius and James was all I had, and then you took Sirius away... Harry was all I had, and I would rather defy you than lose the last link to Lily and James.” said Remus. “There is nothing you can say or do that will make me think differently. Lock me up, persecute me just like the Ministry... but I won’t cave.” a glint of fire

went off in Remus' eye, and Dumbledore had never experienced such surprise and deep loyalty.

"He needs to continue his education." said Dumbledore.

"Tell me, Headmaster, how is he going to do that with his daughter? Don't even suggest that someone else take care of it. He may very well slice someone's head off if you do." said Parker.

Hermione was so confused and so floored by all this. Remus sensed Hermione's paleness.

"Hermione, Harry did not wish for you to find out this way. He wanted to tell you in private on his own." Remus said softly.

"But, morons don't like to see Harry happy or making logical decisions! They think its beneath them if he did." Parker scowled.

Dumbledore calmly put his fingers together and steepled them, and leaned back in his seat peering over his half mooned spectacles. "I have no intentions on taking Harry's daughter away." he said for starters.

"I want to give them protection." said Dumbledore simply. "They would be better protected at Hogwarts than they would out there on their own. I'm not doubting Harry's abilities, but the fact is he is only one person." said Dumbledore.

"I can't give you his address." said Remus.

"Neither can I." said Parker. "We could but it wouldn't matter. Harry has the secret not us." said Remus.

A flicker of surprise hit Dumbledore as well as everyone else. "The Fidelius?" asked Dumbledore.

"What other charm hides you from plain view?"

"Did he cast it?" asked Dumbledore.

Parker glanced at Remus who smiled, "No, I did!" Remus said while the whole room was watching Remus and Parker like hawks. Sirius just smiled. Hermione couldn't stop shaking her head.

"Can either of you contact him and tell him I would like to talk to him? He all ready knows where Grimmauld Place is." said Dumbledore calmly.

"If this is some sort of trap, I will personally see to it that you are destroyed." said Parker simply.

"No, no trap Parker. I give you a wizards oath." said Dumbledore.

Parker just stared at Dumbledore, there must be something more in the old mans mind to be so... cooperative, and what that is Parker hadn't figured it out but Harry wasn't going to like this one bit, nope, Harry was going to be pissed...

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Parker came back that evening feeling like a damn messenger boy. He hated this, sending messages back and forth like Hermes.

"You know, I'm no fuckin' owl!" he muttered entering the kitchen with a grunt.

Dumbledore was sitting there talking to the group of witches and wizards. Hermione was going through a book, but he could tell in her eyes that she was confused, and worried.

Dumbledore glanced up, "What does Harry have to say?"

Parker sighed, "He wants to speak with Hermione."

Hermione glanced up, "Me?" she said quickly standing.

Parker nodded, "Yeah... by herself. If anyone follows other than Remus, Sirius, or myself, he will personally hex them till they can't breath."

There were gasps, when Parker shrugged, "That's the message, that Harry gave. I'm fuckin' sick of this! My name is NOT Hermes, I haven't got wings, and I'm sick of this!"

Hermione blinked at her Defense Professor before asking, "Wh... when?"

Parker motioned for the Gryffindor witch over. He took her hand and clasped a piece of paper in it, while saying, "The Café on the corner of Birkhart Avenue." he said crunching it in her hand.

Hermione got the message and nodded, "All right... thanks Professor." she said, walking back over.

"Parker, are you sure he doesn't need protection?" asked Dumbledore.

"If you want less members in your Order, then go ahead. Harry sees through invisibility cloaks... can detect others no matter what... bring a whipping boy... or girl." he looked at Tonks, "And they'll be digging themselves out of a grave. Now, I'm leaving. You all have interrupted my Christmas Holiday." he disappeared after that.

Hermione was on the edge, "I'm going to get dressed and go." said Hermione standing.

There were protests, but Dumbledore interrupted, "Hermione is right." he said. "Go ahead Hermione, and do be careful."

"I will Headmaster." Hermione passed and walked out.

"Whose going to go with?" Tonks asked.

"No one!" said Remus simply. They all looked at him, "HE has to be watched over!" Mad Eye Growled.

Remus and Sirius looked at each other, and stood and walked to the door and crossed their arms, "Go through us." said Sirius with a grin on his face.

“We can disappearate.” said Tonks smugly.

“Do you want to splinch?” challenged Sirius.

Mouths gaped open, “Sirius! Move from there this instant!” snapped Mrs. Weasley.

“Make me.” Sirius arched an eyebrow upwards to see Mrs. Weasley gasp and Mr. Weasley to sigh defeated, “He’s right, we need to let Harry do this on his own terms. I don’t know Harry, but I know not to underestimate him and I take Parker Zabini’s word to heart. We need to leave him alone.

“Its dangerous!” said Ron. “He’s going to get Hermione killed.”

“No he won’t. Hermione’s all ready in danger whether she is with him or not.” Remus said calmly.

Ron gave them a preposterous look but Sirius stated coolly, “Voldemort goes after muggleborns! She is as much a witch as Ginny, but they don’t see it like that. She is a target Ron, and she’ll be a target along with every other muggleborn witch or wizard.”

Ron closed his mouth and huffed, and sat down and crossed his arms, “I hate Harry.”

“You’re jealous!” teased Ginny. Ron growled, “I am not you...” Mrs. Weasley wacked him on the head, “Finish that statement, I dare you young man.” she seemed adamant to take her anger out on someone.

Ron just scowled, and felt the blush creep up on his face.

Remus and Sirius did not move from their spots and told them port-keys were useless unless made by the owner of the house.

“Which happens to be yours truly!” said Sirius with a wide smile.

Tonks couldn’t believe her cousin, and just gave him a weird look, “Why are you following a fifteen-year-old?”

"Did you forget this fifteen-year-old is my godson? I'm not losing him again. I'll be damned of that."

Remus smirked, "You don't know Harry like we do." he then said.

"Since when are you so out spoken Remus?" asked Kingsley with curiosity.

"Since I learned to place my balls back where they belong." said Remus simply.

"Language!" said Mrs. Weasley.

"They've heard worse." Sirius commented.

Hermione squeezed through and squeaked seeing Sirius and Remus by the door. She was dressed prettily wearing black pants and a white low cut sweater that stopped just at the top of her pants. The outfit showed off her figure a lot better than robes or some of the usual stuff she wore, her hair was fixed, in a half there was a white barrette, and the bushiness was gone as it was replaced with soft wet curls.

"I just... wanted to say, I'm leaving." said Hermione softly.

"Go on Hermione. We're guarding the door." Sirius told her.

Hermione bit a smile, "Right... I'm taking a taxi. Bye!" she said awkwardly before walking out leaving Ron to stare at the swinging door with his eye narrowing.

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Harry was pissed, worried, and a bit concerned. He hoped Hermione found his place all right, but that was the least of his worries. What he was worried about, was she'd go right back to Dumbledore. He wasn't even going to tell himself he was worried she'd react badly.

The flat was clean, as clean as he could get it. It was identical to his old apartment except he upgraded in the stereo department, and put the other stereo in his room. Eve was fast asleep on the couch, with a soft plushy stuffed animal. Harry remembered it was piglet from Winnie the Pooh. He just picked it up because it was pink.

He had also added a few more pictures of ravens, auguries, phoenixes, and even added dragons to the mix. He was at the moment sitting on the couch his hand touching Eve, as he thought things over. He had no idea when Hermione'll arrive.

He was wearing black baggy jeans, his belt and a black cotton t shirt. His hair was down, and he was looking at Eve with envy. "Like to do what you're doing." He said, softly. Sleep sounded quite good to him. Goodness knows he needed it. He adjusted her, to make her more comfortable as she whimpered and stirred. "It's just me!" Harry said leaning over and kissing her cheek, as she opened her eyes, and stared at him with a yawn. "Sorry if I woke you." he softly touched her cheek before lifting her in his arms, and laid down on the couch himself, as he laid Eve in his arms. She just yawned and stared at him with a small grin on her face.

He wiped the slobber from her mouth, and talked to her softly, as if she could understand every word he said. Even though it was not possible.

There was a tap at his door making his eyes turn to the door quickly. "Wonder if that's her." He said, to Eve as he stood, and walked over. He peered out the window to see Hermione standing there timidly. She was looking around shivering.

He unlatched the door and opened it, "C'mon!" He said, ushering Hermione into the door before she could get a word out.

"H..." her eyes widen seeing the baby in his arms. "Whoa." was what she said, as she stepped in and glanced around, and then at the baby in Harry's arms. This was all too much.

"Did anyone follow you?" he asked, locking it and adding spells to it.

"No, Sirius and Professor Lupin were guarding the door." said Hermione.

Harry smirked, "Really? That's too interesting." he said, as she took off her coat.

His eyebrows arched upwards, "You look pretty."

She looked at him and smiled weakly, "I just... found out about everything."

"Yeah, I know. Parker told me." he sighed, "I wish you didn't have to find out like that. Some people have no damn tact."

"But I found out... and I couldn't believe it Harry!" said Hermione. "Uh... can I hold her?" she asked, softly.

Harry smiled, and nodded. Hermione gasped, "Wow." she said, taking the baby. She whimpered, and looked at Hermione.

"She's beautiful! So cute." said Hermione, holding the baby in her arms delicately.

"Yes, she is. I'm sorry, Hermione." He said, honestly. "I couldn't tell you, I couldn't tell anyone. I trust you more than most people but still... you're smart, you know what's at stake. I'm sorry for running out on you on Christmas..."

She sat down on the black armchair. "You have a nice apartment. I like your decorations even if it is... guyish." she said, as he chuckled, and said on the arm of the chair Hermione was in.

"She's so beautiful, and warm." said Hermione gently hugging the baby.

"Professor Lupin told us what happened, just in case you decided to take heads off." she said quietly.

Harry sighed, "I wish I could have told you before those others." He muttered. "I don't even know the others." He pointed out. "I don't 'want' to know them." he then said scathingly.

Hermione held Eve, and rubbed her back softly, "I don't... know... what to think. I mean, I'm still trying to let it sink in."

Harry sighed, and looked at Hermione, "It's your call. If you think this poses a serious problem with us, then just say it."

Hermione looked up at Harry whose face was blank. Eve started whimpering and fussing when Harry checked his watch. "Time for her bottle." He stood, and went off into the kitchen.

He came out to see Hermione talking to Eve who was making soft grunting noises that babies always made, she was staring at Hermione.

"She's so cute and small."

"She's a premie." Harry said, sub-consciously checking the bottle for the heat.

"Can I feed her?" asked Hermione. "Yeah..." he handed Hermione the bottle on the armchair, and watched as Hermione fed his daughter.

"Do you have the baby room set up?" she asked.

Harry smiled, "A little. I've got the crib and such."

"You don't have it decorated?" she asked.

He shook his head, "Nope, not yet."

"Need help?" she then asked. Harry smiled, "If you want."

She smiled, "I don't mind. It would be fun."

Harry just smirked, at her and leaned back, as he watched Eve go in and out of sleep.

"Has she kept you awake?" asked Hermione, trying to think of something like to say.

"You have no idea." commented Harry.

Hermione laughed genially, then looked at him, "Is that where you went in November, when you left school all day?"

Harry nodded, "Yeah, we were going to find out whether the baby was a boy or a girl, but she got stubborn."

Hermione snickered hearing that. "Also Candy got to impatient."

Hermione frowned, "What kind of person was she?" she asked, softly, as she patted Eve's diaper affectionately while feeding her the bottle.

Harry had his arm on the back of the chair, and sighed, "Well, she wasn't all that nice. She didn't want the baby. She had her good moments though." said Harry. "She had enough heart to have the baby so she could give to me."

"Professor Zabini told us that she was... a lot of trouble."

"She was..." he told her. "I wasn't even sure if Eve was mine until we got the blood tests."

"It's uncanny now." said Hermione looking at Eve.

"Her eyes, no one has those eyes Harry." she stated as a matter of factly.

A flickered smile slid on his face, and touched Hermione's back, with his hand, "I understand if you can't handle this." He told her.

Harry took sleeping Eve and laid her on the couch, soft blanket and a cushion on one side of her, as she breathed evenly. HE kissed her head nad turned around.

She looked up hesitating. "Oh Harry, I don't know." she said softly. "I..." she trailed off. "She's so beautiful, but... I don't know. I'm just... I..." she was confused.

Harry looked at her, and lifted her chin to see tears trailing down her cheeks. "Don't cry." He said, instantly wiping them away.

She moved up and kissed him on the mouth, he moved and sat down on the coffee table, as she moved up closer. The kiss was soft and sweet. Hermione moved and was soon sliding into his lap, which stunned Harry, as his arms went around her kissing her. His tongue carressed her bottom lip as she quivered in his arms.

Hermione pulled back and looked at him sheepishly, "I... I don't think we can be together as a couple." she whispered. "I mean, I need someone whose more on my experience level." she said softly.

Harry could understand this, he was more experienced than a lot of seventh years. "I understand." He said, with a sideways smile.

She sniffed, "I mean, I like you and all, but I just don't think I can handle knowing you've been with so many girls... please... I'm sorry." she said, softly as she pressed her head against his chest and took in his scent.

Harry's arms locked around Hermione, "Its all right. We don't have to stop talking."

She smiled, "I know..." her hands touched his cheek. "I loved the gifts, if you want..."

"Nope, don't even go there." Harry said simply.

She just snickered, and bowed her head, and glanced back up tears sliding down her cheeks. "Ok enough of this." Harry wiped her tears hiding his wince.

"Dumbledore... uh... said, that he wouldn't do anything to get your daughter taken." she said softly.

She felt him tense, and winced inwardly.

"Hmm... I don't trust him."

"You can Harry!" said Hermione. "He means well. He wants to see you. Parker seems very upset however."

"Course he was, he trusts Dumbledore even less than I do."

"I don't see why." Hermione said softly.

Harry didn't want to get irritated with his ex-girlfriend now on his lap. "No you wouldn't Hermione. Please, lets get off this subject." he stated, as she bit her lower lip and nodded, before she slid off him, and back onto the armchair.

It was quiet, an uncomfortable silence lay in the apartment. Hermione couldn't seem to look at him, Harry wasn't use to these odd break ups and such. He expected it so he couldn't feel particularly sad, besides he didn't cry over Candy what made someone think he'd cry over Hermione? It wasn't that he didn't want to cry over Candy it was the fact that he couldn't. His feelings were so mixed. Some days he wanted to start crying but then he'd look at his daughter and find it hard. He liked Hermione, she was a great girlfriend, but she was right, he was just much to experienced and she was not. He figured she didn't like hearing about him and another girl in front of half the order. Mary was just the tip of the iceberg for Hermione, who had dropped the discussion of her, but talking about Candy was probably the last straw for Hermione.

"Uh... want me to get a look at the baby room?"

He shrugged, "Sure." he stood, and lead Hermione into the little bedroom that didn't have much in it, just the basics.

"Do you have a theme?" asked Hermione, conversationally.

Harry shrugged, "I got whatever looked girly." He told her making her snort, "Right." she glanced around, "Seems you got precious moments items." She said, picking some of them up.

"Yeah..." He said, nodding.

"You could do with some border, some stick ups... and such." she offered.

"Think so?"

She nodded, as she walked around, "You got a lot." she said, seeing all the baby items.

"Yeah, everything in the baby department." he shrugged, "Whatever I don't need I'll just... give away or something."

She just laughed at him, when there was a tap from the bedroom window. Harry blinked, and turned out of the baby room and into his room to see Shari staring at the window, in all her beautiful glory.

Harry waved his wand, and it slid open, the raven-haired vamp jumped in with a bounce, "Harry!" she squealed, and ran to him jumping in his arms, her legs wrapping around his waist.

"Hey Shari." he said as she squeezed his neck. She was looking quite flashy wearing a maroon half sweater and a pair of tight jeans that actually matched, her black hair was silky down her shoulders. Her eyes glowed.

"How you doing baby?" she asked her hands touching his face. Concern flashed in her eyes.

He smiled, "I'm good Shari. How's Vander?"

"Sleeping like a rock although he was very worried about you." said Shari, softly. "He was mumbling in his sleep."

Harry just snickered, "Wasn't talking about sucking on a neck?"

Shari giggled, "Nope, he was concerned about you." she said, her hands ruffling through his black hair.

He let Shari down who wrapped herself around his arm and pressed her cheek against his shoulder. "Whose here?" she sniffed the air.

"Hermione." He said softly. Shari scrunched up her nose, "Girlfriend." she teased.

"Not anymore." Harry told her. Shari's eyebrows shot up into her hairline. "Oh?" she asked, her head craning to look at him better.

Harry just smiled, "C'mon, you can meet her."

"I'd rather not." Shari murmured sourly. "C'mon! She's nice." Harry wrapped his arm around her and guided her out as Hermione came out and her eyes widen, "Uh... Hi." quite puzzled at the beautiful girl on Harry's arm.

Shari nodded, "Hello, you must be Hermione." said Shari slowly.

Hermione nodded, "Yes, uh... who are you?"

"Shari." she said her arms curling around Harry's arm, and her head pressing in on his bicep, she was giving Hermione a mischievous look, one that Hermione didn't find to thrilling.

"Oh... nice to meet you." Hermione murmured dully.

"Hmm... so Harry! Where's Eve?" asked Shari giddily, purposely ignoring Hermione, who flinched with a hint of jealousy.

"On the couch." Harry didn't have to say anymore she rushed in and squealed, "Oh my gosh! She's so beautiful and darling! Awww."

Harry just smiled, when Hermione asked, "I didn't... know you moved so quickly." Hermione said her cheeks red, her voice had a bite to it.

Harry blinked, and glanced over, "Huh? Oh! No, no... no." He said stuttering over the last no. "She's... good friend, Vander's daughter." He quickly spoke.

"She's in love." said Hermione a bit bitterly. "No she isn't! I saved her life." Harry murmured, when Shari came over with Eve in her arms. "Oh she's so beautiful... oh so darling! Harry, I'm in love." said Shari, in a sweet feminine voice.

Hermione just stood there, "Hey Harry, I thought about going out to get them stick ups and stuff."

Shari silently scowled at Hermione when Harry wasn't looking. Hermione just gave her a smug look.

"I thought I was going to help." said Shari pouting at Harry who smiled at both of them.

"Well..." He said slowly, trying to figure out what to do about both of the girls. One his ex and the other a beautiful vamp.

Hermione scowled softly, and shifted in her seat, for some reason she felt an odd sense of jealousy and hatred for the raven-haired girl. It felt to Hermione as if this 'girl' was walking in on her territory even though Harry and her had just called it a truce.

She was suddenly feeling... as if she made a mistake. She had never felt jealousy before, not even toward Ron when he hit on Fleur Delacour, the stupid half veela.

Harry smiled, "I got an idea, why don't we all three go out?" he asked, not going to stop a chance of being in the room with two chicks. Maybe that'll help brighten his mood, he thought immaturely as he took Eve.

"I'll get her ready. You two girls..." he smiled, "Talk. Get to know each other. I'm sure you'll find something in common." He smiled, and walked away leaving a pair of brown eyes staring into a pair of blue eyes.

The two females just stared at each other, Shari smirking and crossing her arms over her heaving chest as Hermione had her hands on her hips.

"So, you and him are... broke up now eh?" asked Shari, with a look of innocence.

Hermione frowned, "No."

"That's what he said." commented the vampiress.

"We haven't officially worked everything out yet." Hermione said delicately, using her words wisely.

Shari smiled, "You're prettier than I imagined." she admitted, deciding to get a once over on Hermione and circled her. "You have pretty eyes, and a cute little body. I can see what Harry sees in you."

Hermione felt her cheeks flush red, "I... I.."

"But, you can't handle the fact that Harry's been around the block or two eh?" she asked.

"That's none of your business." Hermione said swiftly.

"Sure it is." said Shari smiling. "He's my friend. My best friend. You know, if you let the past bother you so much then a relationship will never work."

Hermione was beginning to feel invaded as if this girl was talking to much about a subject she had no idea about.

"What the hell do you know?" hissed Hermione angrily.

Shari smiled, and walked up closely to Hermione backing her into a wall. "Calm down precious thing." said Shari in a purring voice. Shari gently touched Hermione's cheek causing Hermione to flinch.

Shari moved closer, to the Gryffindors ear, "All is fair in love and war." Shari pulled back and a glint flashed through the girls eyes.

Hermione scowled, and folded her arms, "You've just crossed a line."

"Oh really? You have no say anymore. You stupidly broke up with him." Shari said softly. "I've loved Harry for years. Only few guys like Harry come around, and you had one and you fucked it up."

Hermione just glared at her, "It's not over. We're still great friends and... things can progress if I got use to the idea."

Shari snorted, "Oh please. You can't tend to his needs Hermione sweetheart. You need an innocent mortal like yourself. You need someone whose not as experienced." She smirked, and turned around, "HARRY!" she called bounding out of the room leaving a fuming Hermione.

'Yes she broke up with Harry... but she was scared, and it was a shock but now someone five minutes later comes waltzing in ready to take over Harry, and... it was just unnerving. She had never felt so jealous, nervous, and angry over a guy before.' she rubbed her forehead when Harry came in by himself. "You OK Hermione?" he asked, concerned.

Her eyes met his, and she smiled softly, "Yeah..."

"You sure?" he asked, "We're leaving. Thought you'd follow Shari."

"Of course, I was just..." she looked around quickly. "Adjusting my shoe." she said lamely.

Harry smiled, "Don't let Shari fool you. She's really a sweetheart, she's protective as most half vampires." Walking away Hermione murmured, "Sweetheart?" the look of disgust swept her face as Shari blew her a kiss from the living room.

This was war...

A.N.

Thank you so much for the complimenting comments, and reviews! I absolutely love them. I was up late last night planning things out in my head. I have some serious ideas, that I need to toss up. I have four ways this story can go... Don't think I'm making Dumbledore go soft. In this story that old man has more things up his sleeve than you can count, hence Parker's hostility.

Chapter Twenty-Five- Disturbing Behavior

"Pink's prettier for a girl." Shari announced to Hermione, as the three of them and Eve was in the middle of a Gymboree.

"But mint green is for both, I'm sure Harry would be happy to have a universal color." Hermione stated.

Harry leaned against the shopping cart that had things that Harry couldn't even begin to recognize. From clothes to decorations, Harry just leaned against the cart, watching both Hermione and Shari go at it like they were sisters.

Harry was also aware of the attention the two were begging from him. Although, they were as discreet as they could be. Hermione and Shari were both on each side of him both pulling him into conversations and occasionally giving one another glares.

Now they were arguing about what to put in his daughters room. Eve was fast asleep, occasionally twitching or whimpering.

"It doesn't matter get both." Harry insisted, at one point.

When they went to the food court the two girls argued and faught over what to eat. Until Harry moved away going to the fish and chips place ignoring the two bickering females. They soon followed, realizing Harry wasn't waiting any longer.

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That night he passed out on the couch after Hermione and Shari left, Eve's room was now every little girls fantasy. He had hoped that Hermione and Shari would get along.

Obviously not.

They faught, and faught, and argued and disagreed to the point where Harry had to make the final decision.

Eve was now tucked away fast asleep in her new room. Harry laid there half passed midnight on the couch in nothing but boxers thinking to himself.

His mind wondered from Dumbledore to Voldemort, and then back to the two Deatheaters he owed revenge too.

The number one thing at the moment was his daughter. He wondered what Dumbledore had up his sleeve, he also wanted to know who the spy at Hogwarts was. Surely, no one else knew about his baby except his three Hufflepuff friends, and he was sure they didn't squeal. They were... Hufflepuffs loyal. 'Had he been that careless around someone?' he pondered, his eyes staring at the ceiling.

He heard a tap upon the window and glanced over to see Vander standing there.

Harry sighed, and waved his hand, "The clickers on." He said as Vander opened the window.

"Gotchya." he slid in professionally, and closed the window back.

"Is she sleeping?" asked Vander.

Harry nodded, "Yeah, your daughter was here earlier."

Vander smiled, "Yes, she came by and told me everything." he sat on the armchair, and Harry summoned a couple drinks.

"Sorry no blood." Harry teased.

"I don't 'always' need blood." he said, opening the can. "I go for normal stuff... sometimes." Vander remarked.

Harry looked at him, "I need to get those two deatheaters out of Hogwarts. But, I can't."

Vander smirked, "Parker will do it."

Harry nodded, "I need someone to watch over Eve, while I'm temporarily away. I have a bone to pick."

"He interrogated them." said Vander quietly.

"And?" asked Harry sitting up a bit straighter.

Vander sighed, "They know nothing. Even under veritaserum. It seems Voldemort is only letting certain people in on what he plans on doing."

"Do you know how many followers he's gained?" asked Harry.

Vander chugged his can, and some of it ran off the side of his mouth. Harry just shook his head, "Vampires." he murmured.

Vander smirked, and sighed with pleasure, "Not as good as blood but it gets the job done."

Harry rolled his eyes, "Well?"

"Nearly a hundred death eaters, 400 dementors. I don't know what else." he said honestly.

"No vampires?" asked Harry.

"Nope, none." Vander answered.

"What should I do Vander? I can't trust Dumbledore. Should I just up and leave?"

Vander tilted his head, "You know what a Vampire does in this situation?"

Harry raised an eyebrow, "What?"

Vander smirked, "We get what we can get. We take advantage of every possible situation."

Scratching his knee he glanced up, "How do you suppose I take advantage of this? I have a baby, I have to watch my back. I don't trust Dumbledore..."

"But you trust Parker." "Course I do." "You trust Remus." "What do you think?" Harry retorted.

"I believe you should go back to school. You can take the baby to class. Voldemort all ready knows about your child, otherwise two deatheaters wouldn't have attacked Candy."

Harry winced feeling a bit of pain in his chest as he said that. "What about the lemon drop old man?"

Vander leaned his head back and thought for a moment, "I think you should finish out this year." he said softly. "Wait..." He put up his hand to stop Harry from speaking.

"Finish it out. At the end of the year if you still feel that you don't want to leave, I will have Shari make arrangements to take you where ever it is you want to go." he told Harry.

Harry looked at him, "Why?"

"I think you need this Harry." Vander said honestly. "I think... you need to show the world that you are anything but afraid."

Harry stared at Vander whose eyes bored into the teens emeralds. His heart pounded, as he sighed softly. "You're right." Harry gave in. He sat up and then chugged the rest of the alcohol, just like Vander did.

Vander smirked, "Mortals." He stated in the exact same murmur Harry had used.

Harry snorted and brought the can down, "Can't let you get the best of me on 'that'!" Harry teased.

Vander and Harry stayed up most of the night talking. It was soon time for Eve's first bottle. Vander got his first look at her.

"Oh she is beautiful. Much better looking than you." teased the vampire.

"Shut up you snarky bastard." Harry teased, as he lifted his daughter from the crib and kissed her cheek, "You hungry?" he asked, softly as his eyes lit up, staring at Eve's soft cherubic features.

Vander held her for a moment before giving her back, "I must get going, got to meet someone." He winked at Harry who snorted, "Bye Vander."

"See ya kid." Vander slipped out of the window as quick as he came.

Harry moved Eve back into his bedroom and laid her in the basinet. He only put her in the crib temporarily, just so she'd have some quiet. His room had had two arguing girls and he was sure Eve didn't want to hear it.

He kissed her g'night before slipping under the covers himself and turning out the light with his wand. Lying in the dark, he could hear the crickets outside. He glanced over to see the snowflakes hitting the glass and dissolving upon contact.

He decided to take Vanders word and get on the train the third...

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Harry was sitting at the old cafe that he had met Candy at. Eve was in the booth with him tucked in her carseat, with a blanket wrapped snugly around her. People passed and awed. A little blonde haired girl giggled and pointed, and said, "Baby."

He watched as Sirius entered the cafe and glanced over. His eyes lighting up seeing Harry who slid out of the booth. Sirius' arms made contact with Harry's ribs. The teen faught from groaning.

"Oy, good to see you too..." grunted Harry, as Sirius sighed and released him.

"I only just snuck out." he glanced over and his gray eyes widen, "Is that her?" he asked, walking over to the booth and sliding the carseat onto the table. "Oh my god. She's beautiful." said Sirius, in awe.

"I know." said Harry standing beside his godfather.

Sirius smiled, and lifted Eve out of her carseat. He held her against his chest, and rubbed her back gently as she gurgled.

"Wow." He looked at Harry. "How you doing?" he asked, as the two slid in. Sirius still had Eve in his arms.

"I'm doing OK. What's been going on at you know where."

Sirius looked down at sleeping Eve with awe, before glancing up to meet his godson's eyes.

"Well, I'm not being let in on much." he admitted.

Harry leaned back, "It's your house." he said simply his arm over the booth.

Sirius frowned, "Yes, I know." he shrugged, "They don't trust me."

"It's your house." Harry said again. "Not Dumbledores."

Sirius' eyes widen, "Are... you... seriously suggesting that I..."

"Take over your house and take charge." Harry stated. "What the hell is he doing anyway? He's watching not doing anything. He continues to watch and not make any moves while Lord fuckin' Voldemort is out there getting stronger day by day."

"Voice down Harry." Sirius insisted.

"I've scanned everyone in this room." Harry told him as a matter of factly. "No one but you and I have magical abilities. Well..." He glanced at Eve. "She has a touch but its so small that its no wonder Ministry hasn't detected her."

"Did she use all her magic?" asked Sirius quietly.

Harry nodded, "Almost all of it. There is still a chance that she's a witch, but a very small chance."

Sirius sighed, "Remus is being annexed from the group as well, because of being so close to me."

Harry looked at him, "You have the power Sirius. You have the power in your hands."

Sirius sighed, and leaned up, "Do you realize that I'd be going up against the Headmaster?"

"What the hell do you think I'm doing?" asked Harry. "He doesn't own you Sirius. He thinks he does because he got you out of prison. But you are forgetting... that he put you 'in' prison so you don't owe that man jack shit."

Sirius looked down at Eve to find her eyes open and staring at him. "Her eyes." He said quietly. "They're beautiful."

"I have something to do tonight Sirius." Harry said, quietly.

Sirius glanced up, "Need someone to kepe an eye on her?"

Harry nodded, "Yeah, I don't know how long it'll take me."

"I can do that."

Harry nodded and slid a piece of paper toward Sirius, "Here, read it memorize and burn it." Harry told him.

Sirius nodded and did so just as two orders of fish and chips were brought over by the waitress.

"Is there anything else that you need?" she asked, her eyes glancing at the baby with intrigue.

"No." Harry said, cutting her off. "Go away now."

She huffed, and walked away leaving Sirius to snicker, "Very nice Harry."

Harry glanced up, "How many times do I have to repeat it? I'm not nice." he smirked at his godfather who just stared at him. "I never would have guessed." he said sarcastically.

It was night and Sirius just came over, Eve was tucked away. It was nearly midnight.

"I should be back in an hour or so." Harry told Sirius, who nodded, "Where you going?" he asked.

Harry looked at him, "I have... two deatheaters to take care of."

Sirius blinked, "You mean..." He looked at Harry cautiously, "That you didn't send them to the Ministry?"

Harry gave him a look, "Lucius Malfoy went free, whose to say Macnair and Avery won't?"

Sirius nodded in understanding, "I understand. I suspect you want me to keep this hush?"

"Yes, Wizards Oath." Harry told him.

Sirius nodded, and held out his hand, "Wizards Oath." Harry and Sirius' shook hands and a bright light fused the two together.

There was a tap at the door, Harry made his way over and opened it to see Vander and Parker.

"We're ready." said Parker who nodded to Sirius who looked at Vander with wide eyes.

Harry turned, and grabbed his leather jacket. He was wearing all black hair up and black gloves.

"Let's get this over with." said Harry, as they walked out into the freezing night.

Parker and Vander were both in black, as they scanned their surroundings.

"Where are they?" asked Harry quietly. "Tied up in the back of a truck that we 'found.'" Parker remarked.

Harry nodded, "Good, I don't need to soil my SUV." he murmured walking between Parker and Vander.

"Where is the car?"

"In the abandoned woods on the opposite side of the Leaky Cauldron. No one ever goes near there. The Ministry blocked it off because of the magical animals that roam." Parker murmured.

"What about wizards?"

"It's said to be haunted." Vander informed as they turned the corner and stayed out of the street lights.

Harry couldn't risk taking his car in case someone was tailing them. So instead they walked the streets. No one was out in weather like this, and the cars rarely passed.

"Don't worry we have 'Notice Me Not charms'." murmured parker. "I placed them up around your door, just moments before we knocked."

It was another half a mile before they discovered the Leaky Cauldron and then across from it was a bunch of woods.

Upon entering Harry felt cold slip up his spine, and shivered. "Where the fuck is it?" he asked, as they got deeper into the woods.

"Over here." Vander ran over, and moved a large set of tree branches and leaves, Harry seen a big black truck sitting.

"They are wrapped up, gagged, and stunned." Parker told him as they checked up on them. Yes they were there.

"Are they... remotely healthy?" asked Harry.

"A bit." stated Parker. "I kept them heavily sedated."

"Hmm good I want them to be aware of just how much pain they are going to go through." Harry said with a smirk.

"C'mon its fuckin' freezing." Parker said tossing the keys to Harry who as the only one who knew to drive.

"Wha if someone stops us?" asked Harry sliding into the drivers side of the pick up.

"Not to worry, we have so many charms around this thing, that no one will see it."

"Do you have what I asked for?" Harry said as Vander sat on the opposite end near the window.

"Got it." Parker pulled out a round basin with carvings on it. "What do you have in mind?"

Harry grinned evilly, "I'm going to send Voldemort a little... movie."

"Movie? What's that?" asked Vander.

Harry sighed, "You're killing my evilness here." he mumbled.

Parker snorted, "Well what is it?"

"LEt's just say that I'm going to record 'everything' that I'm about to do tonight to his dear precious deatheaters." Harry told them.

"What are you going to do? You still haven't told us." Vander remarked. "I'd like to get a few guzzles out of them. That fat one Macnair would be good."

Harry snorted, "No no, they need to be in pain." remarked the teen with a smirk. "They are going to wish they had never fucked with me in the first place."

Harry drove out of the city limits and then guided the car up a big hill and through the country. The hills and backgrounds seem to have made everything darker. There were no street lights, and Parker and Vander were quiet. Vander was griping about how 'hot' it was in the car, while Parker and Harry just gave him incredulous looks.

"Check the back Vander." Harry told him.

Vander felt relieved, when he used his Vampire magic and vanished from the seat and into the back. "I'll stay here!" said Vander, who wasn't up for the hot heat that was coming out of the heaters.

Harry just smirked as Parker scooted over to get a bit more comfortable. "I don't like a seat in my arse."

Harry sighed, "I'll have to play with the pensieve though make sure I don't put anyone's face in it.

"That's why we're going to be masked." said Parker handing him a mask.

"No.. I want the Deatheaters to see me. See my every move." remarked Harry.

"Why the hell weren't you a Slytherin?" asked Parker leaning back.

Harry smirked, "Because underestimating me is my greatest advantage and strength, and everyone else's greatest weakness."

It was an hour later when they pulled up to an old cast iron black gate, and on top of it was 'Memorial Cemetery.'

Eyebrows shooting up Parker glanced at Harry who took out his good wand, and rolled down his window, and casted an Alohamora on the gate. The gate swung open with a creaky metal noise.

Harry drove in, and Parker glanced around, "Cemetary?"

"Yes, it hasn't been used in more than fifteen years. It is rumored that the Mafia Kings and Lords come here when they needed to 'finish' business." Harry told Parker.

"Mafia?" asked Parker, "What's that?"

"A muggle criminal empire ran by a power, rich, and successful man who owns half of everything and then som."

"Oh, like Malfoy."

Harry shrugged, "Could say that. But, I wouldn't insult the Mafia with that term."

He lead the truck to the very back where there was a pond and a set of woods. Cutting the engine Harry got out.

"Stay here." Harry demanded, and pulled out his wand, and walked over, he had looked this spell up the day after what happened. HE knew exactly what he was going to do, he just had to learn the specific spell.

He walked over to a wooded area just inside of the woods where no one could see. Several bats fluttered out of the trees, and the cold night wrapped around him.

He pointed his wand at the earth, it was the strong powerful wand not his brother wand.

"Infossium Exequor!" Harry hissed, and the a flash of deep dark russet slipped out of Harry's wand, it sunk into the ground forming a professional looking grave of about six foot, the dirt moved to the side. The whole was big enough for one. Harry did it again to another grave next to it, before walking out of the woods to see Parker and Vander.

"Bring them to me." Harry just grinned as Parker slipped on his mask. Vander didn't give a damn who seen him.

Harry disappeared back into the brush, and waited by the graves. When Parker and Vander came over with the two floating Deatheaters, Parker's eyes widen, "What... are you... going to do." he asked, as he instinctively placed silencers on every inch of the wooded area that they were resided in.

Harry's green eyes blazed hot, "Its a little something called, sweet revenge."

The two Deatheaters were pushed against the tree tied, gagged, and bound.

Avery and Macnair both had scars and burns all over there face and arms. Harry walked to the both of them and tapped his wand at Macnair, the fat lump's eyes fluttered open. They had fear in them when he came face to face with Harry's fiery greey eyes.

"G'evening Walden." Harry said, pleasantly. "Welcome to my show." he said, waving his hand graciously.

Macnair's watery blue eyes fluttered around everywhere and his breathing was labored, as he stared at two graves dug perfectly.

Harry smiled, and walked over and pressed his arm against Macnair's shoulder. He flinched sharply and gulped. He was obviously determined not to look at Macnair.

"Didn't I do a good job?" Harry asked into Macnair's ear.

Macnair's lip quivered. Harry smiled, "Its OK." he said, softly and ran a finger down Macnair's cheek causing Macnair's eyes to widen and flinch. "You don't have to say anything." he was so gentle in his voice that it unhinged the large man's mind.

"W.. what are you..."

"Sshh.." Harry pressed his wand against Macnair's mouth, "Be quiet." he moved and walked over to Avery, and tapped his wand. His eyes

snapped open, they were a dark brown. He seemed to have more sense.

"Potter." Growled Avery.

Harry smiled, "Good evening Avery. How are you doing tonight? A bit cold isn't it?"

"Release me Potter!" Growled Avery. "My lord will tear you a new one."

Harry only smiled, "Look around you dear Avery. I don't think your Dark Lord is going to find you." Harry stepped out of the way and allowed Avery to check out his surroundings. He tried to move but he was immobile.

Harry watched with a satisfied smile on his face, when he seen the fear and sweat drip out of Avery. It was freezing but Avery was sweating. He was staring at the graves.

"I was just telling your buddy Walden here about how fine of a job I did." He said, as Avery glanced over to see Macnair shivering, against the tree.

Harry walked calmly from one to the other surveying them. "You made a very big mistake." the teen stopped and turned. "You are forgetting, that I have never been raised by Albus Dumbledore. I was raised by my own terms, and I don't care to make two disgusting Deathfuckers pay for their sins. Someone's got to do it, and since the Ministry won't do it, and Dumbledore thinks he can renew everyone, I guess that leaves me." Harry said, smiling all the while.

"You're going to kill us without giving us a fighting chance? How typical of you." said Avery sneering.

Harry smiled sweetly, "Just like you gave a pregnant woman a fighting chance?"

"Pregnant, I hope they both died." snarled Avery.

Macnair winced hearing that.

Harry's eyes flamed a deep bright green that unnerved Avery who bit his lower lip.

Harry stalked closer to Avery, "Say that again."

"What?" Avery breathed. "Say-that-again." the slow words as if he were a three-year-old, came from his mouth.

"I... hope they died." Avery mumbled.

Harry stopped when he was just a foot away, and Harry twirled his wand in his fingers.

Avery eyed the wand cautiously.

The teen felt the anger pump inside of him. Did he really have the guts to say that when he knew what his fate was going to be? Did he think that Harry wouldn't torture him before his death? Maybe Avery thought it would be a clean death and that was it. The Boy Who Lived would 'never' torture another.

Harry pointed the wand, "There's a special spell I've wanted to try for a while now." he grinned maliciously. "I think... you are the perfect target."

"Acer!" the curse hit on contact although there was no bright flash of light.

Harry had been pointed toward his groin, Avery started screaming and withering in pain, as sharp pain hit his male anatomy.

"What are you doing?" asked Parker curiously, never hearing that spell before.

"It gives you a sharp undeniably painful experience in a specific area." Harry grinned and Vander and Parker both grimaced and crossed their legs.

"Ow." Parker mumbled.

Avery screamed and cried. Walden gasped, "Wh.. what are you doing?"

Harry smiled, "Haven't you been listening dear Walden?"

Walden gulped, and looked the other way when Harry released the curse on Avery. The man slumped his head against his shoulder and panted with relief.

"Aww... did that hurt? I would say so." Harry purred. "You know, what I think would make that pain in your 'dick' go away?" asked Harry.

Avery gulped, and shook his head, Harry smiled, "Boys, you might want to turn around for this." he shot to Vander and Parker who didn't need telling twice.

"Castro!" Harry hissed, causing Parker to curse, "What the fuck!" Vander groaned, when he heard screams of agony and pain. The curse was one of unexplained pain. The Cruciatus would be a walk in the park compared to this, especially when it was directed at the male anatomy. (a.n. sorry boys)

"Oops looks like you'll never use 'that' again." Harry commented, as Walden looked green in the face.

There was blood seeping through Avery's trousers, and he was getting weaker and weaker, as well as the tears falling out of his eyes.

Harry inside felt a bit grossed out from what he did but then he remembered how these two bastards almost killed Eve, and it sent his anger pushing forward.

"Now that you are thoroughly in pain. I would like to introduce to you, your new bed." Harry waved his wand and the man was summoned toward him from tree and he screamed when he went face first into the grave.

Harry looked at Walden who was murmuring, "Oh merlin." he gulped. He was murmuring quickly to himself as if saying a prayer, his eyes bulging and Harry seen that he had wet himself.

Harry's wand pointed to the dirt and it fell on top of a screaming Avery. Harry packed the rest of it, as Parker and Vander watched unable to take their eyes off what they seen.

"You mess with my daughter or the mother of my daughter, and you will 'pay with your life!" Growled Harry turning and his eyes falling on Walden who as now pleading, "Please... p.. please... I.. I'm sorry! Please... don't do that to me. I never said anything.."

"No but you tortured the mother of my daughter till she died." Harry growled, pushing himself forcefully against Walden Macnair getting right in his face. "You tortured her till she couldn't handle it. You tortured a pregnant woman. Someone like your mother... your sister... your grandmother at one time!" Harry roared, "And you expect me to forgive you? Forgive what you did to a woman who was pregnant?" he snarled. "I don't fuckin' think so."

"I won't do what I did to Avery but I will make you pay." he stepped back and pointed his wand straight for Macnair's head, "Discrucio!" Walden gasped, and his head shook violently as he whimpered, and cried, his tears falling out of his eyes as he pleaded and begged for it to stop.

"Enjoy reliving your worst fears, and nightmares and remembering everyone you've ever harmed in great detail? Isn't it fun?" Harry cooed.

Walden sobbed and shook his head murmuring, "I'm sorry, I'm so sorry."

Harry stood there watching as Walden Macnair broke down in forceful sobs. For a moment Harry considered his pleas, and halfway believed him when he glanced over, he seen Parker standing there no longer wearing a mask. Vander was watching with a mingle of pleasure and amusement.

Parker's face was a mask. Harry looked at him, as Parker stared at him, "What do you want Harry?"

"Finish him off." He said, thinking to get Walden out of his misery. For some reason he had just a 'bit' more sympathy for him than he did Avery. Probably because of Avery's comment.

Harry's conscious was beating him like a nail.

"Allow me?" asked Vander. "I have no regrets." the Vampire's eyes glittered, as he strolled forward.

Harry just turned away, and walked over to Parker, and stared at him, "I'm like Voldemort aren't I?" his eyes glittered and the tears lined his eyes. "I get my revenge. But it don't feel any better."

He stared upwards at the sky trying to force himself not to cry.

"No. You aren't like Voldemort." stated Parker simply. "Those two nearly killed your daughter. Anyone would have done the same thing."

"Not torture. Maybe kill but never torture." Harry found it hard to swallow. "I... just... feel... so helpless. I mean... Candy was my responsibility, and I just left her while going off to some damn school."

"You hadn't a choice Harry. It was either that or you being brought into the Ministry for underage delinquency charges." Harry felt the emotion that had been bottled up since the day of Candy's murder. He wasn't sure he could handle it. He felt Vanders footsteps. "He's dead." stated Vander as a matter of factly.

"Would you like me to bury him?" asked Parker.

Harry shook my head, "My job. My mess. I clean it up." Harry turned, to see Macnair's head slumped over his face pale and two large gashes on his neck. He was limp.

Harry summoned him and placed him into the grave and packed it full of dirt. When he was done, he turned to see Parker taking down the silencer as Vander watched Harry closely.

Harry did not meet the Vampires eyes instead Harry walked out of the woods without another word, his anger replaced by unwanted sadness and guilt.

Harry didn't speak he held his tears and held his feelings, as the three dark headed guys headed back toward town.

"Go ahead and park this in the exact same place. Is the clicker on?" asked Vander.

"Yes." stated Harry quietly. "Ok, I'll take you back in with me."

Parker looked at Harry, whose face was as white as Vanders.

When Harry appeared with Vander in his house he heard a jump, "Whose there!" There was a wand at Harry's heart. "Me Sirius." Harry said glumly.

Sirius blinked, "Harry? Oh thank merlin you're back. I was so worried." he said, half asleep.

Harry turned to Vander, "Thanks Vander."

Vander nodded, "No problem Harry. You take care of yourself." he nodded in respect to Sirius who didn't take his eyes off the silky vampire. Vander disappeared without a hint of noise.

Harry sighed, and plopped down on the couch feeling the pillows of where Sirius had stayed.

"Everything OK Harry?"

"Long night."

"What happened?" asked Sirius.

"It's best you don't ask." he insisted. "I'm sorry but, I can't put you through that."

"What is it Harry? I know you were going to get your revenge but..."

"Sirius, what I did tonight was something Voldemort would be proud of in his Death Eaters. Let's just leave it at that." he said, exhausted. Holding in your emotions was very hard, especially when they were mixed with anger, guilt, and sadness.

"I would stay but... I'm afraid someone would wake up and find me missing." said Sirius quietly.

Harry nodded, "Understandable. Go on Sirius. Thank you."

Sirius hugged Harry who bit his lip very harshly to keep the tears from falling. Sirius left, leaving Harry to rock back and forth on the couch in the dark. He got up quickly and ran to his room, and closed it. With the light out no one could see, no one would know. Shrugging off his jacket, Harry's shoulders sagged and he sunk down onto the bed and started sobbing. His face fell into his hands as he sobbed, and sobbed. Over Candy, over his daughter over what he did tonight. He let it out. He couldn't hold it in any longer. If he did he thought he'd explode.

Harry felt someone's arms wrap firmly around him. He flinched, when he heard a soft, "Shh... it's OK Harry. C'mon let it out." the voice was none other than Shari's.

He tried to move but she just held him firmly, "Let it out. I'm here. It's just me." Whispered Shari, into his ear.

Harry felt the tears fall out of his eyes, as he bowed his head, continued to sob into Shari's chest. The half vampire rubbed his back gently. She had been sent over here by Vander. She knew what happened to night...

"It's OK to cry. Doesn't make you weak." whispered Shari. "Makes you stronger."

She moved with Harry and laid down on the bed, and held him in her arms, as he cried and sobbed. "I want things to get better." he sniffed.

"And they can. You can make them better Harry." said Shari quietly. "You have made them better by loving your daughter."

Harry sniffed, and rubbed his tears against Shari's shoulder, and laid there listening to her heart. It was a slower beat than most. She wasn't dead, but it wasn't normal either. Most would think she was about to die any moment now. But it was the right speed for a vamp. He could smell her soft scent and he closed his eyes, and fell asleep her arms wrapped around his.

Chapter Twenty-Six: Return to Hogwarts

Shari had left before Harry woke up. The teen was kind of glad, he felt a bit weird having shown his emotions to Shari, although he felt a two ton weight lift off his shoulders.

He heard a whimper from the crib, and sat up. She wasn't suppose to be sleeping in her crib. He forgot, to tell Sirius that. He got up quickly and headed out of the bedroom to retrieve her.

"Good morning my love." He said scooping the infant in his arms.

She gurgled and stirred, and her eyes looked up at him. Harry smiled, and kissed her cheek. All his bad feelings went away just staring at her.

"We got to hurry." Harry told her, as he walked out of the room with Eve.

"We have a train to catch today." Harry told her.

He gave no indication to anyone that he was going back. He was just going to get on the train, whether they liked it or not.

He had to hurry, time was on his side, he wanted to be the first to Platform nine and three quarters. After feeding Eve, he burped her and then changed her while talking to her. She just stared at him before nodding back to sleep.

"Am I that boring?" Harry asked, softly. She just grunted in her sleep, as if responding.

There was a soft movement, and Harry glanced over to see Shari standing there half asleep, but she had a concerned look across her beautiful features.

"How you feeling?" she asked, walking over and wrapping her arms around his neck.

Harry smiled, and hugged her, "Good, thank you Shari." He said softly.

She smiled warmly and moved, and stared at him, "My pleasure Harry. Do you need a ride to Kings Cross?"

Harry nodded, "I didn't want to take the Knight Bus."

"My pleasure. Let me help." she insisted, taking the socks from Harry's hands. "Go, get dressed!" she teased, her eyes dancin over his body. He was in just boxers.

He just smirked at her before walking out. "Although, I love those." was the comment he heard from Shari.

Harry grumbled, as he summoned everything to his trunk. He had just slipped on a long sleeved black shirt when Shari opened the door.

"Harry! Where's Eve's carseat?" she smirked, standing at the door.

Harry glanced over, "Erm... right here." He grabbed it off the dresser and handed it to Eve who smiled. "Do you need me to make her some bottles?"

"They're all ready made." he told her. "Ok." she giggled, and walked back out leaving Harry to smirk and shake his head.

He was ready ten minutes later, Eve was fast asleep in her carseat wearing a pink bootie outfit, and two pink blankets draped over her carseat. She was wearing a pink little hat and every so often she'd flex her little fingers in her sleep.

"Do I have everything?" asked Harry curiously. He had everything shrunken in his trunk from her basinet to a spare crib, to diapers, bottles, not to mention all his stuff.

Shari smiled, "Yes, I believe so. If you need anything else, I can always come get it."

"I hope Eve doesn't wake." he said, shrinking his trunk to the size of a

"She might. Its kind of uncomfortable." Shari said sweetly.

"What time is it?" asked Harry.

"Its not even ten-thirty. Don't you want to eat first?"

Harry shrugged, "I'd like to get on the train before anyone else." he told her.

Shari nodded, "Ok."

Harry gripped the carseat, and wrapped his arm around Shari's small waist, and held Eve securely.

The uncomfortable heated feeling of Vampire Travel, was one of immense worry due to his daughter. When they appeared they were standing right on Platform nine and three quarters.

It was positively deserted except a few of the wizards that were casting spells at the train.

Eve whimpered with fright, and squealed, when Harry cooed Eve to silence. He couldn't take off the blanket because of the freezing cold.

"Harry, I'll see you soon. I'll be in the forest in case you need me." she said, wrapping her arms around Harry's neck.

He smiled, "Thanks Shari. For everything." She touched his cheeks, "You're welcome." She kissed him softly on the lips.

Harry savored it for several moments, it was something of unexplained comfort and subtle passion.

When they parted, Shari smiled, "I'll be seeing you." with one last kiss on the lips, she disappeared as quickly as they had arrived.

Harry walked over to the train, as the conductor came over, and took Harry's ticket. He eyed the carseat but Harry just gave him a pointed look before boarding the express, and finding a seat in the way back.

He sat Eve's carseat down and pulled out his trunk enlarged it and slid it up above them on the luggage rack.

Plopping down he stared at Eve who was now grunting like a baby piglet, her eyes open and alert. She obviously couldn't see him cause she started crying.

Harry moved to her immediately, "Hey, no need for tears." Harry said, softly as he moved the blanket and unbuckled her carseat strap.

Her crying stopped upon seeing him. "You're going to cause a riot." He whispered, as he sat down and held his daughter to his chest. He used his wand to cast a warming charm in the compartment.

He sat down and propped his feet up against the other seat and placed Eve on her back, against his knees and thighs, to where she was able to stare right at him. He smirked, and slouched in the seat slightly that way she was closer to him.

He talked to her in hushed tones, and adjusted the outfit and grabbed the blanket and wrapped it around her. "You warm?" Harry asked, in an uncharacteristically tender voice, that a person who knew Harry would think impossible.

She just grunted, and raised her little balled up fist, where Harry just kissed it and smiled, as he leaned his head back and watched as Eve nodded off to sleep.

It was 10:30 a.m. when people started boarding the train. Harry glanced out the window with interest. He seen several recognizable Gryffindors and Ravenclaws talking to what was apparently their parents.

He seen Justin go through and about five minutes later he spotted Hannah and Susan. He didn't see Hermione, then again there was about thirty minutes remaining.

He leaned back, and closed his eyes, his arms securing Eve. The warmth was easily putting Harry to sleep.

The compartment door opened, and gasps ensued. Harry jerked awake suddenly and glanced over to see Ron Weasley standing there his mouth gaping open and a red haired girl blue eyes wide like snitches. Hermione was standing there.

"Hi Harry." said Hermione.

Harry glanced over at them, "Hi."

Ron and Ginny were floored.

"It's hot in here." the female red head then commented.

Ron didn't know what to say, on one hand he wanted to sneer something in Harry's direction but then seeing a child in his hands... that put him off.

"Oh my gosh she's so cute." said Ginny walking over and getting a look. "What's her name?" asked Ginny softly.

"Surprised Hermione didn't tell you."

Hermione went red, "It's your business Harry."

Harry just smiled, "Her names Eve."

"Oh she's so cute." Ginny gently touched her cheek and giggled, "Aww.. how old is she?"

"One week and a day old." Harry told Ginny who smiled. "Oh my gosh, she's darling. Can I sit and hold?" asked Ginny sheepishly.

Harry 'would' have said no but he could see the kindness in her eyes, and gently handed Ginny, Eve.

Ron sat on the other side completely quiet. Hermione sat down next to him.

"I'm glad you decided to come back to school." said Hermione quietly.

Harry glanced over at her, and shrugged, "I was advised."

Ron just stared at the child in Ginny's hand and back at Harry flabbergasted.

Ginny couldn't stop making comments. Her eyes glittered, as she handed Eve back. "She's so darling and warm. Phewww.. its hot in here." Ginny muttered again waving a free hand to her face, as if it would clear everything up.

"Too keep Eve warm. It was cool in here when I first got on."

"When did you? We didn't see you on the platform?" asked Hermione.

"I was the first one here. Shari brought me." Hermione's eyes narrowed at the mention of Shari but Harry didn't pay any mind, as he went through Eve's diaper bag.

The train started to move now, and a bunch of adults were waving on the platform.

"We have to go to the prefect compartment. We'll see you Harry." she hugged Harry gently as Ron's scowl deepened.

Ginny just smirked, and stayed where she was. Ron was a little less adamant on allowing his 'baby' sister to be in the same compartment as Harry.

Hermione grabbed Ron by the arm very aware of pinching the flesh underneath making him gasp, "Ouch dammit Hermione." he hissed in pain.

"C'mon we're going to be late." the two left, leaving Harry with the Gryffindor Seeker. (for all you Ginny haters. Nothing serious will happen.)

Harry moved and placed Eve back in her carseat. She was fast asleep.

"Man, how do you handle the heat?" she asked, waving her hand over her soft featured face.

Harry turned, and was well aware of her sweating.

"Eve has to have it just warm enough." He told her as he sat down next to the carseat.

"I understand." she took off her cloak and laid it aside, and then proceeded to take off her over stuffed sweater.

Harry smirked, as he watched it move up over her head, there was a shirt underneath but it was slowly rising showing her belly button.

The shirt came all the way up to the edge of her bra. He could just see a white piece before Ginny's head appeared and adjusted her shirt.

"Damn." He murmured.

Ginny glanced at him, and blushed, "What?" she asked, sheepishly.

"If you had raised it just a bit further." announced Harry, causing Ginny to choke and glance at him in surprise, then she realized what he said, and she giggled furiously.

For a second Harry thought the red-head would slap him for it.

Ginny just rolled her eyes, "You wish."

"Yes, its on my wish list." Harry muttered, as she just snickered, her shoulders shaking as she did, and placed the sweater to the side.

"Are you hitting on me?" asked Ginny.

Harry shrugged, "Whatever you would like to call it." his eyes glittered and focused on Ginny who squirmed under his gaze.

Ginny just laughed, "My brothers would die if they knew."

Harry smiled, "I'm not worried about your brothers now am I?"

"Obviously not." said Ginny.

"How can I not make a comment or look when you are sweating to point I can see the outline of your bra. Maybe... I should turn up the heat more." Harry teased, his fingers playing with his wand.

Ginny snickered and glanced down indeed the sweat was going through her shirt sticking against it.

"I see you're not wearing a training bra." he commented, making her glance up at him her cheeks red from either the heat or embarrassment, he wasn't sure.

"Oh you make that assumption huh?"

Harry just tilted his head, "Hard not too. Girls jealous of you?" he asked, playfully.

Ginny just looked at him, "Uh.. I don't think so."

"They should be." he teased.

"I have a boyfriend." Ginny then said.

"Do you think I care?"

Ginny snickered, "Obviously not." she said for the second time.

Harry just leaned back, and placed his hands together and moved them to the back of his head, staring at Ginny who was trying to concentrate on the Quibbler.

She looked up over the magazine to see Harry still staring at her. She blinked, "What?" she asked suddenly.

"You're still here in the heat." said Harry grinning.

"Yes... I don't want to get up."

"Why not? You can sit on my lap." Harry suggested. "I can cool you off."

Ginny just giggled furiously, "Its too hot to do that." Although she was eyeing him with utmost interest.

"Well... you can always take off that shirt."

Ginny blanched, and stared at him as if he had grown two heads. Harry just stared at her contently, with a crooked smile.

"You... you're serious?"

"Would I have said it had I not meant it?" asked Harry simply.

Ginny just looked out the window and then at the door and back at Harry, "I am 'not' taking off my shirt."

"Raise it up then." Harry suggested.

"Ra..raise up.. my shirt?" Ginny looked at him incredulously.

"Aw... c'mon, it doesn't hurt. I won't tell no one." Harry said, softly. "I could use with a small peep show."

Ginny just stared at him with utmost shock. No one had ever came out and asked for something like that. The way he was saying it, though was as if it were normal.

"Harry, I don't even know you."

"What better way then? Hmm?" he asked. "You're a big girl. Not a little girl."

"I know that." clipped Ginny's voice.

"Yes, and so do I." He grinned widely, as she sighed, and looked down at herself. "I can't just take off my shirt."

"I'll take off mine."

She looked at him, "You're a guy!" she announced.

"So glad you've figured that out sweetie." He smirked at her shocked face.

"What can I do to get you to give me a look? Just a small one?" asked Harry leaning up and staring at the teen whose mouth opened to say something and then closed again. "Uh..."

"What?" asked Harry. "Ask."

"Anything?" she asked.

Harry nodded, "Anything." he leaned back as she looked at him her cheeks blazing red.

"Uh... well..." "Don't be shy Ginerva."

Ginny blinked, and breathed in sharply, "Uh... just uh getting a feel would be fine with me." she said, gulping. She was going to feel the boy who lived! That was what was going through her mind.

Harry smirked, "Come over here darlin'!" Harry insisted waving her over.

Harry watched as she slowly stood and touched the end of her top, "Want to see?"

"Of course." he said watching her with his undivided attention.

She giggled, and raised it up to show Harry her white bra. It was indeed nice, and the straps pressed against her chest nicely, and for a young teen she was well developed. He then remembered Mrs. Weasley and it went without fail that she had definitely inherited her mothers body. She looked hte other way a smile on her face as well as a deep blush.

"Very beautiful..." said Harry, appraisingly.

"Ok!" she quickly put her shirt down, "Stand up!" she ordered.

Harry smirked, and stood towering over the red-head. She raised up his shirt and touched his hot chest, and giggled while doing so.

Harry just watched her as if she were a kid in a candy store feeling his chest and then moved closely till she was touching his back and then moved down her face going red all the while.

"You enjoy that?" he whispered in her ear making her jump slightly. She had been drinking in the moment.

"Aww... uh... um... yes." she admitted her hands touching his arse making her giggle again, and nearly jump up and down like a giddy little school girl.

She soon pulled back her face blushing as she did. He smirked, and swooped down on her, his lips crushing against hers causing her to make a 'mmm' noise of surprise. His hands touched her cheek and he caught her lips with his mouth. She could only kiss back.

He released her and she just stood there dazed as he plopped back down onto the seat and crossed his leg. He really had to get a hold of himself.

It a moment for Ginny to respond and when she did she sat down timidly, "Wow." was what she said causing Harry to smirk, and glance over at Eve who was fast asleep twitching every so often.

Hermione and Ron came back in an hour later. They all complained of the heat.

"You can sit somewhere else." He commented simply.

He was sure Hannah, Justin, and Susan were wondering where he was. He didn't want to get up and look all over creation.

"Hannah was looking for you." said Hermione. "I told her you were here... so they may stop in." she looked over at Ginny who had a

smile on her face. She was staring at the Quibbler but her eyes weren't moving, they had a dazed look in them.

Harry was about to respond when the door opened and the Weasley Twins stepped up.

"Harry-!" announced Fred openly. "Good to see you ol' friend." "Phewwww... its boiling in here." the freckle faced twin of George remarked.

"And who is this little one?" asked George walking over and peering in with a smirk.

"Why she is beautiful." commented Fred. "Much more gorgeous than you are my delicate Hufflepuff." teased George bowing.

Harry snorted, "Right. Her names Eve Evans."

"And a lovely name." finished Fred, approvingly.

They sat down and twitched, "Enjoying the heat?"

Ron was particularly red in the face he looked like a well ripened tomato, you could hardly see his freckles.

Ginny still had the blush on her face from earlier, and Hermione was small enough not to have too much affect on the heat even though she was still hot she wasn't sweating profusely.

The Weasley twins talked for a few moments, when they looked at Harry, "Could we talk to you in private?" asked Fred, eyeing the others whose ears perked up at the word, 'private.'

"I'll keep an eye on Eve." said Hermione.

Harry nodded, and stood and walked out of the compartment into the cool air. The twins breathed softly feeling the cool air.

Harry just smirked, "Do you still want some help?"

"Would be 'much' appreciated. We've been selling a lot of our stuff. But we've been doing more creating than selling at the moment." Fred told Harry.

"We have an add in the Daily Prophet however." said George grinning.

"How much?"

They shrugged, "Five hundred?" they asked at the same time.

Harry smirked, "I can do that. I'll have it to you by the weekend."

"Thank you, we are so unworthy of your friendship." said Fred, putting on a display.

"We hold you with deep gratitude." followed George bowing like a servant.

"Stop that." Harry pushed them up. "C'mon lets get back in there. I wonder how many more shades of red your brother will go before he explodes."

"Ooh... I say one more." said Fred.

"Oh no our 'ickle Ronnikens can go several shades. Try tomato red plus a tint of purple." George informed.

Harry laughed, "I think he's at tomato red right now."

George's grin would scare anyone but Harry, "Ooh... we'd love to stay and watch-"

"But we must get back to Lee-"

"Whose snogging Angelina-"

"We need to take advantage-

"Of the situation. Good day our freaky Hufflepuff friend." George exclaimed with a snicker, before him and his twin walked away.

Harry came back in to see Hermione holding Eve to her, as Ginny sat on her other side.

Harry sat as far away from Ron as he could until Ron couldn't handle it anymore.

"I have to get out of here. I'm going to faint." Indeed he was tomato red with a hint of purple. Exactly how George predicted.

Harry took Eve, "You guys don't have to stay here. It's very hot and I can't take the charm off the room. If she gets cold she may get sick."

"We should find another compartment before we roast." grunted Ron standing and shaking his head before fleeing the hot compartment.

Hermione was torn between staying and going. Harry insisted she go, Ginny followed but not without a glance back at the boy who lived.

Harry didn't particularly enjoy that company except for the little show Ginny gave him.

He leaned back and cradled his daughter in his arms. The door opened again, and Justin, Hannah, and Susan were standing there.

"HARRY!" They chorused at the same time. "I heard you dropped out." Justin responded before noticing the little bundle in his arms.

"Oh mother of merlin." whispered Hannah rushing over.

"Is that..." Susan pointed. "Y... your baby?"

Harry nodded, "Yes." He said, as Justin came over, "Ulgh, its hot in here Harry." Justin sat down in front as both girls got on each side.

"Has to be." Harry told him. "Oh my gosh she's so cute. What's her name?" asked Hannah who took Eve first. Susan pouted playfully but smiled, otherwise.

"Eve Madison Evans. She's a week and a day old."

"Oh my gosh she's so small."

"What happened? I thought the baby wasn't due till February?" asked Justin.

Harry frowned, "Candy died."

Susan and Hannah gasped, "Oh my gosh how?" asked Susan in horror as she took Eve in her arms.

Harry sighed, and told them 'some' of the truth. He didn't tell them about torturing the Deatheaters he just told them about Candy, since they all ready knew she was pregnant and that he was having a kid.

Susan and Hannah were in tears and Justin swore colorfully. "That's terrible." said Justin.

"What happened to the Deatheaters?"

"I sent a non-tracable port-key to the Ministry. Hopefully, something will be done."

For a moment Justin looked doubtful at Harry. If the Hufflepuff knew anything about Harry is that he wouldn't leave it in the hands of the Ministry. However, he didn't argue with it or disagree. Susan and Hannah however bought it.

Hannah and Susan had to take off their cloaks to keep from sweating as Justin sweated it out.

He got his chance to hold Eve, who was very content on staying asleep.

"She's tiny." said Justin, with a light smile. "My nephew was a lot bigger than this."

"Yes, she's a premie. The school nurse delivered her. I didn't have time to get her to a hospital. Besides, I wouldn't be able to explain the injuries."

The trolley came by and knocked on the door. She looked mildly stunned to see the baby.

Harry bought everyone some cauldron cakes and a few snacks and drinks before returning to his seat, Eve tucked away in the carseat.

Justin had placed a cooling charm over him, and was looking quite comfortable.

"I always have trouble with that charm." Hannah remarked.

Harry waved his normal wand at Hannah who sighed upon instant. "Thank you Harry." she said, as Susan placed it on herself.

Harry was use to it because his house was this warm. He adapted well to it.

Eve slept most of the train ride. He was glad, she sure was going to need it. He thought to himself, as he leaned back talking to his friends, who told them about their holiday.

"Is it true that you and Hermione are no longer a couple?" asked Hannah out of the blue.

"Yeah, she couldn't handle the idea that I was more experienced than her."

"Didn't she know that?" asked Justin.

Harry nodded, "I told her when we first got together, that I was much more experienced than most people in seventh year."

Harry was happy that Malfoy didn't show up. He didn't want to put up with the arsehole if he didn't have too. He didn't want any stray spells to hit his daughter. He didn't want to have to commit another murder... and this time in front of witnesses.

Harry hadn't sent the memory to Voldemort yet. But he would do that by the end of the week. He was determined to show Voldemort just what would happen when you mess with him and someone he cared about.

Six o' clock rolled around. Hannah and Susan went outside so Harry and Justin could change into their robes.

"What are you going to do about classes?" asked Justin.

"No fuckin' idea." He answered. "I knew I shouldn't have came back. I'll be damned if I let someone I don't trust near my child." Harry said, scowling.

"Why did you come back?"

"It was advised." the teen father murmured, adjusting his belt buckle, and made sure to retie his black hair back.

"Professor Zabini?" asked Justin.

"No, actually it wasn't him."

Justin didn't ask any further. He knew better.

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Harry tucked Eve away, and slid the blanket over the carseat that covered the whole thing. The train slowed to a stop as Harry took off the heating charm.

Lily, his cat seemed to give him a look of relief, although she protested with meager meows when he put her in her carrying basket.

When Harry walked out of the compartment with everyone else filing out. Eyes swept him and mouths opened in shock. He ignored their looks as he shoved himself through the crowd, either they moved willingly or he forced them to move, either way Harry was one of the first ones onto the platform.

"Everyone ter the carriage, c'mon!" shouted the voice of Hagrid.

Harry winced, hoping Eve did not wake. His eyes met Harry, "'Arry! I 'ad no idea yeh were comin' back." he said, with a look of pride in his eyes.

"Hello Hagrid. I'll talk to you later." he said pointing to the carseat.

Hagrid's mouth opened and walked over, "Let me see 'Arry." he said, in as soft of a voice as the half-giant could.

"For a second, it's bloody hell freezin' out here." Harry slid the blanket as Hagrid peered in. "Oy, 'Arry, she be a young tyke." he remarked, as Harry put the blanket back over his head.

"I'll see you Hagrid." he walked away and seen Justin, Hannah, and Susan standing by a carriage.

Eyes followed Harry where ever he went and whispers broke out as he disappeared inside a carriage.

Harry did not wait till McGonagall came in. Instead he trailed up the stone steps mutely. Diaper bag in one arm and the carseat in the other.

"Parvati, open the door." Harry told her.

Parvati complied with only a nod and opened it, as Harry disappeared leaving whispers from behind.

The cool air was in the Entrance Hall. He quickly hurried to the Great Hall when it opened and he was face to face with Professor McGonagall.

She gasped her hand going straight to her heart as her eyes locked with Harry and then looked down at the carseat.

"Its freezing." Harry said simply. McGonagall just gaped at him, all of her stern and fair composure lost.

"Potter... is that?" she looked breathless at the carseat.

"Yes, its freezing, I need to get somewhere warm."

"In here Potter." McGonagall opened the doors allowing Harry to enter the Great Hall.

Parker and Remus were up quicker than anyone else could register what was going on. Professor Dumbledore moved a bit slower and followed Parker and Remus. The other teachers were just staring startled and open mouthed.

"Can you make this place warmer?" Harry asked.

Professor Dumbledore hearing this did just that. "I am glad you came back Harry." he said, watching as Parker took the carseat, and pulled the blanket with a smile. It was obvious that Parker was the 'unannounced godfather.' it was never said or called but it was obvious.

"How she doing Harry?" he asked. "Good Parker. Fussy but good."

"Harry, could I have a word with you after the feast?"

Harry looked at Dumbledore sourly before nodding, "Fine." he murmured.

"Thank you. Go ahead and have a seat Harry. You and your daughter." he smiled warmly his eyes twinkling endlessly as he seen Eve's eyes flicker open.

McGonagall just smiled, unable to hide the warmth she felt toward the infant. "She has the eyes of you and your mother." said McGonagall quietly.

Harry just smiled at her able to appreciate and respect the Transfiguration Teacher, as she suddenly snapped out of it.

"I have students to tend to. Excuse me." with one last look she walked out, leaving two teachers, a headmaster, and a teen father.

Remus was all ready asking Harry when he decided to come back.

Sitting at Hufflepuff, Harry turned to Remus and Parker, "Vander talked me into it believe it or not."

"Wow, Vander? he was always against you coming here." said Parker.

"Yeah I know. He said, I needed it." Harry muttered.

"He's right." Remus said smiling. "You do need it. We better get back up to our seats otherwise everyone will complain of favorites." He winked at Harry and walked away with Parker. "Come see me Harry. Password, 'Know Thine Enemy'"

Harry nodded, and swiveled around facing the double doors, Eve on the seat next to him. She was visible for all the world to see.

Everyone filed in, and Harry ignored them, as Hannah, Susan, and Justin came over, and sat around.

"What the hell..." murmured Daniel. "When did you get a kid?"

"Since when was it your fuckin' business?" Harry asked smoothly.

Daniel just scowled and turned away as people eyed Harry and the baby in shock.

Zacharias was asking Justin what was going on and Ernie was staring open mouthed.

Even Malfoy and his group who passed their table had nothing to say to him, only eyeing the carseat with apparent shock. Harry was surprised that their 'daddys' didn't tell them about his daughter.

When everyone settled down, except people who were staring at Harry, which was half the group except Hermione and her friends, the twins and his friends. Even the teachers, and Geri was looking mildly

stunned. She offered Harry a sweet smile which he returned but with a smirk.

Dumbledore stood and made his usual announcements. "I would also like to welcome Mr. Potter's daughter to Hogwarts, she will be staying here and I do not want to see any of you harassing either of them with your questions and curiosity. Thank you and enjoy our delightful feast."

'Well that was one thing Dumbledore did that was decent.' Harry pondered how long it would last.

Harry busied himself, with eating, when Eve started fussing slightly. Getting her out people craned their necks to catch a glimpse of the infant. The girls were giggling and making 'awing' noises, while the boys smiled at the child.

Harry was feeding her in one hand while he ate with the other hand. He had learned this very quickly.

By the end of the feast. Harry was ready to retrieve to his dormitory, but wondered how he would do this. He didn't want to risk waking the other boys up.

He then remembered he had to meet with Professor Dumbledore. Harry said his good-byes, as Hannah gave him the Hufflepuff password. "You'll have to figure out the riddle." Hannah told him.

Harry nodded, and walked out Eve in one arm and the carseat in the other, and his diaper bag over my neck and arm.

Remus and Parker met and moved into step next to him on each side.

"Let me see her." Remus smiled and took the infant who grunted and made a whimpering noise.

Remus cooed her and laid her against his right side of his chest, where she could actually look over his shoulder. He patted her pack as she grunted and nodded in and out of sleep.

"You feeling better Harry?" asked Parker.

Harry didn't need to ask what he was talking about. Harry only nodded, "Yeah. Thanks to Shari."

Parker smirked. "I wondered why Vander took off so quickly."

Remus was talking to Eve, all the while. "My merlin Harry, she looks so much like you except the cheeks. They're chubby."

"Candy's face was chubby." he told Remus. "So was Lily's." Remus told him, as they got to the stone gargoyle.

"Chocolate Billywigs." Parker remarked. Harry rolled his eyes, as the stone gargoyle swung aside.

Giving Eve back Remus and Parker said they'd wait for Harry, as he made his way up the revolving staircase.

He would have to be changing Eve soon so he wanted to hurry up and get this interrogation over with.

Harry was to knock but Dumbledore all ready called him in his cheerful voice. Grumbling with frustration Harry enters, and stares over at the lemon drop old man.

Dumbledore stood and smiled, "Thank you for coming back Harry."

Harry just stood there daughter in arms. "What arrangements am I to make? I will not leave my daughter to anyone I do not trust..." he said, simply.

Dumbledore nodded, "That is quite understandable." he stroked his beard, "How about this, all of your subjects you may bring your daughter except for Potions and Herbology due to the dangers."

"What about spells, they could easily go a stray and I'd hate to have to kill someone because they hit my daughter." he answered simply.

Dumbledore nodded, and sat down and offered a lemon drop. Refusing quickly Harry said, "The only people I trust in this school are Parker, Remus, and Poppy." Harry said simply.

"Well then I'm sure Parker wouldn't mind helping you.. would he?" asked Dumbledore.

"No, I don't guess he would." Harry said nodding. "I can do that. But no one else is to go near my daughter."

Dumbledore nodded, "Very well Harry. I am very happy you are back, and I would like to offer you two a room of your own that way you don't have to worry about your dorm mates. Of course your friends will be allowed to visit you and Justin may stay over when he wishes but no females."

Harry rolled his eyes, and folded his arms with a simple nod. Although, he didn't mean it. He was single now. He was going to use that to his advantage.

Professor Dumbledore gave him instructions and told him that to the left of the Hufflepuff Portrait was a portrait of a bearded man with dark blue eyes.

"For now your password is 'Lemon Drop.' You can change it at your will." he said, as Harry just gave him an insulted look.

"Right."

"Your stuff has all ready been brought up. Thank you for coming back."

"I didn't do it for you." Harry muttered as he stalked out shaking his head.

A.N.: OK listen up all you Ginny Weasley haters. That was not a serious thing. Harry was just being... single Harry. First girl in his sights he wants to play around a bit. He's single now... :) For how long I'm not sure but he'll get some 'fun' time in. Nothing is going to

happen between them two he was just hitting on her and she was flattered. She's too immature for him anyway. :)

I got some news... I have the very last chapter all typed up and ready to go :) I think two weeks and my story should be complete depends on how much computer time I have... I'm planning a sequel... I even have the first chapter to the sequel typed up. I was bored at the moment so I just started writing it out of the blue and it all came together.

:yes I read Lady Treasons stuff 'all' the time. We're good friends. Pretty good, to the fact that on her fourth story I've helped her write the two scenes :) if you like vampires and slash its for you if you don't... then... i recommend Harry Potter and the Final Strawl if you don't like Hermione perfect story for you if you do... warning its not pleasant. Apprentice Potter would be a good one for others as well :) Thank you everyone for the reviews. I adore them. :)

Chapter Twenty-Seven: Things Start to Heat Up

The room in which Harry entered to the side of Hufflepuff was a really nice room. Much like Parker and Remus' the room was decked out with a living room and the kitchen was just next to it. There was a study desk in the corner and several rows of books on shelves. Parker had left Harry and Eve to their selves, as Harry checked the place out. There were two bedrooms and a large luxurious bathroom.

The bathroom was a dark blue and black tile and the mirrors were large and expansive.

Harry checked his room, to see a large master bed with dark blue sheets and comforters.

"Better than yellow." He murmured to Eve, who just grunted sleepily.

Harry twitched, "Time for you to be changed." He commented.

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After he changed Eve, he walked out with her and walked over to the portraits and read the riddle with an exasperated sigh.

George, Helen, and Steve are drinking coffee.

Bert, Karen, and Dave are drinking soda.

Using logic, is Elizabeth drinking coffee or soda?

Harry stared at the riddle for several minutes, and smirked, "Elizabeth would be drinking coffee." He responded. "In all the names of people who are drinking coffee there are two E's. Elizabeth has two E's."

There were a few chuckles, and the portraits did a swap and this time instead of a woman portrait it was a male portrait.

"Strawberry Tarts."

The portrait swung open and Harry entered the Hufflepuff Common Room. Justin, Hannah, and Susan were at his side in no time. Susan

giggled and took Eve, and held her, as Justin was asking what Dumbledore wanted.

"He gave me my own room. I still have to change the password." Said Harry sourly. "He decided to use lemon drops."

Hannah snickered, and took Eve from Susan. Susan pouted playfully, as Hannah sat down with Eve.

Harry sat at a table in the back as some people came over, asking what her name was and how old she was. They heeded Dumbledore's word and didn't but in with personal questions.

"I take it you won't be sleeping in the dorms then?" asked Justin.

Harry shook his head, "No can do, with Eve." He smirked, "I'll have to show you guys my room tomorrow. I'm beat now. I just wanted to come in here for a few moments before going to see Parker."

When he left, he found Parker in his room with Remus. Parker didn't even let Harry ask because Parker simply said, "Bring her to me in the morning." He smirked at Harry and nodded, "I'll keep her safe and out of the hands of anyone with twinkling blue eyes and lemon drop breath."

Remus talked to Harry about Sirius, "What did you tell that man? He's been walking around pacing and mumbling to himself about how he feels trapped under Dumbledore."

Harry smirked, "I said, it simply that Grimmauld is Sirius' house. He has every right to know what's going on." Remus grinned, "I see... now you have him thinking about selling the place."

Harry just chuckled his green eyes glittered in a much different way than Dumbledore's, as he watched Parker hold Eve.

"Good, maybe 'something' will get done then."

At a quarter till ten, Harry left Eve in his arms. He had a long day ahead of him.

Indeed the day turned out to be long, longer than most. He showed up in the hall and everyone's shock returned the next morning seeing a baby in Harry's arms. Speculations went out about Harry and his daughter, and even rumors were being tossed around.

Harry was feeding Eve while eating it was a morning and evening ritual. She needed a bottle every few hours so he always had one or two on hand.

Arithmancy was the first class, and when he entered with Eve in tow, Geri who was perched on the desk just like she always was smiled graciously, "Hi Harry, why didn't you tell me?" she asked, sliding off the desk and walking over to his desk to get a look. "Oh she's beautiful." Said Geri, looking at the sleeping baby.

"Yeah, I know. I told no one."

"Well you could have trusted me Harry." Said Geri with a sweet smile.

Harry changed the subject not wanting to insult her by telling her that he didn't trust anyone at the moment.

"I take it-" she began, smiling offhandedly, "That you're for once a free man again?"

Harry nodded, "Yes, Hermione and I didn't work out."

"I could have told you that." Geri commented dryly.

Harry considered Geri for a moment before asking, "What do you want? You're a teacher... you can get anyone you want."

She giggled, "What do you mean? What do I want?" she said feigning innocence. "I just.. would like to get to know you, more than just... sleeping with..." she pointed out.

Harry smirked, "Geri, what do you want." He repeated again, tilting his head to the side.

"Nothing Harry, absolutely nothing at all." she laughed, "Except, for you to be in my room tonight."

Harry just smirked, "Is a Teacher trying to seduce a student?"

"More than a student Mr. Potter." she teased. "I would like... to talk. Bring Eve, and we can make a night of it."

Harry just looked at her a moment before shrugging, "All right." When was he ever up for denying a hottie the pleasure of his company?

She moved just as the students piled in. Hermione came in, and took her seat next to Harry. Hermione was talking to him as if the two had never broken up.

She even went as far as hugging him around the neck in the middle of class. Harry just gave her an odd look which she ignored.

In Defense that afternoon, Parker stated that the Dueling Competition was going to be going on more often. Three times a week now, and those who have lost have one more chance to redeem themselves.

Harry left Eve with Parker for Herbology before getting her again for lunch. By now people were getting the guts to come over to Harry, and ask about the baby. Harry noticed that Malfoy seemed curious as well because Pansy came over, in all her 'puggish' glory asking simple questions and acting uncharacteristically sweet.

The Patil twins came up to him at the same time and asked to see Eve. Lavender was with them.

During Quidditch Practice, Remus could be seen from the Astronomy Tower with Eve in his arms, he had her facing the pitch even though she had no idea what was going on but Harry enjoyed seeing her.

The first game of the new year was going to be between Gryffindor and Hufflepuff. Harry was determined to beat out the cute little red-head.

Geri was more than persistent and approached him more times than one. Harry had to wonder about his woman, but he didn't ask Parker or anyone for that matter. He just kept it to himself. Maybe it was the thrill of being with a student? You know the forbidden lust and secrets, that sort of thing. He could see the thrill in her eyes every time they met up and every time they kissed.

All in all the first week of Hogwarts passed by without warning. Harry had just sent the image to Voldemort with a sweet little note. What Harry would give to see the reaction of Voldemort when he saw that two of his best Death Eaters were tortured and buried, one buried alive. Harry resumed his Occlumency Lessons with Parker and Dueling with Blaise Zabini.

Harry and Blaise would shoot spells back and forth while Eve was fast asleep in her carseat or awake staring at him with a shield all around her. Harry made sure to not have her in harms way while Blaise and Harry went at it.

"Caeco!" Harry shouted, dodging a hex from Blaise.

The girl was hit full on and shrieked, as she felt the blackness take over her eyes. Harry hissed, "Expelliarmus!" and summoned her wand, to where she was defenseless.

"Not fair!" Gripped Blaise, her hands going over her eyes. "I can't see." she muttered, she would have panicked had she not trusted Harry.

"Give it about two minutes." Harry said walking over, and standing directly in front of her.

"Ack, I hate that... You do that to me every time." she scowled frustrated, she kept her eyes closed, it felt awful weird keeping your eyes open yet not seeing anything.

"Sorry, but you need to learn to fight without your sight."

She grumbled, "How would you expect 'me' to do that?"

"I learned to do it."

"No you didn't!" Blaise griped. "Oh yes, I can." Harry said simply.

Blaise just grumbled, and moved her hands out, and felt his chest. Harry chuckled, "What are you doing Miss Zabini?" he teased.

Blaise' cheeks flushed, "N.. nothing." she muttered, "Just trying to feel what's around me."

"Why don't you use your sense of hearing and smell and touch?" he suggested. "You need to understand your surroundings in case you are ever blinded by someone."

Her hands moved and touched his chest, "What is that?" she said, moving her hand and hitting his chest making him grunt, "That's me. My chest." he told her.

"Oh." she smirked, "Good to know." she said moving her hand. "My shoulder." he grinned, as she moved her hand up and touched his face. "Face... cheek... ow!" He gasped, and hadn't expected for Blaise to slap his cheek.

She snickered, "Haha! That's what you get." she said, rubbing his cheek.

"You're lucky. I'm letting 'that' slide." he even had an amused smirk on his face.

"Mhmm... you wouldn't hit me while I was hindered."

"Maybe not you but other people I sure would. I'd take the advantage of the situation."

"You have the Slytherin side of you eh?"

"I have all sides my dear Blaise."

She just snorted, and slowly felt the blur hit her eyes. "I think my sights coming back." she said, feeling around, her hands grabbed at his shoulders. "I hate this not knowing what's going on around me."

"I'm right here. In front of you while you decide to feel me up." Harry said in an even tone making Blaise move her hands back quickly with a scowl and a blush creeping up on her cheeks. "I'm not going to stop you."

"My uncle would kill you." Blaise muttered.

"What he doesn't know can't hurt."

Blaise just snickered, "I don't think so Potter." she sneered, although the smile fluttering on her lips defied the Snape like sneer.

Harry smirked, "I'm kidding. I don't think you have the guts anyway." Harry said, causing Blaise to growl, "What did you say?" her sight coming in now she could see the outline of his face and the color of his hair and clothes.

"I said..." "Shut up!" she scoffed, "I know what you said." she swatted him in the chest again, and grumbled obviously irritated.

Harry just grinned, "I'm only being honest."

"You don't think I have the guts to defy my uncle? I 'am' a Slytherin."

"Yeah a watered down one." Harry grinned, knowing he was getting to her.

She made a growling noise of frustration in the back of her throat.

"You little bastard!" she growled and pushed him forcefully.

Her sight now back, she pounced causing Harry to laugh and move out of the way, as she stumbled, and growled, "I'm going to kill you Potter!"

"Why would you do such a thing?" asked Harry, as he moved away from a cursing Blaise. Her cheeks flamed. "I am NOT a watered down Slytherin you arsehole."

Harry just smiled, "Prove it." He stopped and stood straight up as she came over, and stopped in front of him, her eyes narrowed dangerously on Harry.

She grabbed his collar with her fingers, and curled his shirt in her fingers, and brought him down to her. She was a lot shorter. Harry just stared at her unblinkingly as she stared back, "I will..."

For a moment Harry thought she was going to punch him, smack him, or knee him. What he was really startled about was when she kissed him. Her lips connected with his mouth, and kissed him hard. Harry moved his arms looping around her, and drew her in, forcing her mouth open and kissing her deeply, as his free hand moved up her back and grabbed her hair and pulled her back, "Maybe you are a Slytherin." he said with a smirk.

She ended up breathless from the kiss, "I told you." she said, before he swooped down on her, his mouth clamped around her lips, and drank her in like a vampire would with their prey.

Harry literally had Blaise off her feet. Her hands were touching his charcoal black hair, as he held her forcefully around the waist.

"You know we shouldn't mix business with pleasure." murmured Harry.

"You never do anything you should." she accused.

He nodded, "True." He agreed.

They parted when Eve started whimpering and crying for attention. Harry released Blaise and smirked, "We'll resume this weekend." he said, turning and walking away leaving Blaise to stare at him. "Umph." was what she said, her lips still feeling the lingering affects of his.

Harry spent a lot of his time in the library. He had wandless magic, but he needed to know the extent of his wandless magic. He seemed to be able to do small things but other things he could do. Such as putting up and down wards around places he was good at, shutting and closing doors, unlocking and locking. He was good at raising

windows up and he could even apparate. He wanted to know the extent.

Harry's scar was also burning every so often. Harry figured this was the affects of Occlumency in which he was 'still' trying to learn under Parker. He was making success he could close off his mind all night long and for a short period of time during the day. But if Dumbledore wanted to forcefully get himself in the teens head he could do it.

Eve lay asleep in one arm of Harry's as he turned page from page of the dusty volumes that he found in the way back. It wasn't until the twelfth or thirteenth book he looked in when he discovered Wandless Magic passages.

Wandless Magic, had been thought to be impossible unless provoked by emotions. However, there are a select few who possess this ability. Very rare and very difficult to wield the signs of wandless magic is open and closing magic. If you experience yourself able to open and close items with magic yet you can't do anything else, that is the beginning of serious powers developing and you must get a hold of someone who may be able to teach you to wield them otherwise it'll prove to be nearly impossible and possibly destroy anything around you if you attempt to teach yourself.

Wandless magic should be a last resort for your energy and strength are sacrificed. Battling with wandless magic alone is foolish and should never be done, no matter how strong and powerful a witch or wizard happens to be. Be cautious and seek professional guidance if you experience wandless powers.

It went into more, until Harry was tired of reading, and closed the book. His eyes staring at the burgundy cover.

"Hey!" Hermione's voice caught Harry. The teen grabbed the book and flipped it over as she gave him an odd look. "What are you doing?" she asked, sitting down across from him.

She smiled seeing Eve, and glanced up at Harry who shrugged, "Nothing, just looking something up."

"Oh? What is it?" she took the book before he could stop her. Her eyes widen, "Harry... do you have... wandless magic?" she asked, softly.

"No, I don't." Harry lied. "I was just curious about it."

"Harry don't lie." Said Hermione. "That's amazing! Maybe you should talk to Dumbledore, he could give you private lessons! This is rare Harry... really rare!"

Harry's eyes narrowed dangerously, "Hermione." Harry said dangerously. "I don't want to get pissed off at you..."

"What? There's nothing wrong with asking a Headmaster..."

"I wouldn't ask him for help if I had a wand pressed to my chest, and someone threatening me with Avada Kadavra." Harry told her. Her eyes widen, "Harry... you need to stop it with your animosity toward the Headmaster, he's trying his best..."

"Hermione." Harry stood abruptly and slipped Eve gently into her carseat and buckling it.

"You're pissing me off and getting me mad. You say a word to anyone about this..." Harry glared at her. "I promise you I will memory modify you." with that he walked out leaving Hermione to look horrified.

Harry was trying to calm down as he stalked the corridors, with Eve in her carseat.

He had a lot to think about, and a lot to get done. He was late for his usual meeting with Parker.

That Friday on the second week of January, as the snow was falling down and placing a white blanket upon the grounds of Hogwarts, all the students filed in for a four-hour Dueling Competition special. Classes had been cancelled, and it was one of the biggest days. The losers got a chance to redeem themselves.

He was in the crowd, leaning against the wall watching. Eve was in Remus' arms who was well away from the Dueling Arena. Parker was taking over the Competition.

Harry didn't want any stray spells to hit her.

"Your daughter is cute." Said a voice making Harry glance over to see the beautiful black-haired Asian chick he played Quidditch against.

He smirked, "Thanks."

"Good luck in the Gryffindor vrs Hufflepuff tomorrow." she said, lightly.

Harry glanced over his shoulder at her, and nodded, "You going to support Hufflepuff?"

Cho smirked, "Gryffindor always wins." she told him.

"Maybe not this year." "Maybe." she said, smirking, as she twirled her wand in her fingers. "Cho Chang right?" Harry then asked.

She nodded, "Got it on first try."

"Well, there aren't very many chicks like you who are gorgeous 'and' can play Quidditch."

Cho's cheeks flushed, and Harry smirked very happy he got just the perfect reaction.

She looked at him speechless, "How did you get so good?" she then asked, trying to find something to talk about.

Harry smirked, "Avoiding the subject?" he teased.

She giggled, "No, I just... I didn't know what to say to that."

"You don't have to say anything." he mused when Padma came over, her long flowing dark hair hit her shoulders. She was an identical version of her Gryffindor Sister Parvati except Parvati dressed up more putting jewels in her hair and glitter and make up. But Padma

wasn't ugly quite the contrary. She just wasn't an airhead. Then again... anyone from Ravenclaw couldn't be an airhead... unless you count Luna LoveGood, and she was just plain weird.

"Cho introduce me to your friend." said Padma her light blue eyes looking at Harry with interest. She looked pretty wearing Ravenclaw robes with a tight blue matching top underneath instead of the usual white button blouse.

"Oh uh he's not really my friend." Cho said quickly. "I'm not? I'm insulted." Harry stated.

Cho blinked, "Oh no no! I didn't mean that. I just.. I didn't think you'd want... to be my friend." she said slowly.

"Why not?" asked Harry.

"Uh.. Uh.." "I'm Padma Patil." she said holding out a hand. "I'm a year younger than Cho here, but we live close together."

Harry smiled, "Nice to meet you Padma." he took her hand and kissed it making Padma blink and blush as Cho rolled her dark eyes.

He was soon standing in between two Ravenclaw Hotties, and was asking them questions and talking to them getting them to blush more times than one could imagine.

The Duel started but Harry paid little attention as he was quickly buttering up both Cho and Padma two cuties that he couldn't ignore.

Harry then decided to take it up a notch, "I hear all Ravenclaw girls did was read books and study? Is that true?"

"No!" They protested at the same time.

"You sure? I got several people saying this..."

"We don't always read!" Cho said scowling. "We do a lot of stuff." she crossed her arms, and shook her head, "We have a 'lot' of fun."
"What do you do?"

"We have parties." "Brain parties?" teased Harry. "No!" Padma scowled. "We have parties. Fun parties all girls."

"Hmm.. I like the sound of that." He said causing Cho to giggle and nudge him.

By the end of the evening he had Cho and Padma blushing and eating out of the palm of his hands. He'd throw simple little comments that wasn't dirty yet it wasn't all that clean. It was in the way you said things that got the girls attention and Harry could turn something filthy around and make it seem normal and flattering.

He watched as Cho got up and was able to prove herself worthy and defeated one of the Slytherin girls who lost. Harry was waiting for Blaise, she was called at the end and Parker inwardly winced, one Harry easily noticed.

Her opponent happened to be a Ravenclaw 6th year by the name of Marietta Edgecombe. She had strawberry curls and a cute round face.

"She's my best friend! I hope she wins." squealed Cho.

Harry didn't comment he just moved closer to the stage and watched as the duel between the two started.

Blaise had taken a leaf out of Harry's book and moved the other way as Marietta shouted, "Stupefy!"

Blaise countered, "Rictusempera!" the spell hit dead on but Marietta kept firing. Blaise erected some strong shields and wielded some very advanced curses Harry had taught her straight at her opponent.

Marietta tried to dodge out of the way of a fire curse but it hit her before she could dodge sending her skirt in flames causing her to shriek and put it out with water by this time Blaise had struck with the blinding curse he always used on her, "Caeco!" from there the match ended quickly after a summon of Marietta's wand and a well placed stupefy.

Harry nodded in approval as Blaise grinned with glory. Parker nodded and smiled, unable to hide the pride in his eyes for his niece. He looked at Harry and mouthed, 'Thank you.'

Harry just shrugged, as Blaise got off the stage. He could hear Cho murmuring in the background. "She was suppose to lose!"

Harry turned around. "She only lost last time because Malfoy played unfair. In fact she's actually really good. She can hold up in a battle with me for two whole minutes. That's a long time." Harry said before turning back around to see Parker using his wand to add names to the score board. It looked like a regular chess board to Harry as he went down the lines of names. Nearly everyone from fifth year on up had went.

When the competition was over, Blaise didn't think on it she ran at Harry and jumped straight into his arms startling him and everyone else even Parker whose eyes arched upwards.

"Thank you, thank you, thank you!" she squealed squeezing him around the neck. Harry laughed, and patted her back, "Yeah..." he grunted.

"You helped me! Thank you so much." she said into his ear.

Harry smirked, "No problem Blaise." he said, aware of people's stares.

He vaguely caught Hermione's eyes who were narrowed. She huffed before walking out quickly followed by Ron who was murmuring something to her.

Harry got a kiss on the cheek before Blaise moved and went red, "Going to talk to Uncle Parker." she said happily and ran off over to her uncle. Harry shrugged, and smirked at Parker who gave him his best glare.

On Harry's way out he felt two identical figures sandwich him in pushing him to the side away from his friends.

"Good afternoon matey." said George his eyes glowing.

"We have an invention to give to you." Fred handed Harry a letter.

"What is this? I don't want to be a guinea pig in your experiments."

"No no." said George smirking. "We would never ever..." "Not to the future funder and co-owner of our store." George finished.

Harry snorted, "Ok what is it?"

"Usually, only sixth and seventh years are invited. The Gryffindors and Ravenclaw seventh years get together and plan out just who is the coolest of the years... and we invite them to a huge party. Even Slytherins who are deemed worthy are invited." Fred explained.

"It just so happens you are the first fifth year in years to ever have been invited to one of these." George told him.

"And from rumors we heard your father and godfather started this." whispered Fred.

Harry snorted, it wouldn't be surprising as wild and crazy as his godfather and father were.

"Where is it?"

"Aw... but that's the catch." said George. "We can not tell you."

Fred nodded, "It's a secret. You have to follow the instructions. No one has 'ever' found out about this party, and if they did we'd all be expelled."

"What is it? Like a frat party?" asked Harry.

"What's that?" asked the twins in unison.

Harry waved his hand knowing it was useless to explain, "Nevermind. When is it?"

"Tomorrow night after the Quidditch game." said Fred grinning.

"After we beat your hide." George teased nudging Harry.

Harry snorted, "Don't bet on it boys."

After another round of teasing Harry left the twins and retrieved Eve from Remus. Eve was wide awake and her green eyes stared at him with intent.

"She's been fussy." Remus told him.

"Has she?"

Remus smiled, "Yeah... when she seen you she started whimpering and grunting like a piglet."

Harry chuckled, and lifted his daughter, "Have you?" asked Harry softly, kissing her cheek.

He laid her against his chest, where she placed her head against the upper part of his chest, holding her head gently that way it didn't wobble. She was wearing a white sleeper outfit with brown teddy bears on it.

"She just had a half a bottle of this." said Remus, giving him all the details.

"Thanks Moony."

"I heard about tomorrow night." teased Remus smirking as he leaned against the chair.

Harry blinked, "Have you?"

"Whom do you think was the one who made the spells possible to 'hide' the party?" asked Remus opening his arms with a glint in his eyes.

Harry snorted and slid up onto the table as Parker came in. "What was my niece doing jumping you?" asked the curious yet annoyed uncle of Blaise Zabini.

Harry laughed, "I taught her to duel Parker."

Parker studied him for a moment, "Hands off that girl." he warned.

Harry snorted, "Of course, of course. Besides, she's too much like you anyway."

Parker just gave him a look before smiling, "Thanks for helping her."

Harry snorted, "You did a change of colors."

"Yes, well I'm her Uncle. I'm suppose too!" Parker said sitting in the opposite seat.

"What are you two talking about?"

"The party." Remus grinned, as Parker snorted, "Oh yeah... I remember the party. You were seventh years while I was sixth year... I barely made it into it."

"You want us to watch over Eve?" asked Remus.

"Well... I don't..." "Nonsense! You're the first fifth year to ever be invited to one. Just have fun and be careful and don't drink too much." Remus informed.

Harry was rubbing his daughters back as she gurgled and whimpered. He snorted, "Of course I won't drink too much and I'm always careful."

"Can you tell me where it is?" asked Harry.

Remus shook his head, "Nope, Hogwarts walls talk."

Harry nodded understanding this. "I'm going to change her and then lay down with her. I can tell she's fighting her sleep." Harry kissed the

baby's head before sliding off the desk. He grabbed the pink blanket and wrapped it around Eve, who whimpered at the touch.

No one would ever think it possible for Harry to show a delicate, soft, and caring side, but it was possible, and he did it without his pride interfering.

"G'night Harry." Parker said smirking. "Night Parker you bastard."

"Hey! I resent that! Both my parents were married." he shouted from the room.

"Sure they were..." Harry called leaving Remus to chuckle and Parker to roll his eyes.

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The Quidditch Game the next morning proved to be more entertaining than the Gryffindor vrs Slytherin Game.

Ginny was an outstanding flyer with great skills and abilities. Harry's broom however was top of the line so what ever she did he could out do her in a heartbeat.

The two battled and fought for the golden snitch that didn't feel like making its presence known. The Weasley twins however enjoyed all their time knocking bludgers at Harry who dodged them with acrobatical ease.

In the end a Comet could not compete against a Firebolt no matter what player was riding it. Harry snatched it several meters before Ginny even caught up.

To give her credit she did spot the snitch first, and had she got a better broom she may have just whooped the boy who lived, but instead she got creamed.

Getting to the ground she scowled and nudged him, "Not fair." she complained.

Harry smirked, "Aw c'mon! You know you're good." he smirked, "Maybe, if you're good... I'll let you use my Firebolt." he teased, making Ginny perk, "Really?"

He shrugged, "Sure." he said, smirking and walking off only to get clobbered by the group of Quidditch Players.

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Late that evening, Harry was dressed in muggle clothing, black leather pants, his hair pulled back, and he had changed several earrings in his ears. He was wearing a sleeveless black t shirt with an AC DC insignia on the back in white letters.

Eve was being particularly possessive for a baby. When he left her sight she started bawling.

"I can stay Remus. Its no problem." He said, holding his daughter, and cooing her to calm her down.

"No no, you go. She'll stop crying."

"I'm not sure, she started crying when I walked out to get change."

"She just loves you Harry." said Remus, smiling.

Harry held her, and moved from side to side, and kissed her forehead. "C'mon Eve, Uncle Moony is here." he said, gently giving her to Remus. She whimpered, and stared at him with her green eyes.

Harry kissed her, and smiled, "I'll be back. I promise."

He started to leave when she started to bawl again.

Harry stopped and turned, with a sigh, and walked over, and scooped his daughter, and kissed her again, cooing her to silence.

Remus shook his head. "Go on. I got her."

"I can't let her cry all night." said Harry sitting down in a rocking chair. He rocked her, and rubbed her back gently, till she calmed down and her little fist had grabbed some of his shirt.

"Harry, but you're going to be late."

"That's OK. No one ever arrives to a party early anyway." Stated Harry, as he rocked his daughter who gurgled and whimpered.

He kissed Eve by her ear instinctively.

Remus smirked, "Are you rocking her to sleep?"

Harry nodded, "Yeah once she's asleep, all she'll need is a bottle every four hours." He told Remus. "And hopefully she'll be too tired to take notice."

"That child loves you Harry." said Remus smirking. "You were never that attached to your parents. It was Sirius that you were attached to." he told Harry who smirked, "I can see that."

It wasn't till twenty minutes later, that Eve was fast asleep, against his chest and shoulder.

"I can take her from here. Get going Harry. Have fun and be careful."

Harry smirked, and very easily gave Eve to Remus, hoping not to wake the infant.

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Harry got onto the grounds of Hogwarts with his invisibility cloak not wanting to be seen and opened the letter...

'Follow the trail of identified wing prints'

Harry blinked, and stared around him and his eyes arched upwards when he seen a bunch of wing prints embedded into the snowy ground. It was freezing but Harry ignored that as he followed, he realized as he walked forward his footprints disappeared.

'Stop when you smell salt.' Harry just shrugged and continued to walk and got to the edge of the lake on the opposite side of Hagrid's. He hoped this wasn't a trick, if it was he would really be hexing someone to death.

He stopped at the edge and glanced around him, and then back at the paper to see one of the twins' untidy scrawl.

'Shoot flames into the last wing you see." Harry shrugged, and waved his wand and blue ball flames flew out of his wand and hit the snow. Instead of melting however the wing lit up brightly and it outlined in blueball flames.

Harry watched it as it went from blue to deep purple.

When out of nowhere there was a door that appeared to the right. Harry literally jumped, and stared at it, 'whoa.'

The door was dark oak and it had a knocker on it. Looking at the paper he seen it saying, 'Knock three times leaving five seconds in between each knock.'

Harry shrugged and did so. A moment later a pair of eyes appeared from behind the door. "Aww... so he arrives." muttered a twin, as the door jerked open revealing the smiling face of Fred... or was it George? No wait... it was Fred.

"Welcome welcome!" crowed Fred, his eyes glittering with happiness.

Harry heard loud music, and was mildly stunned to hear that it was muggle rock.

George appeared, and Harry snorted with laughter, at the wild eyed George who was holding a goblet with what was obviously alcohol in it.

"In, in!" George and Fred both grabbed his arm and pulled him in. Harry's mouth opened when he seen all the sixth and seventh years dancing, laughing, playing drinking games in the corner, not to

mention some people on tables, and a couple of the hot Slytherins was grinding with one another as if Gryffindor and Slytherin had no animosity toward one another.

"Enjoy the night." Fred slipped a goblet of what was obviously firewhisky.

"Hey everyone! Harry's here!" shouted George at the top of his lungs.

There were hoots and hollers as everyone greeted Harry, in their own way.

He noticed Cho Chang sitting on a couch with a goblet in her hands. She looked quite pretty wearing a tight blue dress that was short to her thighs. Her black hair was down all around her shoulders. But the girl next to Cho was absolutely beautiful. Cho Chang didn't have a competing chance against her. The girl had fluttery blonde hair passed her shoulders, and her eyes were a dark color. She was wearing a short black skirt and a white tank top. She had very nice legs. She was laughing and giggling, especially when Roger Davies came over and whispered into her ear.

"Hey Harry!" shouted a voice coming up to him. He turned to see the Gryffindor Chaser, Angelina Johnstone standing there, with a smirk on her face. She was out of her tomboy clothes, and looked hot. She was his height, about 5'9 or 5'10. Her dark cocoa colored hair was down in thick layers around her oval shaped face. Her eyes were a matching color, and her ivory tight top looked good against her toffee colored skin. She was wearing tight blue jeans that moved with her curves and hugged against her hips and thighs.

"For once I am going to forgive you for beating Gryffindor. Dance with me." she said, pulling him to her.

Harry smirked, and his arms went around her, "My pleasure." he took his goblet and drained it of its contents before setting it aside leaving Angelina to smirk.

Angelina grinded herself against Harry who could hardly suppress a groan, when a blonde haired girl came running up behind Harry as Angelina was in front. "Hey Harry."

It was Alicia Spinnet the other Gryffindor Chaser. This one had ash blonde hair to her shoulders, and pretty light blue eyes. She wasn't as filled out as Angelina but she was pretty all the same.

Harry was soon sandwiched between two girls. Things couldn't get any better. Drinks were passed around, every time Harry was gobletless Fred or George was there to fill his hand while the other was doing some feeling around at the two girls who were making his night.

Unfortunately, Harry didn't stick to his promise to Remus, and was plastered...

He watched as girls danced around him, Angelina pretty much took up his evening by grinding her hips into Harry's and rubbing her arse against the teen who was easily and quickly turned on by this gesture.

Alicia danced dirty too and soon both Angelina and Alicia got into some sort of contest to see who could dance dirtier and Harry ended up with an all out lap dance.

The party lasted way into the wee hours of the night. The music had been mixed with muggle music and magical music from the Weird Sisters to Oenamous, a singer who sounded identical to Ozzy Osbourne.

Cho came up to him and got a dance out of him, while Angelina went to get a refill and use the restrooms.

"Don't mind my friend Sarah joining do you?" she pointed behind Harry who glanced over and smirked seeing the hot blonde. "Oh no not at all." his hand looped around the other girls waist and pulled her close.

Sarah giggled, "I love this song." she said, her eyebrows shooting upwards.

"And I love dancing with you." he said, as both Cho and Sarah did a dance for him. Harry moved and grabbed their hips and pushed them into him, making them giggle and rub themselves against him.

Everyone upon everyone was wild that night. No matter who you were. If you were worthy of being at the party you got plastered. Fred and George were making out with two girls on the couch. Daniel Dodge and Roger Davies were arguing next to the whisky bottles.

Several dances later, and Harry was involved with kissing both Cho and Sarah. He moved between the two of them, his head swimming with perfume, alcohol, and sexual thoughts.

Angelina came over and pretty much kicked Cho and Sarah out of the way. "He's mine tonight."

"Who said?" Cho said crossing her arms. Her eyes were glossy from alcohol.

"Yeah...! All's fair in lust and war." Sarah grumbled.

"Yeah! You can't hog him up." Cho said childishly.

"Hey hey, no fighting." said Harry with a smile.

Angelina moved in and kissed him on the lips, causing Harry's eyebrows to arch upwards, as he pulled her into him, kissing her deeply.

Cho scoffed, and crossed her arms and stared at Sarah who glowered at the Gryffindor.

"Move it giant!" Cho then said and grabbed Harry and kissed him.

This went on for several moments. From Sarah, to Cho, to Angelina. He was so out of it he couldn't tell you who was the best, but he thought Angelina got the upper hand.

"Why don't we up the stakes." teased Sarah into Harry's mouth.

"Ooh? How so?" he asked, slowly.

"Bedroom.." Sarah grabbed his hand and dragged him away from the corner. Angelina and Cho scoffed, and followed.

Sarah just smirked, and grabbed Harry pushing him against the door to another room. They fell through and onto the bed that was just 'conveniently' there.

Harry didn't know what happened next one minute he was kissing all three and the next minute he was in bed with them...

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"I do not believe this." growled the icy voice of Voldemort as he stalked the small lowly lit room.

Several recruits were standing their heads bowed in submission. Voldemort was staring at the back of the wall where the pictures and memory were projected. He was watching the torture and deaths of his two biggest servants.

"I never would have believed it." Growled Voldemort. "Potter? The light golden boy!"

"Are you sure it was him?" asked a confident voice in the crowd.

"Crucio!" Voldemort hissed, mostly out of anger for the image being displayed.

The man fell withering and screaming with pleas. "Who the hell do you think it was Rabastan? Surely, not anyone of the Order."

Voldemort paced the floor glancing up at the image and watched as his servant got castrated and then buried alive. That was something 'he'd' do!

"I wonder just how dark Potter's soul is." He said, glancing upwards.

"Severus, come forward." ordered Voldemort.

Amongst the crowd of Death eaters, Severus approached and stood before Voldemort before bowing and kissing the hem of Voldemort's black robes and standing up again. "Yes My lord?"

"What do you know?" he growled. "It had better be good."

Dark eyes stared through the white mask, "My lord, Potter is an enigma. He does not have a tolerance for Dumbledore and clearly shows his dislike for the Headmaster. Potter is known to follow his own rules and live his own way."

"Is he still seeing that mudblood?" growled Voldemort.

"No my lord." came a voice, it wasn't easy to tell if it was a male or female.

"Come forward." Voldemort ordered. A figure stepped forward and bowed, "My lord, Harry Potter is no longer seeing the mudblood witch. He's currently single and taking care of his child."

"We could snatch the child and hold her for ransom." suggested another Death eater.

"Do you want castrated like them?" growled Voldemort pointing to the image that was playing repeatedly. "Don't be stupid Dominique. He'd kill you the second you got within range of that child! No, we need something else to go on. Is there anyone he truly cares about?"

"Besides the animagus Black, and werewolf, I know no one else." Severus responded.

"What about Zabini?" said Malfoy.

"Zabini? Parker Zabini?" asked Voldemort his eyes glowing bright red. "What is this? The man was supposed to stay neutral. I was willing to allow him to 'slide' due to his family's pureblood status."

Malfoy stepped up and bowed, "Parker Zabini has become close to Potter. My son Draco, informed me that Parker taught Potter everything he knew before Hogwarts, and even helped raise him."

"Too risky to go after Zabini. He's there with the old man and in that castle. I can't attempt to touch 'anyone' from that castle as of yet." growled Voldemort.

"What outside sources has he got?"

"The pregnant muggle whore is dead." stated Rabastan.

"I know that you moron." growled Voldemort. "Do NOT attempt to tell me something I do not know."

"My lord if I may." said a soft silky voice from Rabastan and Rodolphus' side.

"Yes Bella you may." Voldemort hissed. Always being up for BellaTrix's suggestions.

She stepped forward cloaked with mask and all. "I was going to suggest send wormtail to Hogsmeade and Hogwarts that way we can get an exclusive identity to anyone outside of Hogwarts Castle that may be in the league as Potter."

Voldemort rubbed his chin, "Aww... Bella, I always admire your suggestions. Yes, yes, the worthless little rat is doing some inside Ministry work, but that's not getting us anywhere at the moment..." he grinned, and with the grin he looked something like a dead corpse.

"Severus, I am disappointed that you do not have any more information. As such... Crucio!" he hissed, and the man went straight to the floor and hissed in dire pain. He didn't yell or scream like the others had. He simply stayed quiet, and waited for the pain to cease.

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Harry awoke, with a jerk and gasped, as he sat up sweat sticking to his forehead and his scar sizzling. That had never happened before.

His hangover then got to him and he nearly collapsed onto the pillow next to a warm toffee colored body.

He blinked, and stared at the body before turning over and gazing his eyes on a naked asian Ravenclaw, and a girl at the foot of the bed with a mass of blonde hair.

"What the fuck happened?" murmured Harry half asleep. He shook his head, and groaned. He really needed a hangover potion.

He laid there, and tried racking his brain. He hardly remembered what he did. It was like a wet dream. He rubbed his scar feeling the pain ebb away.

He wondered how the girls would react when they woke up and realized all three of them were in bed with him.

He really didn't mean for this to happen and probably would have put a stop to it had he been sober. He wasn't a creep or a pervert, well the latter maybe he was but he had respect for females. Even ones he did not know and the blonde he didn't know.

Harry pondered about sneaking out and pretending he didn't know anything but then that would be a slap in the face to them. He just laid there between two soft breathing girls rubbing his scar and head at the same time. He looked for a watch and found one on Angelina's wrist, and gazed at it and groaned, it was 6:30 A.M. It would seem that Voldemort 'had' to wake him up so damn early.

When the girls woke up, they seen Harry up getting dressed. They gasped, "Oh shit." Angelina said, in horror. Glancing over at Harry who glanced up at her.

"Yeah, I'll say."

"What happened?" asked Sarah quietly as she rubbed her sore head.

"I think... we... er... what did we do?" asked Cho, quickly.

"Think about it." Angelina stated dryly.

The girls all had covers wrapped around them and staring at themselves and back at Harry. "I was out of it too." he said, passing around a hangover potion.

"This better not get out!" Angelina warned. "It won't." said Harry. "I have no intentions on blabbing."

"Neither do I." muttered Sarah.

There wasn't much talk between the three girls. Cho left first, with a smile as Sarah stalked out quickly her hair pushed up in a messy ponytail, leaving Angelina on the bed, staring at Harry, who sat down.

"You think we're all sluts now huh?" asked Angelina.

Harry looked over, "No, I do not. I think that you, and I were drunk." he said simply. "We had a little too much. But luckily, I wasn't so drunk that I didn't forget protection." he said, pointing to the condom wrappers.

Angelina breathed deeply and leaned back, "Thank merlin."

Harry smirked at her, as Angelina laid there, and stared at him. "How experienced are you? You... were... good last night. Which is really weird, because my first time was with Fred at the start of term last year and... he was... so bad... but after a few times he got better."

Harry smirked, "Just one of them things that goes with growing up too fast and on the street."

"What about you and Hermione?" asked Angelina.

Harry laughed, "Never got that far." he told Angelina, who looked mildly surprised. "Really? Everyone thought..."

"Nope, admittedly, it almost happened." He told her. "But, it didn't."

"Why did you to break up? Was it because of your daughter?" asked Angelina softly.

He thought about this, "She didn't say it was because of her, but I know its part of it. She said that I was too experienced for her, which is too true. But, to be honest, I'm more experienced than most seventh years."

"You're different you know that." said Angelina.

Harry laughed, "How many times, have I heard that?"

"You are." she stated, her fingers touching his dragon tattoo. "Wow, that's wicked." she said, smirking.

Harry glanced over at her fingers carressing his tattoo. "I thought about getting one on the other side of my shoulder, something to do with Eve." "You really love your daughter don't you? It's rare." she commented.

"Of course I do. There's nothing else to say about that."

Angelina smiled, and wrapped her arms around his neck, "This is going to get out isn't it?"

Harry shrugged, "I'm not going to tell..."

"Chang. She's a loud mouth." Angleina stated.

"She may..." said Harry grabbing his combat boots. She smirked, "Well if they are going to talk then I want you to myself..." she teased in his ear. "While, I'm sober."

Harry smirked, "Want all the attention eh?"

"You betchya." she kissed him on the lips, drawing him in. He turned, and wrapped his arms around her, and pushed her down onto the bed. "I believe we could arrange something."

Chapter Twenty-Eight: Mixed Thoughts and feelings

When Harry was fully dressed and awake with no headache he headed off to Remus' corridors. Upon entering he didn't see Remus at all.

Glancing around he walked over to the portrait of an odd-looking little wizard with a pointy nose and red spiked hair.

"Where did Remus go?" asked Harry.

"Oy my good man, I think he went that way with a crying child." Said the man making Harry groan, "Oh no, poor Moony." He murmured running off toward the Great Hall.

Upon entering, he saw Remus looking quite tired, with Eve in his arms who was whimpering and fussing.

Parker was talking to Eve trying to calm her down but she didn't want any part of it as she started crying softly.

Harry nodded to his friends and walked up to the staff table ignoring the looks from everyone he reached Remus who looked at him, "What have you done to her." Remus muttered exasperated. "She has been crying nonstop." Breathed the werewolf warily. "I tried to calm her down..."

Harry winced, "I'm so sorry Remus." He lifted his daughter.

Her whimpering stopped upon contact. "Hey Little Princess what is you doing crying so much?" he asked, softly, as she grunted and stared at him avidly. He kissed her cheek.

"I changed her and fed her... she didn't want to sleep last night. It was as if she knew you weren't in the room." Remus muttered, shaking his head. "You have that little girl wrapped around your finger." He said in a taxing sort of voice.

Harry groaned apologetically, "I'm sorry Moony." He took the diaper bag with one hand, and slung it over his neck.

Parker grinned behind his cup of tea, "I found it funny watching Remus try to calm down Eve as she screamed, that girls got some lungs on her." snickered the Slytherin.

Harry laughed, "Do you really?" he asked, Eve who just grunted, sleepily paying no more mind to him, and nodded off against her daddy, leaving Harry to shake his head with amusement.

Remus then looked at Harry, "What is this I hear about three girls?" he whispered under his breath, not wanting to attract the attention of Dumbledore or anyone else.

Harry smirked, "Nothing." Harry contended.

Parker gave him that preposterous look, "Three? Please tell me you're joking! That gives me more of a reason to say..." He looked at Harry, eyes narrowing, "Stay away from my niece." he hissed, causing Remus to spit out his tea, with a loud chuckle unable to help himself.

Harry sniggered at Parker's face, "Geez, good news sure flies fast around here doesn't it?" He shook his head, "Wonder how many others know?"

"It was said that a Ravenclaw sixth year was the one who spread the word." Parker told Harry who scowled, "I knew she would."

Shaking his head he turned to Remus who was looking at him with shock, amusement, and a 'tad' bit of envy if you looked hard enough.

"Thanks guys." Harry tossed Remus twenty galleons. "No way! I'm her uncle." Protested Remus trying to give it back, but Harry was already gone, heading toward the Hufflepuff table only to be intercepted by Pansy, "Is it true? You were with three girls?" giggled the dark-headed Malfoy obsessed female.

Harry rolled his eyes, "None of your fuckin' business." he snapped.

He moved around the pixie haired girl. "Now I'd advise you to go sit down unless you want to be royally humiliated."

Pansy looked amused and wasn't scared, she knew he wouldn't do anything in front of teachers, especially the Headmaster, "You enjoy making girls your whores huh?" she asked, low enough for him to hear and others around him. Some of the kids moved down several notches as oohs was given out, knowing Harry wasn't likely to be happy. Parker and Remus noticed the confrontation and the flash in Harry's eyes and moved swiftly to stop any sort of argument or fight.

Harry stopped in mid-walk and turned around, and stared at a smug looking Pansy his bright green eyes narrowed dangerously, merlin she just ate at him with that look. As if she was better than everyone else and that puggish aristocrat look just grated on him to the point where he just lost his cool and back handed her in the face out of nowhere.

Pansy too shrieked with surprise and pain as she fell to the Great Hall floor with a thump, startling Eve who started whimpering from the jerking motion Harry had made.

Harry touched her gently to keep her from making a fuss. Students and teachers gasped, and looked in absolutely shocked at Harry's actions. "You didn't expect that did you?" he snarled, at the bitch who was sitting up and touching her face tears streaming her eyes.

Malfoy was up and stormed over furious, "Potter!" Malfoy stormed up angrily. His eyes blazing gray.

Harry vaguely heard Tracy Davis from Slytherin murmur, "That bitch deserved it."

Harry smirked, "I always told myself never to hit a girl." aware of Sprout and Dumbledore heading this way, Snape was with them, the vampire didn't know whether to be shocked, angry, or slightly amused at what just happened, "But in my opinion you're not a girl. You're a hag and a bitch. Alas if you knows what's good for you, you'll keep your fat arse mouth shut."

Malfoy didn't care he took out his wand and growled angrily. "You'll pay for that Potter!"

Harry's shield was up just as Dumbledore and Sprout came over. "Mr. Potter! That was totally uncalled for." Professor Sprout shrieked in alarm.

Pansy was sobbing as Malfoy and a fat square-jawed girl helped Pansy to her feet.

Harry shrugged, "Give me detention, by merlin expel me for all I care." Harry said, shrugging. "No one says that about my friends. I don't care who they are."

"Harry, but you didn't need to resort to violence." Chastised Dumbledore calmly, as Parker took Eve, who was a bit shaken by the abrupt actions.

"Fifty points from Hufflepuff will be taken for that and a week detention."

Snape was giving him a fierce look as he checked Pansy over who was shaken.

"Maybe now she'll keep her fat mouth shut." Harry said, his eyes piercing Pansy who flinched harshly while seeing them.

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After this, Harry got mixed signals from people... Susan and Hannah were upset, while Justin said she deserved it. Although, the good side no one came up to Harry asking him about his... one night stand with three girls. Guys would come up to him congratulating him on it, and some of the girls just gave him shocked looks and murmured things that barely reached his ears. Harry wanted to forget about the whole incident. Sure, it wasn't every day a guy was with three girls at once, but he didn't want to be known as a two-timer or someone who wasn't loyal -wait- since when did he Harry Potter give a care about what others think? "Aw shit!" Harry murmured. Hogwarts was turning him

into a softy or was it his daughter? Or was it both? "Aw shit." He repeated. He had to sort out his thoughts.

There was even an article in Witch Weekly from Rita Skeeter. "That blonde bitch." Was the only comment he made.

When he made it to the common room that afternoon he thought he would never hear the end of it from Hannah and Susan.

"I can't believe you Harry! You smacked a girl." Susan said horrified, as Harry sat in the Hufflepuff Common Room, Eve in his arms.

"What was she talking about anyway? Three girls? Wha..." They didn't know, of course not.

"Oh it was a big mistake last night." murmured Harry, simply as he leaned back against the couch with a simple sigh.

"What mistake? You were with three girls? At once?" asked Justin shocked, and mildly envious.

Harry sighed, "I didn't mean for it to happen." he started adjusting Eve to where she was on his lap able to stare straight up at him while taking her bottle. She watched him just about the whole time as if daring him to move from her sight. Soon though she couldn't hold out any longer and fell asleep.

"Where were you last night?"

"I was invited to a party." he said, quietly. "OK, I got a bit too pissed and ended up in bed with three girls."

"THREE! Holy Merlin! What the hell Harry... and what was that about Pansy? I mean I hate her too... but you can't just go smacking her around." Hannah shouted.

Harry looked up at her, "In my book she is not a girl. She's a spoiled little brat, who enjoys ridiculing others for her gain. She's smug and blinded by her obsession with Draco Malfoy."

"But Harry, that was very unorthodox of you."

"I was pissed off, and I was sick and tired of hearing people's mouths. So I shut her up. I admit now that maybe it wasn't the smartest thing I could have done, but it either was that or let her take a stab at me and risk hitting Eve with a hex." Harry told them.

Justin was divided, and decided to stay out of it.

Indeed the reaction caused a lot of people to hiss at Harry or growl at him in such a manner.

Harry found out he had detention with Professor Sprout. He had to clean the pots and repot the Cinna-Fur-Bushes. Delicate little trees that is used in Pepper Up.

"Harry you shouldn't have done that." Professor Sprout started. "I am aware of how difficult she is." said the plump teacher slowly. "But you must realize Harry that you may get a bad name for hitting a female. I'm not saying that girls are in the least bit weaker. You just need to be careful and not get into any trouble."

Harry rolled his eyes at her, "Professor Sprout, she called three girls a whore, and was acting all smug. I just put her in her place before she could say anymore. I have never raised my hand to a female, but I don't consider her one."

Professor Sprout looked at him with a soft gaze, "I will be speaking to Professor Dumbledore about Miss Parkinson's choice of words, Harry."

"I don't care if I get expelled." He told Professor Sprout who looked up, "I know. But, I don't want you expelled. You've done a lot for Hufflepuff." she told him with sincerity. "Between you and Cedric..." she stopped and frowned at remembering her former student. "The name Hufflepuff is no longer a name that means weak and cuddly. It means courage and loyalty, intelligence and cunning... it's all the above, and finally people are realizing it."

Harry bit a smile, and glanced up at her, "I'm sorry Professor Sprout."

She looked up at him, "It is all right Harry. You may go, and I'm sure you'd like to put your daughter to bed."

"Yes." He checked the clock on the wall. "I do, and Parker is probably bouncing off the wall. She's been acting odd lately."

"Odd?" asked Sprout.

Harry smiled, "Yeah she won't let me out of her sight. Every time, I leave she screams and cries."

"That's a baby for you." said Professor Sprout. "Go on Harry and good night."

Indeed upon entering Eve was fussing and whimpering. She was obviously getting use to Remus but she still preferred not to let Harry out of her sights, and when he scooped her in his arms, she quieted down. Harry wondered if it was just baby instincts? He hadn't any clue. He kissed her cheek, and thanked Remus, who smirked, "I think she's getting use to me. She only had a fit for about five minutes..." said Remus.

Harry chuckled, "Think she's starting to see you're not such a bad old wolf after all." he teased as Remus chuckled, and shook his head, "G'night Harry."

"Night Moony."

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Angelina and Sarah came up to Harry thanking him for sticking up for them like that, even though Cho Chang didn't come up to him. She obviously didn't care much. Pansy hadn't said a word to him and every time Harry entered Malfoy's vein would pump in his neck and his face would flush as his eyes narrowed. The teen father had to admit, that maybe... just maybe Malfoy did love Pansy in some weird contorted type of way.

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Harry was laying on the couch with his daughter on his chest. Her head was to the side and her little fist was up. He was just playing with her fingers while she slept on. She was one-month-old, and growing really well. Poppy had given her a checkup and reported just how healthy Eve was. She was still under weight, but not as much as she had been and Harry had been feeding her the special milk from the muggle stores. The formula was different from magical kind. The muggle kind had a lot of vitamins and ingredients in it that were normal and healthy while the magical kind didn't have near as much iron or calcium in it. Besides, Eve needed the special kind of milk since she couldn't be breast fed, especially being a premie.

He was laying there just playing with her fingers when he heard a scratch from the door. He glanced over thinking it was Lily but then a black-haired cat came bounding in. He smirked, when he was soon faced with the beautiful form of Shari.

"Hi Harry." she said walking over and sitting on the floor in indian style but not before hugging him tightly around the neck, and kissing Eve on the cheek, "Aww.. When did she fall asleep?"

"About twenty minutes ago."

"Oooh! I got her a little gift, for her first month birthday." Shari said, pulling out a white stuffed lamb.

He chuckled, and took it from Shari and laid it beside the infant, who only twitched slightly.

"How's Vander?" "Good, I couldn't sleep any longer. I think you're changing my shift of sleeping."

Harry chuckled, "I'm sorry." He said, as she leaned up on her knees, and pressed her chin against his shoulder. He looked at her, "Here to keep me comfortable on this Saturday Afternoon?"

She smiled, "Yeah, I thought you could use a rowdy half-vamp."

"I could actually." he said, looking over at her. "I need to get into the muggle world." He told her. "I have some business to take care of and some things to do."

"Like what?" asked Shari. "Well, the diaper supply is running low and I've lost all her socks." Shari giggled, "Socks?"

"Yeah!" Harry stated, "I don't know what the heck has happened to all her socks and hats. They just.. poof disappear." he said, shrugging.

Shari giggled, "I think I could help! Would you like to teleport to your apartment?" asked Shari, sweetly.

Harry nodded, "Yeah, that way we can go the muggle way, unless you have better things to do?" he looked at Shari who giggled, "Never Harry! I enjoy going out with you." she then blushed, and glanced down quickly.

Harry chuckled, at her blush, "LaShari Vanessa Vladski is blushing. Now, I have seen it all." He stated as she giggled and glanced up, "Oh Harry, you know you're the only one who can make me blush." she said as a matter of fact. She then glared playfully at him, 'Get rid of the first two letters of my name."

He snickered with amusement, "Why? It's so beautiful!" he told her, as she gave him a dirty look, one in which he just winked at, "Let me just get ready."

"Or you can just go like that." she teased giggling. He was wearing no shirt and black silk night pants.

Harry just chuckled, and glanced at her, "You coming onto me?" he teased.

"I always come onto you."

"That is true." he said, gently sitting up his hand against Eve's back.

"I'll take her." Shari very gently lifted the baby who whimpered at the movement.

Harry was up, and retreated to the bedroom to get ready. It was perfect timing for Shari to be here. He had sort of missed her flamboyant personality and her presence. She was a person you wanted around when you were feeling down, upset, or bored.

Harry smiled to himself as he thought about Shari's personality. About how bubbly she was and about how friendly she could be. Although Hermione didn't like her very well, which was a rarity. The dark-haired Hufflepuff wondered if it had anything to do with her beauty. Maybe it intimidated some girls? Either way, he couldn't see why anyone would dislike Shari.

Harry's thoughts carried him away as he got ready. He had just slipped on a black long sleeved shirt with blue flames down the sleeves, when Shari giggled, "You look so cute when you're thinking hard."

Harry glanced up shocked to see her standing in the doorway, baby in arms, tilting her head to the side.

"How long have you been standing there? I thought I closed the door?"

"Since when is Bad arse Harry Potter shy?" teased Shari, playfully.

Harry smirked, "I'm not shy."

"Well then... you wouldn't mind little ol' me getting a peak then do you?"

Harry smirked, "If you want to see just ask."

Shari giggled, "I may... want me to get her carseat?" she asked, changing the subject, although the twinkle in her eyes did not go amiss.

"Yes, and-" "I know, I know. Two heated bottles and six diapers just in case." she giggled and walked away leaving Harry to just smile as he stood there.

Going out with Shari was always fun, especially when the two went shopping, and he came out of the shop with more than what he needed.

Harry just stood there and watched as Shari picked out outfits stating that they would look adorable on Eve, and how she would look like a regular baby doll.

"Especially with them beautiful eyes." she giggled.

Harry just tilted his head and watched her go at it. This was a weird thing for Harry. Every time, he saw Shari his mind would linger on her, but he always shifted it, putting it into his mind that it was just the protectiveness he felt toward her since he saved her life.

He had always regarded Shari as someone special, someone more than worthy of his kind and sensitive side, which he rarely showed. It seemed however that lately his thoughts and feelings were starting to get stronger and more current.

He always knew there was something about Shari that drew him in, and it wasn't just her warm being, it was... her. He set these thoughts aside for now, but he'd sort them out later. He was too young anyway to even 'think' of things such as this. Besides, she regarded him as a brother... even though it was very hard for him to regard Shari as a sister when he was attracted to her and feeling very odd feelings that he didn't feel for anyone else. Not even Parker... maybe that was a good thing he didn't feel like that about Parker...

"C'mon! Let's go get one of those blueberry ice things, and we can share." Her eyes were dancing like stars and they were full of life as she grabbed the sleeve of his leather jacket.

"Alright, all right and they're slushies." he informed.

"Yeah! Them."

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Harry got back to Hogwarts that evening at around eight-thirty. He was in room getting ready for bed when a knock came from the bedroom.

"Harry!" it was Justin. "C'min Justin."

The door clicked and Justin entered with a smile, "Hey where have you been?"

"I had to go out and get a few things." he smirked at Justin's perplexed face. "How?"

"I have a friend who knows how to teleport."

"Whoa! That's hard. Only House Elves, and Vampires know how to do that."

"And half vamps."

"You mean... you know a half vamp?" asked Justin, his eyebrows going upwards. "I'm still trying to take in the fact that vampires exist, and I've been in this wizarding world for five years."

Harry chuckled genially at his friend, as he took off his shirt, and threw it to the side, and went through his drawers. His drawers also had Eve's clothes in it. It was easier than going from his bedroom to hers when she clearly couldn't sleep in a crib for two more months. She was too small and she could suffocate.

"I wanted to inform you that there is a Valentines Day dance, and that a Hogsmeade is scheduled for this weekend to get proper attire."

Harry just grumbled, "I'm not going. I have my daughter."

"I think you should. With three girls." teased Justin sitting on the bed next to the sleeping baby.

Harry rolled his eyes, "That was a complete and utter-"

"Oh drop the show Harry! It's me, not Hannah and Susan." Justin just smirked.

Harry glanced over, "Ok, it fuckin' rocked all right? Not many guys can say they've been with three girls and live to tell the tale. I won't do it ever again... I don't think. It was a once in a lifetime thing. I do have respect for women. I'm a teenager and it's obvious that I'm more experienced."

Justin snickered, "Do you ever plan on a steady girlfriend?"

"I had one." Harry muttered, "Didn't work out to well..."

"No, I mean someone who 'truly' likes you. Hermione liked you but she was just fascinated by you."

Harry just laughed, and sat down on the bed next to his friend, "No idea, Justin. Why?"

Justin looked at him, "I was just wondering, do you plan on any future relationships? More than just- sex."

Harry looked at Justin in thought, "Maybe." he had someone on his mind but he pushed that away.

Justin arched an eyebrow upwards, "Maybe? Do you think you can go from a wandering womanizer to a loyal boyfriend?" teased Justin.

Harry just stared at him, "I am not a womanizer!" he protested.

"Oh yeah right! Getting together with girl after girl, not counting the three girls, you were with last night, and how you did that I don't even know."

"It was an accident. We drank too much, and one thing lead to another and we were in bed."

Justin laughed, "I wish I could do that." Remarked the Hufflepuff.

"I am NOT a womanizer. Things just happen. I don't go looking for sex. Ok maybe a couple times I have." He then said, and blinked, "Am I really?"

Justin grunted with amusement, "Yes, you are."

Harry sat down on the bed next to his daughter, "I never thought of it like that. I mean- sure I've been with girls but... that doesn't mean..." he stopped and stared at Justin remembering he had been with the guy's sister.

"Shit, I am." Harry muttered. "It's not like I... don't have any respect for them."

"Don't worry about it. You're a teenager." he waved a dismissive hand.

"Yes, but I'm also older than most people the way I act and the way I've grown up."

"Find someone then-"

"No one can keep up with me. I mean Hermione, didn't like the thought of me being more experienced, and I'm betting you no one in this school is as experienced as me not counting some of the Slytherins."

Justin just looked at his friend, "She wasn't for you mate. She was just the tip of the iceberg. Think about it."

"Why am I listening to you?" asked Harry.

"I'm right." Justin simply said.

Harry just gave him a look, "Who are you going to ask?" dodging and changing the subject. Now he had even more things to think about. He had so much to think about. He was shocked that his head hasn't exploded.

Justin shrugged, "I thought about asking Susan. But, I was afraid it would be weird on our friendship."

"Just go as friends."

"Yeah, I might. Ernie asked Hannah." said Justin a bit bitterly.

Harry glanced over, "Well which do you like?"

Justin shrugged, "I like both."

Harry snickered, "I see."

"Are you going?" Justin asked again. "I don't think so." "C'mon Harry. You have to go. You can dance can't you?"

Harry laughed, "Yes, Shari taught me."

"Who's Shari?" asked Justin never hearing the name before.

"She's the half vamp."

"Ooh...she pretty?"

"You have no idea." stated Harry simply.

"Why not take her then?" asked Justin.

Harry shrugged, "She's not apart of the school."

"The seventh years do it all the time." Justin told Harry. "They bring in guys and girls from Beauxbatons or ones that are one or two years older than them."

Harry had never thought about asking Shari. He knew she'd love to go, but wasn't sure if he could get the permission.

"Hey would you like to stay the night?" asked Harry.

"Sure, I have no reason to go back to the dorm."

"All right. I can get a bed in here." he said, summoning a house-elf.

Oddly, enough it was a house elf with a bunch of clothing that appeared.

Harry blinked, and stared at the odd creature.

"Harry Potter, such an honor it is to see you!" said a squeaky little elf.

"Erm... do I know you?"

"No, but I know you! I've been watching over you. Making sure no one hears you! Mr. Vampy Vandy asked for Dobby's help." he squeaked.

"Oh so you're Dobby. Mm... Ok. Thanks Dobby, I need another bed here for my friend Justin." he said waving to Justin who smiled, "Hi Dobby."

Harry then noticed something and scoffed, "Hey! Those are my daughter's socks!" He said, picking one off Dobby, "And that's her hat." he grunted picking up a purple hat. Justin was laughing his head off, at the situation.

Dobby bowed his head in shame, "I is sorry Master Harry Potter. I is loving clothes, Dobby's old masters were mean to him... and... and... Master Vampy Vandy talked my masters into giving me clothes. Then he hired me... and I pretend me isn't a wanted house-elf and Dumblydore hire me!" he squeaked, "All to protect yeh Harry Potter sir." he grabbed Harry around the knees hugging him.

Justin's eyes glittered amused as he watched Harry's predicament.

"Hmm... OK. But, if you want socks and hats ask me! Don't take them." he said, sighing and handing back the little socks and hat. "I bought new ones. Just don't let it happen again."

Dobby squeaked, "I isn't Harry Potter sir. I is so sorry!" he started crying.

Harry groaned, "Dobby, don't cry." the teen muttered, 'Gods why do elves have to act like little kids?' he thought.

"I'm not upset." he murmured. "If you want clothes just ask. I'm sure I could find some of my old socks with holes in them." He muttered to Dobby who squealed with delight, drying his eyes on one of Eve's baby socks, "Oh thank you Harry Potter. You're such a great wizard." he squealed. "I is getting a bed." he snapped his fingers and one appeared just adjacent from Harry's.

"Thanks Dobby, could you bring up some snacks and drinks? Something stronger than Pumpkin juice?" asked Harry, while he was at it.

Justin juts looked at Harry, 'You made 'one' mistake of drinking alcohol, don't do it again. I'm not a girl... and I don-' but he was cut off by a pillow smashing in his face, "Don't even go there Finch-Fletchley!"

Dobby beamed happily and jumped up in the air doing a weird little dance, "Yes, yes!" he then bowed, "If you is needing anything just call on Dobby. I will appear and I wills help you!" he hugged Harry one more time almost making the teen fall to the floor with buckling knees. The elf disappeared with a soft 'crack'

"Can someone say... weird?" Justin said staring at the spot Dobby had been.

"Aye!"

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When Harry laid down that night, he heard Justin's snores. Justin could fall asleep quicker than anyone he knew. He heard a purring noise and glanced over to see Lily on one end and 'Vanessa' jumping up.

She meowed at him and pranced over. Harry snickered "What do you want?" he teased ruffling her black head. She purred and licked his fingers, before snuggling up to him.

"Why don't you transform?" He asked, "Justin's asleep and he isn't going to wake anytime soon."

She meowed softly, and moved slightly and transformed, into a laying position on the bed. He smiled, seeing her dressed in short blue shorts and a short blue half shirt. Her black hair falling all around her.

"Hi Harry." she moved closer and wiggled under the covers. Harry chuckled, and watched her as she moved closer, to him. Harry just laid there on his side staring at her features.

"How long have you been here?" asked Harry.

"Bout... ten minutes." she said, smiling, as she moved Harry's legs apart and wiggled her legs between his and wrapped them around him, as if they were both coiling snakes.

Harry just laughed at her sweet antics, "Why you here so late? You know I have to sleep."

"I like watching over you." she told him. "Also, I thought about letting you get some sleep and tending to little Eve for you."

Harry blinked, "You don't have too."

She smiled, "Oh but I do." she touched under his eyes, "You have black under there."

"I'm use to it."

"No you're not. Let me help with her tonight. You need a break." she said softly her thumb brushing against the crows feet under his eyes. He closed his eyes feeling her touch. "Woul'ya'go'ta'dance with me." he slurred hardly aware of himself asking. He wasn't embarrassed he was just half asleep from her soft touch.

She giggled, "What?" she asked. "Dance... Valentines Day... me?"

Shari's eyes lit up, "I'd love too. Am I allowed?"

"Betbe." was what he said, before he breathed in threw his nose so evenly it was no surprise that he was asleep before she could say yes.

Please read real quickly(I am in no way rushing anything. I simply think its about time that everyone know who Shari is:) Besides, he's always had something special for her, and just think of Hermione's jealousy? Hehe. There are several reasons I did that three girls and one guy. One, is to get the characters out there. I hadn't put much into Cho Chang or Angelina... and I couldn't think of any other girl So I made one. Surely, there are more girls in Ravenclaw than Marietta and Cho! Ulgh... and I wasn't about to use Marietta even though she isn't a rat in this. That would be out of character but I could see Angelina and Cho hanging loose, especially Cho. Thank you for the reviews, I absolutely adore them! If you're trying to find Lady-Treasons stuff look in my favorites under my name. You'll find her. Its slash.. but its good.. :) If you want an ass-kicking Harry that's not slash I recommend Not Myself by Saerry Snape, again its in my favorites, or Blood Prince by Shade Dancer. Shade Dancer is really good!

Oh, someone did point out about Voldemort caring about his Deatheaters, I would hope that you got what he was caring about... Voldemort can't afford to lose any big Deatheaters, especially the way Harry did it. He never expected it... and losing Deatheaters in this stage of the game would prove to be fatal to Voldemort. Hope that answers your question.)

Chapter Twenty-Nine: Meowwww

Shari wasn't in bed with Harry when he awoke. Harry blinked, and rubbed the sleep from his eyes. He hadn't had a good nights sleep in a month. He sat up and yawned, when he heard whimpering from basinet next to the bed.

Justin was laying there half asleep half awake.

"You don't have to get up Justin. It's Sunday." Harry slid up, and stretched, before getting his daughter out. "And its seven-thirty."

"Ulgh." was what Justin said, as Harry moved out of the bedroom and closed the door.

He was mildly stunned to see Shari making a bottle in the kitchen.

"I thought you left?" asked Harry walking over, as Shari glanced over.

"Harry, you could go back to sleep. I have her."

Harry smirked, "It's all right. I'm use to getting up so early." he said, taking the bottle from Shari.

"Is your friend up?" asked Shari, as she moved onto the couch next to Harry. She had her legs in Indian style.

"No, he's not a morning person."

Shari giggled, "He snores too." she pointed out.

Harry just snickered, "Have you slept?" he asked.

"A little bit. I'm not use to sleeping at night so much ya know? I mean... I've always stayed up all night long with daddy and his friends."

"They why are you up now?"

She laughed, "I want to see you. I've missed you over the last month." she then looked at him, "Did you mean what you said last night?"

Harry smirked, "Asking you to the dance?"

She nodded, "Yeah."

"Of course I meant it. I wasn't just half asleep. You taught me to dance, and I know you love dances."

Shari just smiled brightly, "Yeah I do love dancing. What about the Headmaster?"

"I'm going to ask him today. Justin said, that seventh years and some sixth years bring people from outside of Hogwarts quite often."

Shari smiled, "Great! I need to find something to wear. Something hot." she then said, her mind was all ready reeling with ideas.

Harry just smiled, "As soon as she's fed and changed, I'm going to go see the Headmaster." He dreaded on doing such a thing, though.

He wished to have no interactions with the old man but he didn't have a choice, if he wanted to get his way.

"Want me to go?"

Harry thought about this, "Not really."

"It would be easier to show who you want to take with you, so he doesn't think its some sort of weirdo." She told him.

"What are you talking about? You're as weird as they come." Harry teased.

Shari laughed, and shrugged, "I guess that's true."

"Let me do the talking and go up there. I really don't want Dumbledore having anything to do with you if necessary."

"But he may ask to see the girl you're wanting to take."

Harry grumbled, "Yeah, wait till it comes to that."

"Do you get to go to Hogsmeade?"

"Yes next weekend." He told Shari.

The half-vampire smiled, "Great! We'll make a day of it."

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That afternoon Harry made his way up to the Headmasters office reluctantly. As he did, there were several females coming up to him asking him to the dance. They had some nerve. He would have said yes to one had he not been going with Shari.

What really got him was when a seventh year Ravenclaw guy came up to him.

Harry just looked at him stunned before taking off quickly without saying yes or no.

"You'd think after the rumours of me and three girls, you'd think some people would take a hint." He murmured to Eve who just gurgled, and nodded off to sleep.

He shook his head still slightly scandalized, but got over it quickly when he got to the stone gargoye and murmured the password.

"C'mon in Harry." was Dumbledore's words, before he even knocked.

Harry silently scowled wanting to know how the hell he did that.

Upon entering he seen Severus sitting across from the Headmaster, they were obviously absorbed in some sort of meeting.

Severus gave him a glare, but said nothing. They didn't have an animosity toward each other but it would still look weird if Harry and Severus were suddenly talking like they were the best of friends.

"Harry! Aaw, and Eve as well. Such a pleasure to have you here in my office. Please don't tell me you are in trouble already?" Dumbledore asked, his eyes twinkling endlessly.

Harry shook his head, "No Headmaster. My friend, Justin, told me about the dance, and I was wondering if I could take someone from outside Hogwarts? Justin said it was allowed."

Dumbledore arched an eyebrow upwards, and smiled, "I don't see why not. How old are they?" he inquired.

"My age." he told the Headmaster.

"Is she a muggle?"

"Erm... no."

"Does she go to a magical school?"

"No she was home tutored."

"I don't see why not then, Harry. As long as she has no criminal record or anything, you may bring her."

Harry nodded, "Thank you Headmaster. I'll be going now." He walked out quickly.

He didn't want him or Eve in the same room with this man. He didn't want the Headmaster going near his daughter, even if it was to hold her, or touch her head gently.

Harry wanted no part of the old man...

As Harry turned the many corridors and halls of the large castle he heard the steps of someone coming from behind, upon turning he seen Hermione walking up to him.

"Harry!"

She stopped in front of him and just stared, "Is it true?" asked Hermione.

"Is what true?" asked Harry, shifting Eve from one arm to the next.

Hermione scowled, "That you... were... with... with..."

"Yes it's true. It was an accident." Harry told her.

"Accident? How can it be an accident you sleep with three girls?" asked Hermione horrified.

Harry sighed, "Had to much to drink. Firewhisky can do that to you."

"F... Firewhisky? In school! Are you out of your mind." she shrieked appalled.

Harry shrugged, "Quite in my mind really."

"Where were you? When did this happen?" asked Hermione.

Harry just tilted his head to the side, "Why do you care? You broke up with me because I was too experienced." he shrugged one shoulder.

She just shook her head, "You – are - crazy Harry." she announced.

"Tell me something I don't know, Hermione."

"I can't believe you would do that."

"Why not?" asked Harry calmly.

This was evidently annoying her, Harry's calm expression.

Hermione opened her mouth to speak but shut it again, "I -"

"You – you - what?" asked Harry, as Eve awoke from the movements and whimpered, her green eyes staring right up at him.

Harry glanced down and kissed her cheek.

Hermione just made a growling sound in the back of her throat and walked away, obviously unable to find the words to tell him how upset she was.

Harry shrugged, and walked off, "Are all you females like this?" he asked, Eve who just gurgled and grunted.

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Shari hung around a lot for the next week. When Harry laid down to sleep she would usually sneak in and curl up under the covers with him. Harry couldn't argue with this and found her very warm and comforting especially when he woke up several times with her in his arms.

Hermione had yet to come back up to him again. During classes she would cast side glances at him, as if wanting to talk to him but would change tune before she could get anything out.

February 2nd, was the first Hogsmeade trip of the New Year. Harry was up, and getting Eve bundled up. Shari said she would meet him at the edge of Hogwarts so they could go out together.

Harry was just getting his daughter ready when there was a tap upon his door. He called for it to open and Parker was standing there with a smirk on his face.

"Hey Harry, you taking Eve?" asked Parker, in all his glory.

Harry laughed, "Yeah, I'm meeting Shari. Did I tell you I got permission from the old man?"

Parker shook his head, "No, what are you doing now? I thought you were over the whole girlfriend thing?" asked Parker, sitting on Harry's

messed up bed. He was hunched over Eve putting her socks on, as she gurgled softly.

Harry glanced up at him, "She's not my girlfriend." he protested. "She's a friend, someone special."

"Yes, someone special usually means 'girlfriend.'" Parker enunciated.

Harry scowled, "Shut it Parker." he said, turning away quickly.

Parker smirked, "C'mon Harry, admit it! When was the last time you seen her?"

"Last night." he muttered.

"How long did she stay?"

"All night long." he murmured, not liking where this was going as he packed all of Eve's stuff, trying to busy himself without his eyes giving away any sort of signs.

Parker laughed, "And she's just a friend. Bull-shit, Harry."

Harry glared at him, "Parker-" the teen scowled.

"Drop the act Harry. You like Shari and you can't do a thing about it." Parker jeered.

Harry scowled at him and turned away, "Fuck it Parker. I don't like her like that."

"Yes you do."

"Do not."

"Yes you do."

"Not."

"Do."

"NOT!"

"Not!"

"DO!" shouted Harry, unaware of his falter.

Parker laughed, "SEE! Do!"

Harry growled in the back of his throat angrily, "Fuck you Parker."

Parker laughed, "Admit it!"

"I am NOT admitting something that I don't-- I don't like her." snapped a frustrated teen.

Parker couldn't stop the smile slipping up onto his lips, "Yes you do Harry James Potter, are you trying to fool yourself? Admit it!"

"I'm not admitting it you bastard." Harry scowled, walking passed Parker, and to the kitchen to get some bottles.

"Curse and yell at me all you want. You and I both know you like Shari." Parker followed him out, like a puppy. Harry just glared at him before turning back to the sink with two small cans out and two bottles.

Harry was about to reply when he heard Eve crying. Apparently, she sensed no one in the room...

Harry entered, "Hey, calm down little princess." He bent down, wrapped his arms around her and stared at her just a few inches from her

She stared at him and whimpered and fidgeted. "I'm here." he said, softly in an uncharacteristic childish voice.

He kissed her baby nose affectionately. Eve raised her fist and touched his cheek and made burbling noises. She moved her feet slightly gently kicking him in the chest.

Parker leaned against the door and watched with a glitter in his eye, not one like Dumbledore, it was different, and it wasn't a practiced twinkle or glitter. It was honest and true with nothing behind it.

"Why don't you let me take Eve this morning? That way you don't have to worry about the warming charms wearing off."

Harry glanced up at Parker, and sighed, "You don't have too."

"Of course, a Slytherin never does anything because they have too." Parker reminded. "I want too. Besides, she's my goddaughter! Why can't I spend some time with her? Remus has had all the fun."

Harry snickered, "Fun? You mean screaming, crying, and whimpering because I'm not in her sight is fun?"

"She won't do that with me." said Parker.

Harry laughed, "The last time I was gone you watched her for a half hour and she was bawling by the time I got back."

Parker rolled his eyes, "She'll be fine with me. I'll entertain her."

Harry just laughed, and looked down at Eve who was opening and closing her eyes, as if trying to stay awake.

Harry kissed her lip fatherly before staring at her, "Please don't give Uncle Parker problems." Harry murmured to the baby, who made a cooing noise.

He met Susan, Hannah, and Justin down at the Entrance Hall babyless. He let Parker take her, on the condition that if she started crying to summon him immediately. Harry was sure Parker wouldn't listen.

Harry got into line with his friends, waiting for Filch to give the OK.

They were talking about where they would head to first.

Harry intervened, "I won't be joining you guys. I have a few things I must do today."

They looked at him, "Where you going?" asked Justin.

"I have to meet someone." Harry told him when Blaise moved up into step next to him.

"Potter." she nodded, as he smirked,

"Hello Blaise." he said glancing sideways at the pretty Slytherin.

"I heard about your rendezvous with three chicks." teased Blaise, her dark eyes dancing playfully.

Harry just stared at her, "Please let's not bring this up."

"Why not? It's so much fun. Although, I have to say, I enjoyed every second of Pansy getting smacked. The arrogant little twit deserved it." stated Blaise proudly.

Harry smirked, and got up into a carriage. Blaise following.

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Separating from his friends, Harry glanced around him wondering where she was when he felt a rush of wind and someone out of nowhere jumped on him. If he hadn't been waiting for Shari, he would have been startled and probably would have started cursing someone with wand and mouth, however he knew Shari well enough to know that she was one for surprise jumps.

Her legs locked around him and Harry winced, when he realized her pants were so tight he could every little curve.

"Harry! I was waiting for you." she said, a grin on her beautiful pale face.

"I see that." he said, holding her around the waist, "Want me to carry you the whole time?"

She giggled, "I wouldn't object."

"Be kind of hard to walk this way." Harry said, groaning as he felt her straddle him. He was trying his hardest not to get hard. 'Does that make sense?'

She jumped down, feet hitting the floor and smirked, "C'mon! I want to get a cute outfit!" she squealed grabbing his hand in hers.

People who recognized Harry turned, wondering who the dark headed girl was.

Harry slung his arm around her making her smile and look up, "Where's Eve?" she asked.

"Parker has her. Hopefully she won't give him many problems."

"You could have brought her."

"Yes but Parker was insistent."

"Oh, well is this officially our first date?" she teased.

Harry chuckled, and held her closer, "Want it to be?" asked Harry his green-eyes gazing into her blue ones. Was Parker right? Was Harry's instincts right? Wait, his instincts were never wrong.

She looked at him her mouth open slightly. She then grinned, "Yes."

"All right then. All you had to do was say it." He then thought back to what Parker said, and cursed him in his mind.

They went from store to store. Harry leaned back and watched as Shari tried on outfit after outfit.

Some of it was absolutely scandalous! Harry just laughed, and imagined Shari going to the Valentines Day dance in some of the outfits she tried on. One was extremely short and Harry was sure he could see what was underneath.

Girls from Hogwarts came through some flashed him smiles, and a couple came up to him. Cho had the nerve to come up to him talking to him.

"Who are you taking to the dance?" she asked, her eyes glittering.

She had obviously thought 'he' would ask her. "Somebody."

"Who?" asked Cho kind of startled.

"Someone."

"But who?"

"None of your damn business." Harry smiled, as she gave him a look.

"I thought - maybe you were just saying that."

"No, I am going with someone. None of your business."

"Is this about me telling a couple of my friends?" Cho then asked, trying to give her best puppy look.

Harry just gave her a look, "You sure the fuck didn't help things."

Cho blinked at the harsh words, "I didn't mean to spread it."

"Yeah you did. Stop fuckin' lying." He rolled his eyes, "The answer is, I am going to the dance with someone. Not you, not Hermione, and not anyone else that you will know."

She scowled at him and walked away murmuring curse words under her mouth.

"Who the hell was that?" asked Shari coming out and turning around asking Harry to zip up her black slacks.

"A bitch."

"Is it one of those three girls you accidentally slept with?"

"Yup."

Shari just laughed, "I take it she was the one whose mouth ran away with her?"

"You got it." said Harry dully.

Shari turned and smirked, "I'm not offended." Shari leaned up and kissed him on the lips. "I find it funny." she snickered and walked off, "What do you think of yellow?" she shouted over her shoulder.

Harry turned his face curled up in disgust, "Please no."

Shari just gave him a million dollar smile, her eyes shining with mirth.

"Aw- c'mon not even on me?" she pouted playfully.

Harry looked at her, "If you want to look like a fuzzy chicken go ahead babe." he said making her giggle and wave him over.

He sighed and headed over to a rack full of skirts. "I'm kidding." she nudged him playfully, as he smirked, and brought his hand up touching the small of her back, "I would hope so."

"I don't even like yellow."

When they finally left the store, Harry was carrying four bags of females clothes, not to mention the two bags that were in Shari's hands.

"Geez, woman! You really can shop can't you?" he asked, poking through one of the bags with curiosity. He pulled out a bra and panties and smiled, as Shari giggled not even blushing. "Yes, like that?" she asked.

It was a hot pink and silky, he just glanced over at her, "What do you think?"

"I say yes. But isn't black your favorite?" she asked. "Black and cerulean blue." he said, smiling.

She smirked, as she swam into the bag that was in Harry's hands. "Then you'll like this!" she flashed an outfit, not caring who was walking by and watching.

"Yes, I would." he agreed, with a mischievous smile.

She just smiled, and put the outfit up. "Now where are we going? We have to get 'your' outfit." she said with a sweet grin.

Harry looked at her, "Who said I didn't have one?"

"Do you?" asked Shari.

"Yes, although I'd rather not wear it." murmured Harry as he led her down off the main road toward a more private area where the rich of Hogsmeade go often.

"Where are we going?" asked Shari. "Well, since it's our first date, it's only proper I take you out to eat." they stopped at a very nice restaurant and he opened the door. "After you, Miss." he teased, with a very false proper looking smile, making Shari burst into laughter.

"Would you want to cause some chaos?"

"Hmm... that sounds fun."

"Who do you think will get who kicked out?" asked Shari.

Harry thought about this, "I bet you I will get us kicked out."

Shari just smirked, as she stepped up, to the front waiting for the Hostess.

"We'll see Harry, we'll see."

When they got a booth, Harry slid in next to Shari who arched an eyebrow, upwards.

Harry glanced around and was happy to note that he recognized several 'big' people from the Daily Prophet, and glanced at Shari who was looking around.

"What?" she asked, as a waitress came over with menus.

"Nothing. Just that if we are going to make a scene, we'll be on the front page of the Daily Prophet."

Her eyes glittered, "Really? What do you want to do? I could dirty dance."

Harry laughed, "No! I have yet to see it." He teased, as she smirked.

"Then what?" asked Shari, "I could flash someone."

"No." stated Harry simply.

Shari then looked at Harry and smirked, "Hey Harry." she said loudly, getting a few people's attention. "Did you enjoy fucking three girls the other day?"

Harry bit a smile, as he heard a few gasps, "Oh yeah Shari, how can I not enjoy fucking them?"

"What did you do? You forgot to give me details?" asked Shari, out loud causing more gasps and a few older people gave them dirty looks.

Harry smirked, "I could show you." he teased.

Shari giggled. "Really!" she said playing along. "When?"

Harry wrapped his arms around her and kissed her deeply causing a few gasps, when Harry's hands started playing around with her shirt and thighs.

They were making out hot and heavy, her lips crushing into his. Although, this was a game it was freakin' hot.

Her lips pressed deeply and sensually into his, as his tongue ran across the bottom of her lip and then slipped in her mouth caressing her tongue with his.

Shari moved into him straddling herself around him in the middle of the restaurant getting a bunch of stares and shocked looks as well as a few photo flashes.

Shari was clawing at his shirt, "Oh Harry, I want you." she squealed.

"Really? what do you want?" he asked, pretending no one was around.

She was fighting giggles, under the red that was in her cheeks.

"I want you to put yourself all the way inside of me!" she said in a seductive voice, yet loud enough to cause gasps.

"You got it!" His arms were snaked around her when the manager came over and pointed at them... Usually Harry would have been offended and fought him back but this was part of the whole fun, seeing how far they could push the manager

The next thing they knew they were tossed out on their arses.

Harry and Shari were laughing so loudly and holding onto each other for support so much that people thought there was something wrong with them when they passed.

"That – was - good." Shari got out, her arms wrapping around his neck.

Harry just laughed, and shook his head, "Them yuppie arseholes didn't know 'what' to think." He was nearly giggling, as they stumbled down the gravel driveway.

Shari just giggled, and snuggled up into his leather jacket, as he wrapped his arm around her and led her further on down the drive.

Harry didn't remember ever having so much fun in his life with anyone. He couldn't hide the grin that spread across his face. It stayed this way till the evening when Harry decided he should get back early and collect Eve.

"OK Harry, I'll see you." they were at the edge of the carriages.

Most people weren't ready to leave, but Harry was a different story.

She leaned up on her toes and pressed her lips against him as she grabbed his leather jacket at the collar.

Her lips were as soft as they always were. Earlier in the fancy restaurant he didn't have a chance to get a feel for them. It was just a joke. He had kissed her many times, but this was something a bit different.

He sank his mouth into hers, indulging himself in the moment. His head was swimming and he wasn't sure if he knew how to put things in his mind together.

His arms were around her and he had her nearly lifted off the ground. She was on her toes, and had no choice but to wrap her legs around his waist.

The cold weather that was surrounding them seemed to have melted as he kissed her. Nothing and no one seemed to matter. Harry had a lot of thinking to do.

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"Did you have fun with Shari?" asked Parker, when Harry entered the Slytherin's corridors to find him on the couch with Eve in his arms, fast asleep.

Harry rolled his eyes, "It was fun."

Parker smirked, "I told you -"

"Don't fuckin' start." Harry warned, as he walked over and scooped his daughter in his arms.

"Watch it. I just put her to sleep. She's been crying off and on all afternoon."

Harry gave him a sharp glare, "And you didn't summon me Parker?"

Parker smiled, "She calmed down."

Harry sighed, "Parker, I don't want to burden you - "

Parker rolled his eyes, "If I was burdened, then you'd know it." stated the brown-haired man. "Otherwise, shut the hell up."

The Hufflepuff rolled his eyes, and smirked, "Thanks Parker - "

"Don't even think about giving me anything - " he said eyeing Harry's other hand which wanted to go into his black jean pocket.

Harry rolled his eyes, and took his hand out, "Fine."

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That evening Hannah, Susan, and Justin came into Harry's room to see him lying on the couch talking to sleeping Eve. He was in the same laying position as he was when Shari was there, but this time he had a cover over his lower half and his daughter fast asleep on his chest.

"Hey Harry when did you get back?" asked Hannah, sitting in an armchair. Susan sat down on the floor next to Harry and touched Eve's fist gently. Justin took the other armchair.

"Oh - about two hours ago. I didn't want to leave Parker with Eve all day long."

"Who were you out with today? There were rumours going around." Susan looked at him as Harry chuckled, "Wait till tomorrow, for the headlines."

"What did you do?" asked Justin slowly.

Harry chuckled, "Nothing." He said innocently. "Much." Hannah just arched an eyebrow upwards, "Much? You mean you did something bad enough to get onto the front of the Daily Prophet?"

"You bet I did."

The three Hufflepuffs could only imagine.

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When Harry entered the Great Hall the next day there were gasps and whispers breaking out.

Harry walked over, Eve in his arms, and picked up the prophet and laughed out loud.

The picture was of Shari in his lap. But you couldn't see Shari except for dark hair, then again, the picture was black and white. She was straddled in his lap and you could see Harry's hands on her shirt and several funny lines that had been spouted out by the reporter.

"THIS is what you did Harry?" asked Susan horrified, as Harry sat down with amusement.

Placing the diaper bag down he slipped out a bottle and gave it to Eve, who was in her car seat.

"You bet I did. It was so much fun. Shari had a good time."

"Whose Shari?" asked Hannah.

"You'll find out next weekend." he told them.

"I know, she's - " Harry kicked Justin under the table. The boy yelped and blushed furiously.

"It was both our idea." Harry told them. "So it wasn't just hers." He knew that some people thought he took advantage of girls, when in honesty he didn't.

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Parker was staring at him from the top of the Staff Table, and smirked at Harry as if saying, 'I told you so'

Harry just cast him a deadly look, as Parker smirked. Poor Remus was out of service and nowhere to be seen.

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That evening as Harry sat in his room he had some time to think about things.

'Why did he get so upset with Parker, about Shari?' he asked his own mind. 'It's obvious, that I like her.' he sighed, and tapped his fingers against the arm of the couch and glanced over one hand was on Eve's back comfortingly.

'Why do I deny it so much?' thought Harry.

'Maybe you think you're not good enough.' said a voice in the back of his mind, causing Harry to sigh.

'I think it's because I care about her in a way that I don't care about other females or other people at all.' he told himself, staring off into space. His eyes were very unfocused.

'She cares about you too.' said another voice in his head. Harry sighed, and leaned his head back,

"I don't know." He said out loud. 'Maybe, I'm just too young?'

'You're not too young to have a baby. Why are you too young to fall in lo-'

'Don't even fuckin' think that.' growled Harry to his subconscious mind. Harry felt as if he were going insane with this inner battle of his.

These thoughts followed him from class to class the next day at school. He was glad that Occlumency lessons helped because he didn't need anyone prying into his head. He was nearly finished with the lessons. It had taken several long and painful months before Harry was finally able to throw Parker out to where he landed on the other side of the room.

Harry was sure it would come in handy one of these fine days.

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Harry was laying down that night when he felt movement and glanced over to see Shari sliding in the covers. "You still awake?" asked Shari, scooting closer to him.

Harry nodded, "Yes."

"What are you thinking about?" she asked, as she moved and laid her head against his chest.

Harry wrapped his arm around her and felt her feet intertwining with his, and glanced at her. "Things."

"Oh - bad or good?"

"Good - I think."

She giggled, "Ok. I won't ask again." she moved onto her side and curled up next to him with a yawn.

"You tired? A vamp at this time of night?"

"Your fault." mumbled Shari. "But a good fault." she then said as Harry chuckled, "Right."

The final round of the losing opponents was coming to a close in the Duelling Competition and they were about to move into stage two.

Stage two was two against one, and then after that would be the selected teachers against the semi-finalists. This would prove to be quite interesting.

Saturday afternoon no female in Hogwarts was seen. Not even Hannah and Susan were seen. Justin was serving detention with Filch for a nasty accident in Transfiguration in which Justin accidentally transfigured Susan's nose into a peach instead of her hair to orange. Susan's poor nose didn't grow back till late that evening.

Harry was actually getting Eve dressed, in an outfit that Shari had bought her last week in Hogsmeade. It was really pretty, a deep red velvet colour. The edges were white and it had a white little tie in the middle that went around her and tied in a bow in the back. When Harry was finished with her she looked like a baby doll out of a store. He placed the red and white headband on her hair and smiled to himself as she laid there whimpering over the white tights.

"Aw... well no one will see them." he said playfully yanking them off. They must itch, thought Harry feeling the fabric.

Harry had her car seat and stuff ready, before he decided to get ready himself.

After a 'very' quick and cold shower Harry was dressed in deep satin black robes and the edges were crimson red. The black slacks hugged against his hips and upper middle while it loosened at the lower legs. The shirt was a silk black that left the top four buttons unbuttoned and nothing underneath.

He attached the cloak, that was black and crimson red at the edges, around his neck. His black hair was pulled back in a low ponytail, his earrings having been changed, from a cross dangling down to a silver phoenix earring.

He called Dobby and asked the little elf for a quick favour. He squealed and jumped in the air excitedly before disappearing. When he reappeared with what he wanted. "Thank you Dobby." he had

never done this for anyone. Not even Hermione. Well he did get her a rose but that was different.

Harry had just moved into the living room when there was a soft movement that Harry barely noticed, and standing there was one of the most beautiful sights he had ever seen.

Harry could only open his mouth in awe, speechless. Gently laying Eve's car seat down, he just stared at the beautiful blushing half-vamp. She stood before him at almost the same height as himself, due to the pointy red high heels, that were sandal and strapped over, and the straps wrapped and criss-crossed up her smooth creamy legs. The dress was a glowing crimson red, absolutely stunning. It was to her ankles but there was two slits that came all the way up to her hip. It was red velvet trim and it fit her curves really well, hugging and clinging to her body.

The chest part was a V and very nice cleavage. The dress was spaghetti strapped and as she spun around the dress crossed in an X in the back all the way down to the curve in her back.

Her hair was up, half spiralled all around her head and a ruby looking tiara topped it off.

"Whoa!" was all Harry could say as she giggled, "What do you think?"

"Whoa."

"Like it?" she asked, her blue eyes sparkling with mirth. There was light make up on her face, something he didn't see quite often.

"Whoa." was his only comment.

She giggled, "Is that all you're going to say?" she asked, moving closer and running her hands up his chest, "You look hot." she kissed him on the lips. He was still too stunned to move.

She just giggled, and turned to Eve and grinned widely, "Oh wow! She looks like a dolly baby." she bent down kissing Eve's cheek, who squirmed and whimpered before he eyes opened.

"Hi, precious!" Shari said running a caressing finger across Eve's face.

She just gurgled and raised her hand as Shari smiled, and looked up to see Harry now holding a dozen wine red roses.

"Oh my god."

"Here, Happy Valentines Day." he said, softly, as she took them in her arms, and stared up at him.

He smiled, as she shook her head, "Whoa." she then said taking Harry's line.

He chuckled, his eyes sparkling in a way that was unusual for him.

"Wow, they're gorgeous. Thank you Jamie."

Harry just laughed, and glared playfully, "No, thank you. I got the most beautiful female in this magical world." he said, as she went red in the cheeks with a soft blush.

He realized he liked her blush.

He just touched her reddened cheeks making her giggle, "Can I put these in water?"

"They don't die."

"Oh yeah..."

"You ready?" he asked, picking Eve up in one hand and held out his arm for Shari who giggled and nodded, "Very ready."

Harry walked out with her and was aware of the awed stares that Shari got as she leaned into him as they walked. Harry glanced over and down at her shoes, "How the hell do you wear those?"

"Practice baby, it's all to do with practice."

Harry looked at them and then asked sheepishly, "Can you dance in them?"

"Sure."

"No, no, I mean 'really' dance in them?" he teased making Shari go into a state of giggles.

She had to stop herself from snorting. "Maybe." she coughed.

"Oh, don't tease me." He said, as they got to the Great Hall.

The doors were all ready open. Harry could hear the music going. It was muggle music. They went through the threshold to hear laughter and talk. They could see people up dancing, talking and mingling about.

The whole place was covered in red, pink, and white. Hearts floating up on the ceiling as Shari gasped, "Oh my gods! Its beautiful." she said, captivated.

Harry looked at her, "I know you are."

She giggled and glanced at Harry and blushed, "Thank you." she kissed his cheek, both of them unaware of the narrowed look that a certain Gryffindor was sending her.

Guys looked stunned seeing Shari, and a few girls huffed, feeling either jealous or - really jealous.

Harry had to admit she was stunning. He took her over to where his Hufflepuff friends were. He didn't see Parker anywhere nor did he see Remus. He seen Professor Dumbledore waltzing with Professor McGonagall, and Flitwick was walking around complimenting people.

Justin gasped, when he seen Harry with Shari.

"H... Harry!" he choked out causing Hannah and Susan to both turn and their mouths dropped open.

Hannah looked pretty with her hair in a French twist, with two strands spiralled. She was wearing a pretty silky purple dress. Her date was next to her, Ernie MacMillion whose mouth just opened at Shari who smiled sweetly to everyone around her.

Susan was wearing a cerulean blue, and obviously her date was Justin. Her hair was up in a Barrett on one side, and she had a bit of blush on her cheeks.

"Hello everyone, I would like you to meet my date LaShari Vladski." he smiled, as Shari glared at him, "It's Shari." she quipped.

"Hi Shari!" said Hannah sweetly. "You want something to drink?" she asked, warmly.

"Sure." said Shari grinning widely.

Harry sat Eve down onto the table as Justin came over, "Holy shit man! She's freakin' hot!" hissed Justin his eyes wide.

The green-eyed teen just smirked, "Tell me something I don't know Justin."

Justin shook his head, "Wow." he looked over at Shari to see her talking to both Susan and Hannah.

"Yes, I know." he said, just as Parker came striding along. "G'evening beautiful." he said to Shari his hand on her shoulder.

She giggled and glanced up, "Hi Parker." she stood and hugged him getting a few envious looks from the boys.

"How you doing?"

"Great!" she said, happily, as she winked at Harry and sat back down with a giggle.

Parker came over to Harry and smirked, "Looking good Harry. Mind if I take Eve for a while?"

Harry looked at him, "You sure?"

"Of course." he smiled, when he lifted the baby out of the car seat, she gurgled and grunted, as he laid her against his chest.

"I have her." he grabbed her bottle and a few other things out of the diaper bag and winked and walked off. "Have fun."

Harry walked over to Shari and stood behind her. "Would you like to dance?" his hands touched her bare shoulders.

She giggled and leaned back into him and glanced up at him. "Sure."

He winked at Susan and Hannah before guiding Shari to the floor. People looked and stared, but no one looked harder or stared harder than a brown-eyed angry female.

He wrapped his arms around her and pulled her into him. "Your friends are nice." she said softly.

"Yes, they are."

"Too innocent for you." she teased, as he chuckled, "I've been told."

She swayed in his arms, her head pressing against the edge of his shoulder, as he spoke to her in her ear making her smile every so often.

They didn't leave the dance floor after the first dance. The second song was a faster one. It was muggle, 'Shook Me All Night Long' which caused a few of the muggleborns to get up quickly as some of the purebloods looked stunned at the music and even Malfoy raised an eyebrow of interest at it. Speaking of Malfoy the Slytherin was staring at Harry every so often.

Harry was beginning to wonder if he was gay or if he was plotting something. Either one it couldn't be good.

Harry groaned when Shari started dancing a bit... questionably around him. She moved herself against in a dirty dancing sort of way causing him to groan, "Oh gods, what are you doing girl." He hissed, as he wrapped his arms around her waist and held her snugly against him.

They paid no mind to anyone else in the room as they danced and moved seamlessly across the floor.

Several people stopped and watched with amusement, entertainment, and curiosity. McGonagall's lips were thin, she apparently didn't like the way they were dancing. But, Dumbledore held them off. He apparently wanted to see what this 'Shari' was all about. Either that or he was just a dirty old man in disguise - take it or leave it.

The two stared in each others eyes, as they moved forcefully across the floor. Harry's hormones were challenging his mind. He groaned as Shari moved her legs and pressed herself against his knee grinding up and down causing him to grunt, as he felt himself getting really turned on and when she turned around and pushed her backside into him he cursed out loud, when he grabbed her around the waist forcefully and used his other hand to grab her by her hair and pull her back and stared into her blue eyes, as she grinned evilly and licked his lips before he let go and she spun around, her chest against his. He could see straight down into her chest, and shook his head, "I refuse - to take - advantage." He hissed to her.

"Who ever said you had a choice?" teased Shari, as she turned and wrapped her hands around him and ran them up his back as he shook his head, "You - no."

"Why?" she purred, as he grabbed her by her hair and pulled her back and glared into her eyes, "I - have too much lo - respect for you." He hissed making her giggle. "I love it when you play rough." she teased, as he smirked, "Course you would. You're a half vampire."

She nodded and grabbed his cheeks with one hand and slapped him causing a few gasps. He smirked, his eyes flashing, and arched an

eyebrow upwards before crushing his lips harshly against hers. His fingers curled around her black locks.

Harry felt her body grinding against him and arched an eyebrow during the kiss, "Are you – doing – what - I think - you're doing?"

"What's it look like?" she hissed playfully. Glancing down at herself.

"You like to play rough don't you?"

"You bet your arse I do. You know, I've always liked things a little rough."

He grabbed her hands and pulled them behind her back forcefully. Everyone had finally gone back to their own thing. Dumbledore and McGonagall were still watching the exchange. Severus Snape didn't care, most vampires, and half vamps liked it rough... it was how they were. Remus was watching with a bit of envy in his eyes, as Parker smirked and watched them murmuring, 'I knew it, I knew it.'

Harry had her pinned, as she smirked, "I like this."

"I'm sure you do LaShari." He teased as he came close to her. Her lips twitched, wanting him to kiss them. She went into him but he licked her lip and pulled back as her eyes glittered dangerously. "Kiss me!"

Harry smirked, licked her bottom lip and then her top as she whimpered in the back of her throat.

Her blood was boiling by this time, she was craving several things at once. That's how vampires were, they craved so many things wrapped in one, that it was hard to control their hormones.

"I'm a vampire, Jamie." she whispered.

"Yes, I know LaShari." he said, gently letting go of her hands and moving down to her hips and pushing her into him. She whimpered aloud this time.

"Y - you also know. That being half vampire, that – pheww -" her face was flushed.

"I do know that I'm making your hormones boil aren't I?"

She nodded slowly, "I'm going to attack you."

He chuckled, and held her to him and pressed his lips against hers making a moan escape her lips.

"Can I taste you?" she begged, in his mouth.

Harry just blinked in shock, "Taste me?" he knew what she meant by that.

"Please." Shari pleaded.

Harry looked at her, "I thought you didn't do that?" he asked.

"I don't." she whispered. "But, I have too. No - ones, ever turned me on like this Harry, and when - a vampire's body is turned on to its fullest they need it."

"How much?" he then asked slowly. "Not much, it doesn't hurt." Her eyes were glossy. "Please." she whimpered, "I never ask for anything. But I feel so weak." she said, and she did look a little weak.

"We can't do that here." he whispered.

"Yes we can." she said quietly.

"But people will see, and think..."

"Give me your consent." she begged quietly. "I've never – ever - drank from a person before. No one has ever – ever - turned me on to the point where -" she winced, and her body seemed to weaken in his hold.

Harry could feel her body, and he knew he had to help her. It was just Shari and he trusted her. His hands moved up, and wrapped around

the back of her neck as his other arm looped around and held her up right.

She looked at him her eyes glossy and misty. "Ok." He then said, as she tilted herself up and her lips locked with Harry's.

They kissed very passionately for several long moments when Harry felt something come out of his mouth and into Shari's causing her to whimper, as he held the back of her head kissing her more forcefully, allowing her to get some of his blood as needed. The few people that were watching thought they were just kissing heavily.

However Remus knew better and got up quickly, crossing the aisles.

Shari then did something in his mouth that made the strange sensation go away. She had somehow healed where ever it was she got his blood from. She parted and kissed his bottom lip, "I'm sorry." she said guiltily.

Harry looked at her, to see her biting her lip. 'Do all females do that?'

"What the hell is going on?" hissed Remus dangerously.

"Nothing." Harry replied simply.

"Don't 'nothing' me. You were feeding form him weren't you?"

Shari looked at him and bowed her head when Harry said, "No we were kissing, do you have a problem with that Moony? You jealous old boy?"

Remus glared at him, "I know very well-"

Harry rolled his eyes, "Moony, calm down." Harry ordered, "Nothing was going on. You seen how we were dancing."

Remus breathed sharply and looked at Shari who was red in the face, and looked very guilty.

"Tell me did you feed from him?" he asked, Shari his eyes piercing hers.

"Uh-"

"Remus, leave her alone." Harry growled, as he pulled Shari into him.

A few people that had been dancing around them looked at Harry, Shari, and Remus curiously wondering what the whole confrontation was about.

"I did Remus." admitted Shari quietly. "You know how a vampire's body works. If their hormones get tossed around or mixed up they get really weak. I've never fed from anyone before." she whispered. "But, there was no blood around, and I trust Harry." she said her arms wrapping around Harry.

"She's fine Remus, I gave her my permission." Harry said angrily. "Now go back and sit down or dance."

Remus gave him a look, and then looked at Shari, "You better not turn him."

Shari blinked, "I would never!" she said quickly.

"Remus leave her alone. I trust Shari with my life. If I didn't she wouldn't be here."

Remus just sighed, and nodded, "I'm sorry." he then said before looking at Harry who gave him a stern look. "Please, do not lie."

Harry looked at him, "I'm sorry Remus, but it really wasn't a big deal. I do know the dangers in it. I have read up on Vampire's lifestyles, morals, and laws. As long as it's consented then no harm would befall on me."

"No but a bond would be created." Remus told them.

Shari swallowed, "I should have told you that Harry -"

Harry smirked, and his arm went around Shari, "Who said there wasn't all ready a bond?"

Remus looked at him, "You've fed from him before?"

Shari shook her head, "Never."

"Not that type of bond Moony. Another bond." He said, as his hands rubbed against the girls back for comfort.

Remus just sighed heavily, "I'm just worried about you."

"I know, but don't worry until you have too."

Remus looked at Shari, "I'm sorry Shari."

"It's OK. I would never hurt Harry though." she said quietly. "He saved my life, he saved my heart, and soul."

Harry just looked down at Shari to see her eyes glittering, the teen felt an odd sensation slide up within him. Something he was not use too. A feeling of life, a feeling that someone resided in his heart other than Eve. It was odd.

When Harry turned to look at Shari he smiled, "Don't worry about it." He lifted her chin as she stared at him, "I feel guilty now. Remus is right. I shouldn't have done that."

"You were weak." He said quietly.

"I know -"

"You trust me right?" asked Harry.

"Of course I do. More than anyone." she said softly.

"Then it's OK. You were weak - and I'm sorry for turning you on."

"I'm not!" murmured Shari suddenly. "I want more."

Harry chuckled, and wrapped his arm around her, "I think - my Shari, we ought to wait and see how things work out."

Shari glanced back at him wondering if he was saying what she 'thought' he was saying.

He only smiled and kissed her cheek as they finally moved off the dance floor.

Justin was looking at him with envy, "Oh man, you - have it going on tonight."

Susan and Hannah were asking Shari questions about her dancing, and her looks, and then her personality. No one knew she was half vampire- yet. "Harry." said Shari, moving over and touching his shoulders.

He glanced up and smiled as she stared down at him, "I'm going to go to the restrooms. Hannah and Susan will show me." she kissed him on the lips before passing leaving Harry to smile and watch her go.

Ernie and Zach were asking him questions. They then asked if he had ever slept with her, "No."

This stunned them.

"No?" asked Zach.

"No, I care about her 'way' too much."

They apparently did not understand, especially after the display they had showed on the dance floor.

It was ten minutes later and nearly midnight, and Shari hadn't come back.

"I'm going to go hunt Shari." he said, standing. He looked up at Parker who waved his hand for him to go on. Geri was holding Eve.

Harry winced as she did. He kind of didn't want anyone touching her if he could help it. It went to show when Eve started to have a fit in Geri's arms until Remus took her.

Harry relayed a look to Parker who understood all too well.

Harry and Justin walked out together talking about the evening, "That was one hot kiss on the floor."

"Yeah bloody hot." Harry said, smiling at the remark.

"Dumbledore looked kind of upset though."

"I think he knows she's part vampire." Harry told Justin when they heard shouting.

"You're an absolutely insane, jealous, little girl!" shouted a voice that made Harry's eyes widen.

"Well at least I'm not a walking half dead female who shows her body off like a whore!"

Harry's eyes narrowed, as he ran the corner with Justin just in time to see a group of girls and in between was Shari and Hermione, they were circling each other.

"Whore? I'm not a whore, dear. I'm a bitch, and I'm also quite alive. My heart beats -"

"I seen what you were doing you – disgusting - inhuman thing." shouted Hermione.

"That's enough!" Harry growled, moving through.

"Harry you can't honestly, pick this wench!" Hermione nearly shouted at him.

"She's not a wench, and she's not a whore or any of those other things you've decided to say about her."

Hermione glowered, "Yes she is, Harry. Just look at her! She's... disgusting, and she fed off you. I'm not stupid."

"Could have fooled me." muttered Shari dryly, standing there checking her nails lazily.

"What?" snapped Hermione.

"I said – you – could – have – fooled - me." she giggled, "Gods, did you get stupider the second you put that shit in your hair? To keep it from getting all bushy like a beaver?" teased Shari.

Hermione's cheeks flushed, as a few around her stifled snickers. "Shari c'mon." Harry tried.

"No, she's been a bitch far to long for me. She even sent me nasty little notes." said Shari. "Although, I ignored them, but cornering me is going way too far. No one corners me." Her eyes glowed dangerously.

Hermione didn't move and crossed her arms, "I told you to stay away from Harry."

Harry sighed, "No one tells anyone to stay away from me."

"Stay out of this Harry!" Growled both Shari and Hermione both now circling each other like cats would.

Harry held up his hands and backed up, "I did what I could." he knew when he was defeated.

A few more names went out back and forth until Hermione had to spit out the worst possible thing...

"Go crawl back into your hole where you belong before I summon a few 'slayers' to come and take care of your pretty little butt." Hermione smiled, but this time Shari moved in for the kill and slapped the Gryffindor as hard as she could. "You fuckin' bitch."

Harry winced, when Hermione winced and pushed against Shari breaking the crowd, and pounced on the raven-haired girl whose dress went flying up causing guys to hoot as girls gasped in shock.

Hermione however didn't hold a candle to Shari. Shari grabbed a fist full of Hermione's brown hair and shoved her to the floor and slapped her several times calling her every name he could think of in the book and then some very colourful names that Harry had to remember to write down.

Harry sighed, and finally grabbed Shari by the arms, forcefully, "I think that's enough. You don't need to be kicked out." Harry hissed into the girls ear making Shari flinched, but not move as he pinned her arms to the side.

Hermione stood whimpering with tears and slapped her one last time while Shari's arms were behind her back.

"Hermione!" Harry growled. "Don't make me have to subdue you."

"Harry you - you really can't - choose her!" hissed Hermione. "I--" "We are through! You couldn't handle it." Harry snapped firmly. "Now please stop this. I thought you and I would be on good terms, but obviously your lack of intellect has dropped a few notches. Shari, you know better than to fight." He then chastised.

She was breathing up and down a red print on her face but Hermione looked worse, her clothes ripped and both eyes black.

"No one says that Harry."

"I know -" he said softly and stared at Hermione, "I would appreciate it, if you and I stay away from each other. If you cross my path again I might have to take you down a few notches."

Ron growled coming over but Harry gave him a sharp look that clearly stated, 'try it and die.'

"C'mon Shari. Let's get you out of the castle." he whispered, and pulled her to him as Hannah and Susan wrapped their arm around her, all ready having befriended her.

"You ripped your dress." said Susan pulling up the broken strap.

Shari was still shaken after Hermione talked about the slayers, she could hardly control herself, and Harry was trying his hardest to sooth her while keeping a strong hold on her.

Justin was confused, but Harry mouthed that he would talk to him later.

Justin, Susan, and Hannah left Harry alone with Shari once to the rooms.

When they were alone Shari winced as a tear slid down, "She wouldn't really call a slayer would she?"

"No, over my dead body Shari. Calm down. No one will hurt you." he pushed her hair out of the way and kissed her lips softly.

She moved into him kissing him softly and deeply. Her hands ran up his chest, and moved downward but he grabbed her hands in his. "No Shari." he said softly.

"Please." she begged.

"No let's see what happens first."

She sighed a bit depressed, and nodded, "OK." She said kissing him. She moved to leave but Harry's arms looped around her, "I never said you couldn't stay all night." He said into her ear.

A smile slipped onto her lips, "Really?"

"You never have to ask."

A.N. Yes, I borrowed that piece from Lady-Treason. Just so you know. :)

Chapter Thirty - One More Unexpected Ally

The school was buzzing the next day about the fight between Hermione and Shari.

A lot of the girls had rooted for Shari, to Harry's utter surprise. After the fight, the Half-Vampire in question came to his rooms every single evening to spend with Harry and Eve.

The teen had no idea what this girl was doing to him but he felt himself getting closer to her as the days passed.

He had always been close to Shari, more closer than normal but this was different.

Hermione hadn't spoken to him, and Harry felt 'slightly' bad about what happened, seeing as Shari whooped the Gryffindors butt, which is not surprising in Harry's opinion. Hermione didn't fight, but as she passed him in Arithmancy she didn't so much as look at him.

'Wasn't his fault!' he thought to himself. 'She's the one who broke up with him because she couldn't handle it.'

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Lately, Harry's scar had been tingling him at odd times of the day. The wizard had an idea what it meant but now that his mind was blocked off from Voldemort, the pain wasn't as severe. Harry had a feeling this would prove to be useful as the time went on.

In History of Magic, Binns had strayed from the topic of goblins to the topic of prophecies, which perked Harry's curiosity despite himself.

This was one class he took Eve too, it required no wands or physical movements so Harry was able to sit with her in the class and be entertained instead of falling asleep.

However, today was different. Binns was talking about prophecies and how they have been used to predict the outcome of many wars.

This got Harry to wondering once again about the Prophecy in the Department of Mysteries.

He hadn't talked to Dumbledore about it, but now that it was brought to his mind, he would have to consult the old geezer.

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That afternoon Harry grudgingly made his way toward the Headmaster's office. He wanted to know the full contents of that damn prophecy and he wanted to know it now.

He got to the stone gargoyle and murmured the password but it didn't budge.

Harry's eyebrows furrowed, "Strawberry Fairies." Harry said again.

"Potter! What are you doing?" demanded Professor McGonagall coming up behind him.

Harry turned, and arched an eyebrow up at McGonagall, 'How did she know he was here?'

"Where's Professor Dumbledore. I must talk to him."

"What is it about? He is in a very important meeting and wishes to not be disturbed." she chirped.

"It's about me, and this whole damn war. I want to know the prophecy and I want to know it now." Harry said sharply, staring back at McGonagall whose lips were a thin white line.

"Mr. Potter, follow me." she ordered and turned on her heel.

Harry rolled his eyes, and followed the Deputy Headmistress with Eve in his arms.

They entered her office, she closed it and waved her wand at it, casting a silencing charm.

"Want a biscuit?"

Harry blinked, "No."

"Of course you do." she said handing him one.

"Mr. Potter, Professor Dumbledore is at an order meeting at the moment discussing what happened just last night in the Department of Mysteries." she said with a grimace. She obviously had not wanted to tell him this.

Harry looked at her, "What happened?" he asked.

"The Ministry is trying their hardest to cover it up. Arthur Weasley was injured last night."

"What was he doing in the Department of Mysteries?"

"Guarding the prophecy." she said simply.

Harry rolled his eyes, "I know Occlumency, I think its time I hear the prophecy for myself."

"Mr. Potter, that prophecy must be kept out of people's hands and ears. Including yours. This could prove to be very dangerous."

"Thank you for your concern Professor McGonagall, but as I have said, if it pertains to me, then I have a right to know."

"You also have a right to make sure you don't go out and get yourself killed!" shouted McGonagall losing her cool.

Harry looked at her quite stunned; the woman was shaking!

"Good lord, Potter! If You Know Who realizes you know the prophecy, do you realize what he'll do to you? He may use your daughter against you."

"I'm always with her. He won't do that. He's trying to recruit me."

McGonagall blanched hearing that, "What?" she breathed.

"Yeah you heard me. The evil bastard is trying to recruit me. He sent me a letter." he responded, 'Not to mention what I did to his beautiful Deatheaters.' thought Harry dryly.

"Mr. Potter, why didn't you tell anyone?" she asked, her eyes wide like snitches.

"Because its no one elses business."

"It most certainly is. You need protection!"

Harry's eyes narrowed, as he placed Eve's carseat upon her desk and crossed his arms over his chest, staring at her coolly.

"Professor McGonagall, I regret to inform you that I have my own life and that I do not allow a Dark Wizard, as well as an overzealous light wizard, to control my actions or try to set boundaries that are not within his grounds as Headmaster of this school. If you enforce that I need safety then you must enforce this on every single student in this school. It would be only fair, otherwise you would be playing favoritism and we don't want that do we?"

McGonagall's mouth opened to speak but she was cut off by Harry.

"The simple fact." Harry said slowly. "Is that no one can stand that their so called 'weapon' has a mind of its own. Oh yes, I know what Dumbledore wants, and what he was banking on. He was hoping for a little Gryffindor Golden boy who would follow him blindly and jump every time the old man told him too. Well, that isn't going to happen. I am not a Gryffindor Golden boy, I am not a boy at all. I am a fifteen-year-old with a child, and a life of his own and a personality of his own and no one no where is going to say or tell me to do different. I came to this school grudgingly. Expel me by all means please do it!" Harry throw his hands up. "But, no one is going to rule over me using the so called 'safety' line. I don't think so."

It was apparent that McGonagall was floored, and had no idea what to say or respond to Harry's statement. It wasn't something she heard everyday. No one dared to defy her, much less Albus Dumbledore. In some ways she had to agree with everything he was saying but in other ways she had to abide by Dumbledore's wishes.

"Mr. Potter, please understand Professor Dumbledore's reasoning behind this."

"I will understand his reasoning behind this, after I hear what is rightfully mine to hear." stated Harry simply. "I am not going to be persuaded so you might as well save your breath ma'am. I have a lot of respect for you. Much more respect for you than I do our headmaster."

This shocked McGonagall, "May I ask why you are so hostile toward the Headmaster?"

Harry looked at her and considered her for a moment, "Do you have a pensieve?" he asked simply.

She looked at him a moment before nodding and opening a cabinet and pulling out a round basin.

"I keep my lessons in it."

Harry nodded, "I warn you what you are about to see may shock you. This is why I am so hostile toward Albus Dumbledore, the so-called ruler of light."

Harry pressed his wand against his temple and siphoned out a silver thread. This wasn't something he did a lot, as a matter of fact he did this to no one but he owed it to Professor McGonagall to know the truth.

He placed the imagine in the basin and it swirled into the silver contents. Harry then waved his wand and a screen appeared, and with another flick, the memory was projected up on the screen like a movie.

What McGonagall seen caused her to cry out in horror.

A large plump man taking a thorn switch to a small little boys body who was curled up in a ball.

"Where was your dear Headmaster then?" asked Harry in a cold and calm voice, as he stared up at himself getting beaten. His four year old self did not cry or scream he just laid there in a fetile position curled up waiting for the blows to stop.

When she didnt answer, he continued, "Didn't think so." He said.

McGonagall's eyes shining with tears, when another image was flashed and this time it was a four year old bruised Harry sitting out in the middle of the snow freezing. His lips were chapped and his face and cheeks were a pale blue. He was rocking back and forth, his lips chattering.

"Oh you wouldn't believe what happened here." said Harry in a sadistically sweet voice. "I 'accidentally' cried out from a dream about my parents getting killed. They decided that I maybe if I froze to death my dreams would go away. Warm loving relatives aren't they?"

McGonagall had sunk down into the chair her eyes fixated on the scene before her.

The next scene caused McGonagall to scream in horror, the same large man had lifted Harry this time however Harry was younger then four. The large man catapulted a young feeble Harry across the room till he cashed into a wall and slid down in a slump.

"Hmm- oh yes. My uncle blamed me for his business losing a half a million pounds that year." said Harry pleasantly.

The tears were falling out of her eyes now as she stared at it, "Oh my god Harry."

"Your old man was here, twiddling his thumbs, eating his lemon drops, thinking I was safe and sound and not ever thinking of checking up on his weapon." said Harry coldly.

"I'm so sorry Harry. I should have done something."

"Too late for that now." said Harry cutting her off. He stopped the image and then collected it and placed it back where it belonged.

McGonagall sniffed, and looked at Harry, "Oh Harry-"

Harry shrugged, "I want you to know why I have so much hostility. Now, I want Dumbledore and what that fuckin' prophecy."

McGonagall didn't even correct him, "He's at Head Quarters." her eyes looked puffy and red.

Harry nodded, "Can I get permission to leave?"

She looked at him and nodded, "Yes, I will take you myself." she said standing and adjusting her green cloak.

"How are we going to get there? I have my daughter." He said, pointing to Eve, who was snuggled in her carseat.

"Follow me Potter." she said, softly.

They stopped at a portrait of a young woman with her hair tied back in a knot. "Athena." she said firmly and the woman flipped forward revealing a room much like his and much like Parker and Remus'.

"C'min Potter." she motioned for Harry to enter the large room that was overly done in Gryffindor scarlet and gold.

They walked over to a large cherry oak wardrobe. She tapped it twice murmuring something under her breath.

Upon opening it Harry wasn't surprised to see no clothes instead it was a passageway.

"Go through Potter and don't stop till you reach the end."

Harry did, and walked through the wardrobe, about four meters before he stepped out into an old looking house that was huge.

He glanced around and seen a purple tapestry. He could hear murmurs from a swinging closed door. A moment later Professor McGonagall came through and stared at Harry for a moment before trying to compose herself and gave him a look that meant stay quiet.

Harry nodded, and followed the Deputy Headmistress to the swinging door.

Upon entering the brightly lit kitchen, Harry stepped into the shadows so he could get a look at his surroundings.

A group of red-heads were sitting in a row, he recognized Mrs. Weasley, but there were two guys he did not recognize. One with long hair and the other was freckly with a stocky build.

Harry noticed the man that was known as Mad-Eye Moody had his eye swivelled right on him. Harry was holding Eve close her carseat against his chest and his arms around her like he was holding a ball.

He noticed Tonks, whose hair was a livid color of green and pink. Sirius and Remus were sitting in a corner whispering to one another.

Severus Snape was staring right at Harry with an arched eyebrow.

"Albus." Professor McGonagall addressed.

"Is everything all right Minerva?" he stood looking concerned at her red eyes.

She looked at him in a way she never thought she would, "I'm fine Albus. Mr. Potter is here."

She motioned for Harry who came out of the shadows. Dumbledore looked mildly surprised to see him standing in the kitchen.

Sirius and Remus were at his side. "Everything OK Harry?" Sirius asked, concerned, as he took the carseat without question.

"Yes, everything is fine. I think its time I get some answers." Harry's eyes looked over at Dumbledore who gave him a piercing look.

"Ooh, is this your daughter?" asked Mrs. Weasley walking over to see Sirius getting her out.

"Yes. She's two months tomorrow." Harry told her.

"Harry, do you mind if we talk about this later?"

Harry shot him a look, "And allow you to escape with some other 'excuse' old man?"

Mrs. Weasley frowned at his lack of respect.

"I don't think so. You know what I want, and I want it now." Harry's voice was cold and calm leaving no room for argument as he held his gaze with Professor Dumbledore. The old man's eyes peirced Harry's who felt a bit of probing at the edges of his brain.

A shivering smirk slid up on Harry's lips as he tilted his head and thought back to the time his uncle had taken a thorn switch to him and with as much force as he could, he launched the memory full throttle toward the Headmasters prying eyes and nose causing the old man to swiftly stumble back and crash into the pottery that was behind him causing a bunch of shrieks, as a swoosh of pain flashed in the old man's face.

"Not pretty when you play with my head Headmaster." Harry said calmly.

The aged wizard straightened up and breathed in sharply, "It seems," He said slowly trying to regain his strength, "That you have indeed practiced Occlumency. May I ask whom?"

"Who do you think?" asked Harry. "Aw- Parker." Dumbledore configured.

"Yes, and I'll be damned if you leave my grasp again Dumbledore, without telling me what is rightfully mine."

"Very well." Dumbledore bowed his head with a soft sigh. He turned to the Order members who were on edge.

"Give Harry and I a few moments. We will be upstairs."

"We got her Harry." Sirius said smiling softly and wrapping his arm around Harry's shoulder.

"Thanks Sirius." He smiled, kissed Eve's cheek and walked out with Dumbledore.

Harry made a face of disgust. "This is where you hold Order meetings? Pitiful." He mumbled as they scaled up the steps.

Dumbledore hadn't spoke. He was obviously thinking up ways that was going to get him out of this.

That wasn't going to work. If Harry had to chain him down and wait hours and hours for the old man to finally cave in, then he'd do it.

Harry nearly jumped when he seen the elf heads on the wall, "Sirius' parents were disgusting human beings eh?"

"They were eccentric."

Harry snorted "I'm eccentric. You're eccentric. In different ways, anyway." he added very quickly. "This is disgusting, not eccentric."

They entered a drawing room, and Harry took in his surroundings. It was old and there was a purple tapestry that was hanging in the corner.

He crossed the room grabbed a hold of it and read it, and an eyebrow arched upwards. He could tell there were burns in certain names, and he could guess that since Sirius wasn't on here, he was one of the burnt scorch marks.

"Who'd want to be related to these freaks anyway." murmured Harry placing down the tapestry in disgust.

Glancing around him his eyes fell on Dumbledore who was sitting down and unsticking two lemon drops from one another. Harry watched the wizard closely. He didn't have a twinkle in his eyes, but he did have a serene look on his face. 'Did he really think he was going to get out of this?'

"Harry, before we begin, you have to know the dangers of this prophecy. I have already told you the part that everyone knows. You have no idea what the other part of the contents could mean."

"Try me Headmaster." said Harry taking a seat on an old green couch.

Dumbledore no longer looked carefree, he looked old.

This didn't fool Harry.

"You must remember NOT to share the contents with anyone Harry." Dumbledore said sternly.

Harry nodded, "All right, we've established this. Go on."

"I really wish-"

"I don't give a damn what you wish Headmaster. Its MY prophecy. With MY name on it." Harry snapped, "I'm damn well old enough to know what it is. I have a daughter for Merlin's sake. So, tell me now. Or I could just go to the Ministry of Magic."

Dumbledore's eyes momentarily widen, "Harry-"

"Either way, I'm going to find out the rest of this prophecy. So, you might as well tell me in private, because when I go to the Ministry, I won't give a damn." he smirked, at Dumbledore's horrified face. 'Actually, he did care. But it never hurt to make the Headmaster worry, was Harry's thought on this.

Dumbledore leaned back placing his fingers up together in a steeping movement and stared at Harry over top of his half-mooned spectacles.

"Very well." he said slowly.

Harry waited, and a moment later, Dumbledore started reciting the prophecy in a calm yet sorrowful voice that the teen had never heard the wizard use.

"As the seventh month dies-" when Dumbledore was finished he sat there looking older than he had ever looked and felt.

Harry turned over the prophecy in his mind, he kept an expressionless face all the while. 'Well, that prophecy didn't tell him nothing he couldn't have figured out, except the power part. What the hell kind of power does he have?' the teen thought to himself.

"All right. That wasn't so hard now was it?" asked Harry.

Dumbledore frowned, "Do you realize how serious this is Harry?"

Harry rolled his eyes, "Yes, I know how serious this is, Headmaster. I do recall Voldemorts bastards torturing the mother of my daughter."

"Then you realize how serious this is and that you and your daughter must be under as much protection as you can get."

Harry stared at him, "I am not going to stop living my life because of some damn prophecy and some mad maniacal wizard." he shook his head, "No, I'm going to live my life, as safe as I deem worthy. Yes, I care a lot for my daughter more than anyone in this world, but I know my boundaries. I know when I'm in danger and when I'm not. Besides, I have my own protection."

"I don't think Vampires will help-"

"Don't worry about who and what I got on my side." Harry stood abruptly. "I must be going back to school now. Thank you

Headmaster for your time." Harry stood to leave, when Dumbledore called him.

"I would advise you to keep a half-vampire out of the school for her own safety."

Harry's eyes narrowed and glanced over at Dumbledore, "What are you talking about?"

"You know what I'm talking about Harry. You never told me your date was a half-vampire."

"She's a mortal. She's not even fully-"

"But she's a vampire all the same. I don't mind you being friends with Vampires. But please, keep her away from the school."

Harry stared at Dumbledore, "Fine." he left with a roll of his eyes, 'Since when do I listen to you!'

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When Harry entered the kitchen he seen Mrs. Weasley bending over Eve, who was in Remus' arms.

Sirius connected eyes with Harry, who smirked and walked over, "She hasn't been bawling has she?"

"A little." answered Sirius. "When you left, she seemed to notice and had a kaniption."

Harry chuckled, as he reached out and scooped his daughter in his arms. People around watched in awe, especially McGonagall, her eyes glossy and not their usual steel hard ones. One could only imagine what was running through her mind.

He kissed her again, and laid her against his chest. "I'm going to get back to school."

"Are you sure you don't want to stay and get a spot of dinner before you leave?" asked Mrs. Weasley.

Harry glanced at Sirius who nodded vigorously, "Yes, Harry stay for a while. I'm sure your Deputy Headmistress won't mind." He looked at McGonagall who smiled, "No I don't mind." Her smile was uncharacteristically warm when directed at him and Eve.

Harry shrugged, "All right."

McGonagall was hesitant when she asked, "May I see her?"

Harry didn't see why not. He gently passed Eve who whimpered leaving Harry's arms, but she hushed when Professor McGonagall held her securely against her chest. "Oh she's so darling." said McGonagall as a few of her former students gaped at her in surprise.

They were a bit surprised seeing a warm side of stiff and stern Professor McGonagall.

Harry was amazed at how much McGonagall glowed while holding his daughter. Usually he would be going ballistic having someone other than, Sirius, Parker, Remus, and a few other selected people touching her, but he was surprised to find he didn't mind that much.

Professor Dumbledore came back into the room and smiled at Harry, though his twinkle was gone and the age on his face defied his smile.

When Harry figured out the other two red-heads names, he listened to their profession.

He was curious at Bill's curse breaking profession and asked more information on it. One in which Bill was glad to give.

"It's always entertaining. Never a dull moment." Bill said, a smile on his long oval shaped face.

Mrs. Weasley's cooking could really rival Hogwarts. It was 'very' good. He found himself having seconds. Out of all of the Weasleys the only

one he seemed to not like was Ron. However, he hadn't met the other Weasley who was known as 'Percy.'

It was nearly time for Harry to get back. Eve was fast asleep tucked in her carseat, as Harry stood.

"I'll walk you out." said Sirius.

"That won't be necessary Sirius. We're going back the way we came." Professor McGonagall said with a rare smile that was in danger of becoming a reoccurrence.

"Well then, I want to speak to Harry alone." said Sirius, his hand pressing against the teen's shoulder.

Harry looked up, "Ok! We'll go back up to that room, the Headmaster and I were just at."

"Oh yes, the Forever Pure, tapestry." growled Sirius steering Harry out.

Harry took Eve's carseat this time and swept past when he jumped back grabbing his daughter's carseat to see the ugliest creature he had ever seen.

"Kreacher." whispered Sirius. "Get out of the room Kreacher." barked Sirius nastily.

Harry looked at him, "Uh- Sirius, you don't have to be so nasty-"

"Just wait!" Sirius murmured, when the old elf bowed so low that its big snout touched the ground, "Half blood traitors." he croaked like a bull frog.

"Huh." was what Harry said, as he was pushed out the door.

"What-"

"Ssh." Sirius lead Harry up the steps, "Let's go on up further."

Harry nodded, and scaled the next flight of steps, holding tightly onto the carseat as if something was going to reach out and snag it. He didn't trust this house, and apparently neither did Sirius, especially when he said, "Try not to touch the walls if you can."

They entered a large luxurious bedroom.

"This is my personal corridors. Only Remus and I enter here." He told Harry as he bolted the door and waved his wand a large bubble shot out and hit the door and evaporated.

"No one can get out, and no one can get in."

Harry glanced around noticing no portraits except a large painting above the cherry oak bed, of a night sky with a full-moon and twinkling stars and on the swaying grass was a werewolf, white stag, and a large black grim like dog they were bouncing around and jumping over rocks and every so often drinking from a stream.

"Wow, that's beautiful."

"Would you like a copy?" asked Sirius his eyes twinkling as he stared at it.

"Yes, I would love a copy." He said, realizing that the stag was of his father.

A smile slipped on Sirius' face, "I thought you would. I planned on giving it to you for your birthday." He walked over and opened a humongous walk in closet.

He pulled out a draped painting. "Who did these?" asked Harry, placing the carseat on the bed, and walking over and getting a look. It was a replica of what Sirius had on the wall.

Sirius smiled, "Remus."

Harry's mouth dropped open, "Remus? He did this?"

Sirius nodded, "Yes, he's always enjoyed painting and art. How do you think he made his living in muggle world?"

Harry just looked at him and back at the painting, "These are amazing."

"Yeah, they are. Moony's gifted." said Sirius fondly.

Harry could only nod in agreement.

"I'll shrink this." said Sirius, doing so. When he was done he sat down on the armchair. Harry sank onto his godfathers bed next to the carseat.

For a moment it was totally quiet, "I've decided Harry." he said slowly.

Harry arched an eyebrow upwards, "Decided on what?"

"Things are getting out of hand." whispered Sirius. "Hestia Jones was killed, that's why Dumbledore was here."

Harry didn't know who that was, "Why didnn-"

"Everyone is trying to cover it up. Even Dumbledore this time around. He says he doesn't want to draw panic." Sirius said glumly.

"Who was Hestia?"

"Part of the order. She was two years younger than me." He frowned, "We dated a while."

Harry's eyebrows went up, "A while?"

Sirius sighed, "Ok, I for about a year before we broke it off. When I went on the run she owed me even before Dumbledore and Remus. We had been good friends in school." he told Harry. "She was a Ravenclaw. I tutored her in Transfiguration and we became friends that way-"

Harry felt bad now for Sirius, "What do you think should happen?"

"I don't know. Dumbledore has hardly let me in on the conversations. Same with Remus." Sirius sighed, "I don't know how to feel. Its all confusing."

"This is your fuckin' house Sirius!" Harry reminded. "You are allowed to hear and do anything you wish."

"I know." drawled Sirius with a deep sigh. He slouched down in the chair, and stared down at his own knees.

"I can't believe I'm scared of him." muttered Sirius. "I'm a Marauder."

Harry watched him, "Why are you frightened of him Sirius?"

Sirius looked up at him, "Have you ever seen him furious?"

Harry thought about this, "No."

Sirius snorted, "You don't want too."

Crossing his arms, and leaning back against a pillow he said in a clear voice, "Sell - this - house."

"Dumbledore will have my head."

"What's the worst he can do?" asked Harry. "So he'll be pissed off, have to relocate-"

"Harry you don't understand, he got me out of Azkaban."

"Yes, I understand. We went through this last time." said Harry lazily. "That man put you IN Azkaban too keep you away from me Sirius."

A flash of sadness slipped up on the man's features. Harry studied them. He seemed to be fighting an inner battle.

"Ooh." whispered Harry, tapping his lips. It dawned on him just what was going on.

Sirius glanced up, "You know now don't you?"

Harry nodded, "He has you under a Wizards Debt."

Sirius merely nodded, "Yes."

"He owes you a fuckin' debt then. For putting you in Azkaban."

Sirius glanced up at him, "He's repaid it."

"No he hasn't. Undoing something he did does not call for a debt repayment."

Sirius gave him a sad look, "What do you want me to do?"

Harry leaned his head back, "Sell it, screw the wizard debt."

Sirius rubbed his face, and looked up at Harry, "The only reason I'm listening in on the order was because I was so close to Hestia."

"What's Dumbledore doing?"

"Nothing." Sirius stated simply. "He wants Snape to gather more information."

"What good is information going to do when you don't strike with the shit."

muttered Harry, shaking his head.

Sirius looked at him, "Harry, I do know that you may be in danger. There is a spy at Hogwarts and while I know its not Parker, Dumbledore suspects him."

Harry's mouth opened, "That old man's crazy! Parker would never do that to me." the teen hissed angrily.

"I know, even I believe Parker would never do so." Sirius sighed deeply. "Someone has been feeding information to Voldemort. That someone is in Hogwarts."

"I've known that since Vander told me." muttered Harry. "The only people I have any contact with is you, Remus, Parker, my three friends, who are in no way evil, they don't even like getting detention let alone try and do a dirty deed. Shari- that's it."

"I know but its someone close to you. Maybe not a friend but an acquaintance. Any idea?"

Harry leaned back and rubbed his chin, "Malfoy." he murmured.

"It is true that Malfoy is probably apart of the Deatheaters. Although, Snape has yet to make that statement."

"Parkinson, I slapped the shit out of her."

Sirius laughed out loud, "Yes, Remus told me about that. Highly comical."

"Hmm- Zacharias is a freaky little shit." Harry muttered. "He's sour about everything but I don't think he'd sell me out."

"Whose Zacharias?" asked Sirius curiously.

"My old dorm mate. He was upset when I beat him in Quidditch and the Dueling Competition." Harry shook his head, "I don't think so."

"I'd keep an eye on him anyway. Just for safe keeping."

Harry nodded, "I will." he assured, as he pulled out a pacifier from the diaper bag and placed it in Eve's mouth. She had been sucking on them lately. Just started, and she'd suck for about an hour before falling asleep with it in her mouth. She was wide awake at the moment her green eyes staring right at him. She'd twitch and move every so often.

Sirius smiled weakly at Eve, "She seems to be growing quite well."

Harry nodded, "Yeah, Poppy gave her a check up last week."

"She's still smaller than I remember you being." Sirius told him.

Harry just smiled, as he traced his thumb over her cheek affectionately as she grunted and seemed to be making funny noises while sucking the pacifier.

It got silent between the two, and movement outside made it aware that someone was trying to listen in.

Sirius smirked, "No one can hear a damn thing." he shook his head, "Probably Kreacher too."

"Who is that?"

"A disgusting house-elf that has adopted my parents personality before they snuffed it." grunted the animagus.

"Oh."

"What's going on with you and that cute half-vamp?" asked Sirius.

Harry chuckled, "Uh- well, something." the teen shrugged, "I don't know honestly. I mean, she's special to me." he felt weird saying this. "And Eve really likes her."

Sirius smirked, "You like her don't you?"

Harry rolled his eyes, "Of course, I like her." he retorted.

Sirius laughed, "Don't get all defensive." he held up the palm of his hands with a smirk on his face.

Scowling Harry sighed, "Yes, there is something different about her."

"Other than being a vampire."

Harry glared at his godfather. "What's that suppose to mean?"

"Nothing." Sirius said simply. "I have nothing against vampires, or half vampires."

"Better not." he murmured.

"Of course not. Besides, she's hot as hell for a teen. Don't tell anyone I said that." Sirius then said, not wanting to see Azkaban again anytime soon.

"Please, Sirius, you're talking to the defiant young male who has been molested and touched by women twice my age!" teased the smarmy Hufflepuff.

"Wish I could get molested." pouted Sirius.

Harry smirked, "Who ever said you couldn't? I'm sure you could go get yourself a muggle girl."

"Hmm... maybe." Sirius said his eyes glittering at the idea.

There was movement when a ghost message was sent into the room obviously by Dumbledore, stating that Harry needed to get to school.

Both Harry and Sirius rolled their eyes in disgust.

Harry stood stretched and lifted his daughters carseat and hugged Sirius, as he took down the charm that had been placed around his room. "OH! I got something for you." He walked over bent down and picked up what looked like a mirror.

"Here, two way talking mirrors. I found them-" He smiled, "Please use it to contact me."

Harry smirked, "Will do Sirius, will do."

"Good you take care and take care of that baby!" He called, as Harry waved and walked out and down the steps to see McGonagall standing there, "Ready Mr. Potter?" she asked.

This was going to be much longer but I decided to cut it off and start a new chapter. Best that way. I'm telling you these chapters have a mind of there own! no joke!

I want to thank the Remaining Marauder for checking over this story and editing things. Thank you chicka:)

Chapter Thirty-One The Bond of a Vampire and Human

After that Harry placed two listening charms on the Hufflepuff dorms, just in case anything came up.

Shari teleported into his room nearly every single night.

Vander was obviously getting the same signals from his part of the world, that there was definitely something fishy and someone passing information.

Harry was in one of the many rooms with Vander on the other side. Shari was with Eve.

"How is that little girl?" asked Vander handing him a drink.

Harry sniffed it, with a nod.

Vander rolled his eyes, "I wouldn't waste my good blood on a mortal." said the vampire insulted.

Harry snorted, "I would hope not."

A flicker of amusement slipped upon Vander's face as he watched Harry test his drink.

"She's doing fine by the way." Harry then answered.

"Good, what about you and my daughter?" A grin slipped up onto the features of the pale creature.

"Good."

"No not good. Shari won't talk to me."

Harry shrugged, "I don't know."

Vander tilted his head, "I like you two together. I know she's taken care of."

Harry just glanced at him feeling uncomfortable. He could just see this Vampires fangs going through his skin for devirginizing his precious daughter.

As if Vander was reading his thoughts he barked out a laugh, "Harry! I would never." said Vander leaning back against the comfortable armchair. He had a leg over the arm of the chair. "I like you Harry. I trust you even if you are wild."

Harry shook his head, "Let's change this subject." muttered the teen shaking his head.

Vander smirked, "All right, back to the subject at hand. What I know, is the bloody old wanker Voldemort is impressed by you."

Harry gave him a look, "Impressed?"

Vander nodded, "Yes, I think he's going to seek you out again. I think that's why there hasn't been any serious attacks on you yet."

"Yet-" frowning Harry looked at Vander. "That doesn't give me much comfort."

"I think he's impatient."

Harry looked at him, "How are you getting your information?"

Vander smirked, "Severus isn't the only Deatheater turned light around here."

Harry nearly smacked himself in the head. "I knew that."

Vander smirked, "My daughter said she fed from you? I'm surprised Harry."

Harry glanced at Vander quickly, "Uh she was feeling weak." he said wearily.

"No, its not what you think Harry." said Vander. "When you accepted her blood, you accepted her heart."

Harry felt uncomfortable now. He kind of knew that, even if he didn't want to admit it. Yes, his feelings for Shari had gotten stronger since she fed from him but telling this to the half-vampire's father is not something Harry felt comfortable doing. Yes, he knew Vander wouldn't care. Hell Vander would probably ask him when he would sleep with her without even wincing. He'd ask it out of amusement. That's how Vampires were. They got amusement from the most uncomfortable topics. Very sexual vampires were.

"So, I've noticed."

"Harry, I'm not going to attack you and demand you stay away from my daughter, because that is honestly the last thing I want." Vander said, with a smirk. "Shari has always liked you, and she has always felt for you ever since you rescued her."

Harry always had a special place in his heart for Shari because of that and more. He loved her personality and charisma.

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When Harry got back that night to the castle, he entered his corridors, and his bedroom to see Shari curled on one side of his bed fast asleep as Eve was asleep next to her. Shari's arms were curled around the small infant.

Harry smiled, as he quietly undressed before slipping into the bed next to his daughter and Shari.

"G'night." she mumbled, softly.

Harry smiled, and pushed her black hair out of the way, "Night."

He kissed his daughter who whimpered softly but did not wake.

Something odd was happening to his heart. He felt different, and not normal. He laid there staring at Eve and Shari, with his mind racing.

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Things were going to perfect for Harry Potter's liking...

Too perfect.

Something had to give.

Something had to happen.

The whole month of March came through and Harry played another round of Quidditch and winning.

Eve was happy and getting attached to Shari who was always around. She'd pop up in odd places and sometimes she'd slip into classes under an invisibility cloak.

The cold wintery snow had melted and setting in over the grounds of Hogwarts was a damp and wet spring.

Fred and George seemed to have calmed down on their pranking and mischief, but Harry found out that was only because Hermione was being a royal pain.

"She's been obsessed lately, over OWLs." Fred rolled his eyes.

"We can't even sneeze in the common room without her wanting to assign detention." George huffed.

"I'd let you in my rooms but I don't need a stray prank hitting Eve." Harry said, looking down at the baby who was awake and gurgling, in his arms. He had her in an upright position in the crook of his arm.

"That's all right." said George gently touching Eve's fingers who gave him a gummy smile.

Fred smirked, "We understand. You've done enough for us good ol' chap." he bowed and then George followed suit making Harry shake his head, "All I ask is to make something good out of that money."

"Aye captain!" the two gave him an army salute.

Harry just laughed all the way to the Great Hall.

"They crazy aren't they?" Harry asked, his daughter in a childish little voice, that he would never use on someone else.

Eve just gurgled and made a funny noise. "Exactly."

The Great Hall was packed with bustling students and loungers. There weren't many teachers up at the staff table. But then again on Sunday it was rare.

Harry took his seat next to Justin, as Hannah giggled, "Can I see her?"

Harry nodded and handed Eve to Hannah who laughed, and pressed the little girl to her chest, "Aww- Hey there little girl."

Eve only grunted in response. She allowed Hannah to hold her for what seemed like three minutes. Long enough for Harry to get her bottle out and fixed right there at the table. The teen had it down pat by now and could whip up a bottle in ten seconds if he had too. That's when Eve started crying and whimpering.

Harry smiled and took her, and she immediately calmed down. "Baby wrapped around your finger much eh?" asked Susan, with a smile on her face.

Harry just smirked, "I try."

"I think you've succeeded." Justin stated.

Harry hardly had any time to study for his OWLs. He had a daughter to worry about so he wasn't bothered by scores. Even though Hermione in Arithmancy seemed to want to say something.

Geri was laying the work on the thick. Harry just grunted at her and gave her a playful glare.

"Just get what you can done." was what she whispered while passing him. She smiled, and brushed her hand against Eve's forehead.

Arithmancy, History of Magic, and Astronomy were the three subjects he took his daughter in.

Despite everything going good. Harry was worried... and bothered.

Shari tried her hardest to calm him down. "Is it so hard Harry to think that maybe things can go right for a change?"

Harry gave her a look, "I don't know. It just seems like when things go calmly something horrible happens."

Shari smiled, and wrapped pressed her head into his the crook of his neck, "I understand Harry. But, you're safe here."

"I don't feel safe. Someone's watching. I can feel it, but I don't know who."

"I was told you were watching Zacharias. Well, I followed him a few times but it lead to nothing and when he sent an owl I intercepted it."

Harry looked mildly surprised, "Did you?"

She nodded, "Yes, but it was nothing just a letter to his mother."

"No secret codes?"

"Nope nothing about bread, food, water, clothing or how beautiful the skies were."

Harry snorted, why people chose to use these sort of obvious codes was beyond him.

Eve was fast asleep in her basinet. It was just Shari and Harry.

"It's frustrating when you don't have the right cards to play."

Shari's fingers curled around Harry's, her fingers played with his as he smirked, and glanced down at them.

"I understand Harry. But, if Voldemort wants to recruit you he wouldn't try to kill you. He'd do anything to get you to join him."

"That's what worries me Shari."

Moving she glanced up at Harry and pushed his black hair behind his ear. He turned looking at her with a smile, "What?"

"Nothing." she said, simply playing with his earrings. "Watch the earrings LaShari."

Rolling her eyes, "Stop it with the name Jamie."

Harry chuckled in the back of his throat, "You're lucky no one has caught onto that."

"Lucky, eh?" Shari smoothly slid into his lap. He just watched as she situated herself to where she was facing Harry, her legs straddled him.

Harry's hands touched her waist, "What do you want?"

"Nothing."

"You've said that twice all ready."

"I know."

"It means you want something."

"No it doesn't." Shari exclaimed, although the smile betrayed her words.

He lifted her chin and pressed his lips against hers, "I think it does."

"Ok so I want you." she admitted.

"Want me? How?"

"Every which way." she teased.

Harry laughed, "Not yet." was what he said, before sinking his lips into her, as she protested helplessly before giving up and giving into the kiss.

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Spring Break was coming up and Harry and Shari were planning on getting away from the castle for a change.

Harry just laughed as he listened to Shari talking about how Eve would love to go to Disney World. "She's a bit young for that." Harry said with a smirk. "She wouldn't remember, she wouldn't understand."

"Oooh." pouted Shari looking at the muggle brochure.

"Would YOU like to go?" Harry then asked.

Shari's eyes twinkled with mirth.

"Uh--" "Yes or no LaShari."

She nodded vigorously, "Yes, yes, yes!" she exclaimed, and jumped right into Harry's lap, who chuckled, and wrapped his arms around the young vamp.

She was wearing one of his t-shirts and dark blue night pants.

They were several sizes too big for Shari but she looked really attractive in it.

"Disney World eh?"

She nodded furiously, as Harry chuckled, "Hmm--"

"Pleasssse!" Shari said, pleading with him.

Harry smirked, "As much as I enjoy you begging like this, I'll give in."

She laughed, and wrapped her arms around his neck and squeezed it.

"Ulgh-" was the only noise Harry could get out.

000

Harry marked himself down to leave for spring break. Hannah, Susan, and Justin were all talking about what they were doing for the week.

"I have plans." Harry wasn't going to go into anything further.

He had plans and he wouldn't give out details due to safety precautions.

As if Professor Dumbledore had somehow been listening in on his conversation, the teen was found once again up in the old man's office.

Harry stood behind the desk, watching the old man unstick two lemon drops.

"Sit down Harry."

Harry looked at the seat and back at Dumbledore, "No thanks. What do you want?" he asked.

Dumbledore glanced up, if he looked surprised he did not let it show.

"Lemon drop?" asked Dumbledore.

Harry gave a look of disgust, "Not anytime soon."

"I wanted to talk to you about spring break-"

"Oh yes, I know where this is going. You think it would be best if I stayed here in the castle under your watchful eye." Harry grunted.

"I think it would be much safer if you were to stay around so people could protect you and your daughter."

Harry shook his head, "No, we're leaving with the other students. I'll be back with the rest of the kids."

"How about if I give you permission to have your half-vampire friend accompany you here?"

Harry almost laughed out loud, 'Like he heeded the Headmasters word anyway!' thought Harry with disgust. Was the man 'that' senile? Surely not.

"No thank you Headmaster, she will be accompanying me anyway."

Dumbledore now looked wearily, "Harry, you must realize the importance-"

"Headmaster, please save it. I know the importance, and Voldemort doesn't want me dead."

Dumbledore glanced at Harry, "What do you mean Harry?"

Harry looked at him, "The Evil bastard wants to recruit me."

A flicker of shock flashed across the Headmaster's face.

"Of course I would never accept something as stupid as that. I'm not an idiot and I don't follow anyone." Harry said his eyes staring straight into Dumbledore's blue ones. The teen was determined to get this across.

"I don't follow anyone but myself. No one is going to tell me what I can and can't do that goes for everyone. I'm my own person." Harry sighed, "This is getting old. Thank you for your concerns Headmaster, but believe me, I can take care of myself or haven't you noticed?"

Dumbledore was beyond words. As Harry walked toward the door Dumbledore stood, "As your Headmaster I refuse to allow you to

leave this castle." the voice was sharp and firm. His voice carried the power of many. Yet Harry wasn't fazed by it.

Harry smirked at the door. 'So true colors finally show when pressed against the hot iron?' the teen thought to himself.

"Sorry old man but I'm emancipated. Not even your little debt to Sirius can get me to stay." Harry smiled sweetly and walked out leaving the Headmaster's mouth gaping open.

"Close your mouth Headmaster. You heard the boy!" smirked the portrait to his right. "He should have been a Slytherin." Commented Phineas Nigellus.

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Collecting Eve, he laughed at Parker, "You wouldn't believe that the old man tried to use a scare tactic to get me to stay!"

Parker looked surprised, "He did? What did he do?" asked Parker cautiously.

"He just demanded that I stay, trying to use his power against me."

Parker frowned, "Son of a bitch. He's getting aggressive over this. I overheard some things Harry."

"What things?" asked Harry.

Parker looked up at Harry, "Just restrictions he's talked a few of the governors to pass to keep you in line."

Harry's eyes narrowed dangerously, as he moved and gently laid Eve in her carseat. He didn't want to yell or explode with her in his arms.

"He does, he'll get a surprise of his life."

Parker sighed, "Don't worry about it. We'll cross that bridge when it gets here. I want you to have fun."

Harry nodded, "I will."

"Need me to take-"

"No way. Not this time." said Harry. "I don't want to be away from her for a whole week. It would kill me." his hand was rocking Eve gently who was just staring at him her eyes vivid and bright.

She was now at the age where she could sleep in her crib, but Harry was still hesitant. For some reason he wanted her near him. He hated it when she was out of his sight.

"I'm going to go to Florida, and I am not going to think about Dumbledore, Voldemort, or anyone else. I'm going to have fun and only OWL me if its 'serious'."

Parker nodded, "Will do Harry. You have the mirrors in case of an emergency? Yes, Sirius told me."

Harry smirked, "Yes I do."

"Good. I won't contact you unless its really important."

"I surely hope not."

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The morning Harry was to leave he was up. Shari was meeting him at Kings Cross that evening and they would be going that way. To Harry's relief, Shari knew her way around the muggle world most vampires did, and so she would call for a taxi just before the train pulled into Kings Cross.

The weather in April was something to be happy about. The rain was letting up and the skies were bright blue once again. The grounds were still wet and soggy but the air was warming up immensely.

Eve was laying on the bed with a pacifier in her mouth. She was laying on her belly with her head moving up and down every so often

before she got too tired and laid it back down gurgling underneath the pacifier.

She was wearing a purple bootie outfit that was soft to the touch and a purple hat to match and cover her soft spot.

"Do we have everything?" asked Harry.

Shari had packed everything while he had slipped off into the muggle world to make the arrangements.

"Bottles, clothes, pacifiers, socks, hats, er- playpen, towels, money." He touched his back pocket out of instinct. He looked at Eve who was just staring at him while gurgling and making funny noises, pacifier out of her mouth.

"I think we have everything." Harry said gently scooping his daughter in his arms, kissing her cheek and then placing her in the carseat making her whimper and stare at him.

"I know, I know. I'm sorry, you hate the carseat but you need to be in it." Harry told her softly.

She whimpered and grabbed at her own feet. She whined for several moments, before Harry could calm her down by placing a gummy keyring between her fingers. She immediately put it in her mouth.

Grabbing two baby blankets he draped them over the carseat, and grabbed the diaper bag and slung it over his shoulders, and grabbing the carseat.

It was perfect timing that Parker came into his rooms at the moment. "I kind of knew you would need some help." Parker lifted the trunk with his wand, seeing as Harry was a bit preoccupied.

"Thanks Parker."

"You meeting Shari at Kings Cross?"

"Yes, she's making the taxi arrangements."

"When does your flight take off?"

Harry sighed, "One a.m." he said glumly.

"Oh poor you."

"Yes, hopefully Eve won't notice a difference and be fast asleep."

"Just your luck-" "She won't be." Harry finished for Parker as they got to the Entrance Hall.

Justin, Hannah, and Susan came over.

Parker sat down Harry's trunk with the others, before going into the Great Hall.

Susan was talking about going over her cousin's house for Spring Break, and Hannah was talking about visiting her grandparents in Romania.

Justin shrugged, "I'm going to be home bored out of my mind with my sisters." He said grumpily. "My parents don't believe in vacation."

"Hey Harry, you still never told us where you were going." stated Susan, who glanced over at him with curiosity.

"That's because, I didn't plan on it Susan, out of safety." He flashed her an award winning smile, "I'll tell you when I get back."

"You better." said Hannah with a smile.

"Yeah it has to be more interesting than MY spring break." Justin remarked.

"I'll take pictures." teased Harry, whose hand went to Eve's mouth and took out the pacifier, causing her to squeal with anxiety. She moved her arms and legs furiously in protest. A few people snickered at the table.

Harry chuckled, "Now, now, calm down." he replaced it with a bottle, causing her to grunt and start sucking away.

Dumbledore tried one last attempt at making Harry stay. He had Filch stop Harry in the middle of the Entrance Hall, when he was signing everyone out but Harry ignored him and swept past the squib as if he hadn't heard a thing that was said.

The train ride was uneventful unless you count Ron Weasley and Draco Malfoy fighting in the corridors. This was one fight that Ron won, especially when it came to fist fighting. Draco looked a mess as he staggered past Harry's compartment.

"When will that bloke ever learn?" asked Justin.

"He won't. He's a Slytherin. He's determined." Harry said, turning and sitting down,

Eve upright in his lap now. He had his arm around her waist. She was struggling to sit up but still having a lot of trouble. She leaned against him however and was able to sit right. But if she leaned over she'd go straight face first to the ground. She leaned back though her head on his stomach and she'd raise her feet and try to grab them although she had only succeeded once.

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Kings Cross had never looked so good. Harry was exhausted, he wanted off the train and he wanted off now.

He clambered off, and was welcomed by Shari who was waving at him and darted for him, her arms around his neck before he could speak.

"Ulgh-" he muttered as she giggled, and kissed him on the cheek. "Did you guys have a good ride?"

"Boring but good."

"Here let me take her and the diaper bag." she smiled, and giggled, "Hi ya sweetheart!" she said to Eve who just gurgled at her.

Harry noticed how pretty she looked in relaxing clothes. A white spaghetti strapped shirt that left room for imagination and soft blue pants that clung to her hips. Her black hair was pulled up in a high ponytail.

Once the two were situated they made to go through the barrier when Mrs. Weasley came over with Mr. Weasley who had a sling over his arm. He looked a bit pale and a bit thinner than Harry remembered around Christmas. But then again a venomous snake bite could do that to a human.

"Harry!" Mrs. Weasley smiled, "Professor Dumbledore asked me to give you this." she held out a yellow piece of parchment with his name on it.

Harry stared at the parchment for a moment and looked at Shari. "Why don't you open it for me. I have my hands full." he said, his hands on the trolley.

"Oh I'm sure- Harry. Here." she tried to hand it to him but Harry moved out of the way. "No thank you. I don't want any contact with the Headmaster until Spring Break is over."

"Harry, its from the Headmaster." Mrs. Weasley persisted.

Mr. Weasley was staying out of it, and talking to the twins who were eyeing the parchment.

Harry was tired of being nice and turned and stared Mrs. Weasley in the eyes, "I am NOT taking a hidden port-key to your HeadQuarters so Dumbledore can lock me up for the week. Now you can take that parchment and-" Shari's hand went around Harry's mouth. "Mrs. er-Weasley? Right?" asked Shari sweetly.

Mrs. Weasley nodded her eyes wide in shock, "Please don't stoop yourself to the same level. You seem like a sweet woman, and a caring mother. Please, take that parchment and throw it away." she

looked at Harry, "C'mon Jamie." she said, pushing him through the barrier. His eyes narrowed, as she let go of his hand.

"I'm sorry, but its not her fault." Shari told him.

Harry scowled, "I know." he murmured, as he felt the cool slip of the barrier. "Dumbledore is persistent."

"Yes, well we need to get somewhere so we can teleport. I haven't called a taxi yet. I thought we could have some fun teleporting." she smirked.

"Too many teleports will Eve sick."

"I know, I've calculated it. Trust me Harry." she smirked, and kissed him softly, as they got into an alley.

Harry was aware of a soft 'pop' from around him.

"Someone's here."

"Hold onto me." Shari said, wrapping her arm around him as he grasped the carseat in his arms and a moment later he felt the hot blazing sensation.

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They appeared in a park. Harry glanced around, "Where the hell are we?"

"About a mile from your place." she told him, with a smile. "I had this place staked out for a while." she giggled at the look on Harry's face, "You're a devious little thing aren't you?"

"Of course, I'm not Vander's little girl for nothing now am I?" she giggled at Harry's face. "C'mon I'm starved. I've all ready packed everything at your flat that you need."

"Thanks, I know I'll forget."

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They had a lot of spare time on their hands. They stayed near the airport, and went to a few of the shops and restaurants that were clustered together on the small strip.

Shari was excited. She was talking about Disney World and the shows, and about how Vander had snuck her into kids theater to see Cinderella, which ended up being her favorite Disney movie.

Once they were settled down on the plane. Eve was fast asleep in Harry's arm, and they were securely up in the air, Harry was able to breathe and relax.

Shari smiled and watched Harry's face relax, one of the first times she had ever seen him lose the premature wrinkles on his forehead. She saw what should be a fifteen-year-old. She couldn't help but be happy that Harry showed his true colors and relaxed around her. It was something you didn't want to take for granted. He was always on guard and always alert and worried that something was going to happen.

She sweetly lifted Eve out of Harry's arms. He didn't even protest.

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Florida was hot, and humid. The heat was something very unorthodox, to both Harry and Shari.

"Phewww, I'm glad I brought cool clothes." she said, as Harry handed her Eve so he could sign off on a rental car.

"I think I brought a few things for Eve. I may have to stop in and get a few things." Harry said, as he took the key from the counter lady.

"I want to go to Cinderella's castle!" Shari said, opening up the brightly colored brochure, with a squeal.

"I also want to go swimming, I want to-" she continued on for the next half hour, on what she wanted to do.

Harry couldn't stop the smirk on his face as she watched her eyes light up, "I've never been anywhere." she said softly. "I realize just-how much I enjoy the day time-" she said softly.

Harry was tired, they had slept maybe three or four hours on the plane before Eve decided she wanted to wake up and wake them up. But, he wasn't going to sleep just yet.

When Shari settled down, she moved closer to Harry. The car was black and comfortable. It had all the essentials, and the seats were closer together than that of Harry's SUV.

Harry smiled when he felt Shari's head press against his shoulder, her hand touched his thigh, as she asked him, "What do you want to do?"

"Anything you want to do." answered Harry. "Doesn't matter to me. I'm just glad to be away."

"Yes, so am I." she moved her head and kissed his cheek affectionately.

A smile was the only response Shari got from that.

The Walt Disney Hotel and Resort was beautiful and Shari could hardly stop the giddy feeling and excitement, as she jumped around Harry with anxiety.

Harry just laughed and shook his head amused. She calmed down long enough to help Harry.

They checked into a large two bedroom suite, it was called the Princess Deluxe. Harry wasn't up for the brightly pink and light blue colors that greeted him but Shari had begged him for the Princess Deluxe.

"Oh its beautiful." Placing Eve down, she ran over and jumped on the bed and went straight down into the fluffy mattress leaving Harry to smirk with amusement and cross his arms.

She was like a little kid in a candy store, as she rolled over and out of the bed and stood up, "What do we do first?"

"Rest." "NOOOOoo!" she squealed.

Harry just laughed and sat down in an armchair, and breathed in deeply. Eve was asleep, and it was very early in the morning.

He grunted when he felt weight on him, and opened his eyes to see Shari sitting in his lap. She wiggled in it, "C'mon! Please."

"Ulgh." "Please." "Give me a while." "How long?" "All day." "Noooooo!" she protested. "Ok ok, two hours."

"Hmm... OK."

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After resting up, and getting Eve changed out of her bootie outfit, she was now wearing a pink little dress with no sleeves.

Shari had the stroller out and was looking beautiful in a short pink skirt and a pink top to match. All her hair was down.

The parade was interesting enough, Harry was kind of tired but he managed to get into the spirits with Shari bouncing around like a bunny rabbit on speed.

They argued for an hour over mickey ears, "No." said Harry. "Yes!" She squealed. "No." he said again. There were all ready a pair on Eve's head and Shari's. They were minnie ears.

"C'mon please!" she begged, and gave him that puppy dog look. "Shari, that- is for girls... not." his eyes widen when he passed a large man with a set and shook his head, "Nooo." he begged, as she grabbed a pair and placed it on his head. He rolled his eyes, and grunted, "Fine." he gave up. What good was it to argue with a girl?

They did a lot of things, yet there were a lot of things they couldn't do because of Eve.

During the week Shari got her chance to get into Cinderella's castle and get a picture with Cinderella and the Prince. Eve even got her picture taken with both the Prince and Cinderella.

Shari was positively glowing, the whole time. Embarrassing pictures and moments were being taken, much to Harry's dismay.

"I really, really don't want anyone to see these pictures." He said, holding one up of him wearing bunny ears, with his daughter in his arms who was wearing matching bunny ears. Harry had a goofy grin on his face, that wasn't normal, not for him anyway.

"Ooh, they are so cute." Shari snagged it and looked at it, "Aww... I love this one with you and Mickey Mouse."

"Hey! I hate Mickey." Harry grunted. The damn mouse was trying to pick up on Shari!

Shari giggled, "Oh he was just kidding."

"Oh was he kidding when smacked your arse?" Harry asked, grumpily.

They were sitting in there rooms just lounging. Shari was on one end of the couch with her legs in on top of Harry, who as under her his arms draped over her thighs. Eve was playing on the floor with a little Disney Toy Harry had bought for her. She was mesmerized by it.

Shari laughed, "Yes, I didn't particularly liked that." "He sure did." Grunted the teen.

Shari just giggled and sat up and scooted down closer to Harry. "Not jealous are you?"

Harry scowled at her, "I don't get jealous."

Shari smiled, "No of course not."

He gave her a glare. Her eyes were flashing with amusement in them. "Don't give me that look."

"What look?" asked Shari innocently. "THAT look." He said shaking his head. "It doesn't work with me."

"Yes it does." "No it don't." "Yes." "No." "No." "YES!" Harry scowled, "Dammit! You all do that to me every time."

Shari was laughing her head off now, as she leaned back tears in her eyes, "That's so good!"

"No its not." Harry said, giving into an uncharacteristic pout.

He squeezed her kneecap making her squeal, it was one of her most ticklish spots. She moved her legs quickly with a squirm.

Harry smirked at her and slid onto the floor and crawled over to his daughter who squealed with excitement upon seeing him.

"Hey beautiful, what are you doing?" Harry asked, his arms going around her. He was on his hands and knees, and stared straight down at Eve who just squealed and pointed her finger up touching his eye. "Ow... that's my eye." He said.

She squealed, and babbled something, causing Harry to shrug, "I have no idea beautiful." he kissed her soft chubby cheek affectionately.

She pointed at his nose and then curled her fingers around it and grabbed it, "Owww." He said in a nerdy sort of voice causing a giggle from the couch.

"Ouch." he wiggled his nose as he moved out of her grasp, "For a baby you have a grasp." he murmured rubbing the bridge of his nose. This seemed to get a soft giggling reaction from little girl who would be four months old in a weeks time.

"Enjoy laughing at your daddy's pain?" this just seemed to make her giggle more. She looked up at him with intent. He had to wonder what she was thinking. Couldn't be much she was only an infant. It was her eyes, they were miraculous and green, they dazzled and shined.

It was really late in the night and Harry could not sleep. He was up and sitting on the balcony porch, staring up at the stars in the night sky. It was hard to see them for all the lights that shown down around the area, but you could still make them out.

The cool breeze fluttered over Harry, who felt so relaxed. He never wanted to leave, even though he knew he had too.

"Hey, I thought the bed was cold." said Shari softly. She stepped up next to him.

He glanced up to see Shari standing there in his white t shirt nothing else. He could see up under her shirt and winced at the turn on worthy view.

"Sit down." He said, taking her hand and pulling her down next to him, mainly to fight the hormones that were racing up in him. He was trying to break himself of sex, but it was getting hard, especially with Shari running around in little skimpy outfits, or coming out of the bathroom in bra and panties asking Harry if he knew where her clothes were. She had no idea what she did to a teenage guy like him.

She smiled, and sat next to him, his arm looping around her, "I've had so much fun." she said softly.

"So have I." he caught her lips with his mouth and drew her in for a soft delicious kiss, that sent shivers up both bodies.

There tongues met caressed one another in a tantalizing way that screamed at both sets of hormones.

Harry pulled her into his lap, feeling her body only thin pieces of cloth separated them. Her legs straddled him as he held her tightly against him.

He groaned when he felt her hips rolled sharply over his groin, that was screaming for release.

There hot kissing soon turned more personal and more heated, as Harry instinctively grabbed her hips and pushed her into him, causing her to gasp and her eyes widen feeling him on the outside of her.

Harry's body built itself up with hot, flowing passion, he could hardly control himself. Shari growled in the back of her throat. Her vampire instincts were taking over her mind and body, she was clawing at his shirt, wanting it off.

Harry wasn't use to a female being so rough and he realized just how amazing it was. He grabbed her forcefully and pulled her hands away and pulled them behind her back.

Her eyes glowed like something he had never seen, and her chest was heaving. He stared at her, his own face flushed, "What do you want?" he asked, in a slow rugged voice.

"You." she hissed.

"How do you want me?" he asked, her eyes glowed even brighter, "Rough!"

He didn't release her but he did pull her to him and kiss her harshly on the lips, till she squealed and broke free of his grasp.

Harry moved and stood up, with her in his arms. She had her legs wrapped firmly around him, grinding against him as he groaned, and grabbed her firmly to keep her from wiggling, as he moved from the balcony to the lowly lit bedroom and king size bed.

He pushed her off him and onto the bed, she giggled wickedly, and grabbed him by the waist band and yanked him toward her. He moved down upon her his hands grabbing hers and raising them up above her head, as she growled, and squirmed under him. He was straddled with his knees against her hips unable to move.

The fiery glint in her eye was enough to tell Harry what she wanted, and that she wanted it now. Using one hand to hold her hands above her head and his other hand to run down her body causing her to whimper, and squirm.

He moved down and kissed her harshly, his free hand grabbed her just under her chin, and forced his tongue to caress against her tongue.

When he let her hands go she acted quicker than Harry could have expected, and grabbed at his shirt ripping it off with full force, and bit his chest causing him to hiss, as her tongue made its way around his chest. She grasped at his waist band curling it in her fingers, the cloth pressed harshly against his groin.

Pushing her back, he kissed her and then nibbled against her neck causing her to hiss, when he bit down on her collarbone. He made his way down biting here and there along the way.

Harry's hands had her shirt off in two seconds flat. Her bra and panties were pink and restrictive. He bit at the cloth that was snug against her heaving chest, as she breathed deeply and gasped, upon the graze of his teeth and tongue. Her body jerked against his erection. She was forcefully rubbing herself against him. She would whimper and moan in exctasy ever few seconds. Harry could only grunt feeling her feminine body work itself through the clothing and fabric.

He kissed her soft body and nibbled in certain places, as his hands roaming against her body, "Don't be gentle." growled Shari in an uncharacteristic voice. "Hmm- you're in for a ride." he hissed a powerful glint flashing through his eyes that only matched hers.

'If she wanted it rough who was he to argue?'

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A.N. There we go, end of that chapter. The next chapter, is called, "The Ultimate Mistake" Should be up between Saturday and

Wednesday, I can't guarantee which day it'll be. Thank you for the reviews. I absolutely adore them.

Chapter Thirty-Two The Ultimate Mistake

When Harry awoke next he was aware of how much his muscles hurt. He heard the soft crying of Eve in the monitor next to his bed. He rolled over and seen Shari curled up fast asleep completely naked with the sheets wrapped securely around her.

Harry remembered everything last night and shook his head, that was the wildest sex he had ever had in his life. He remember being bit, scratched, and his hair yanked by the gorgeous vamp. He remembered doing the same thing.

He looked down at his chest to see bite marks and scratches. Sliding up, he quickly collected Eve and then proceeded to make her a morning bottle. He winced every so often that he walked. 'Sore, yes, he was very sore.'

The last thing he remembered before he passed out was the feeling of release that spread through out his body. He had passed out with Shari on top of him.

He groaned and sank down into a comfy armchair, "Comfortable." He said, as Eve whimpered, for her bottle.

"All right." he smiled weakly and fed her while leaning his head back trying to gather himself and keep from falling back asleep.

"Oye, I didn't mean to be so rough." said a sheepish voice from hall.

Moving his head off the back of the couch he gazed at Shari who had a white sheet around her body like a toga. Her black hair over her shoulders and he was aware of the bite marks that were on her neck. There was a lot of them. Had Harry been looking in the mirror he would see that there were plenty on him.

"S'all right, I liked it rough." He teased, as she shook her head and wobbled in. "Aye, sore."

"That's an understatement."

She shook her head and waved her hand to her lower half, "No, I mean, down here." she grumbled, wincing as she walked.

Harry looked at her, "You were a virgin."

"Yes- tell me something I don't know." she said, plopping on the floor with a wince. She moved between his legs and rested her head against his leg.

"I shouldn't have been so rough." "My fault. My vampire instinct took over." she said, sighing. "I feel like a basket case."

Harry had one free hand and touched her black hair, gently, running his fingers through the tangles. "No need." he said moving up and bending down he kissed her forehead out of pure instinct. "I'm just sorry, I was too rough."

"I wanted to you to be." she said, softly. "My- non-mortal instinct wanted it like that." she giggled, "That's how most vampires are. You won't believe what I hear in the middle of the night when I'm up or trying to sleep, in the forest."

Harry chuckled, "I can imagine." he smirked, "Or- rather not."

Shari giggled, and glanced over at Eve who was against Harry, "When she wake you?"

"About ten minutes ago."

"What are we going to do today? I would like to visit Animal Kingdom."

"We could we have two days left."

Shari pouted, "I don't want to leave."

"Neither do I, but we got too."

"Yes, I know. I don't have to like it." she then giggled, "I liked last night." she said the color of rose covered her soft pale cheeks.

"I can't deny I didn't. Thank god for silencers."

She giggled furiously, "Yes, or the whole city would have heard us." she murmured and flinched, "I'm hurting."

"I'm sorry." "Don't be. My animal instinct, took over my whole existence."

Harry chuckled, "Will it take over again?" he asked, not sure if he could handle another night like last, even though it was the best sex he had ever had personally. He still didn't know if he could take another night of being bit, clawed, and rough handled.

"Hmm.. maybe. I'm not all vampire though. But, if you get me worked up." she giggled, and glanced up at him with an innocent smile.

"Then I'm in trouble eh?"

"Yes."

"Good to know."

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It was glum Saturday morning, Harry and Shari had just got done packing everything they had. They were going back to England, and then Hogwarts Monday.

"I don't want to leave." Pouted Shari, walking past with Eve's baby bottles.

"I know neither do I." said Harry as Eve stared at them from a laying position on the bed.

She was wedged between two pillows to keep her from rolling over. She was in a position where she could see them perfectly. If she didn't see them she'd start crying.

Shari was wearing white jean bibs with a lime green halter top underneath and a pair of sandals. Her hair today was up in a high ponytail with two strands behind her ears.

The packing didn't take very long. Harry summoned most of it, and both him and Shari checked over there lists.

"I'm running out of diapers." murmured Harry.

"Time is our flight?" asked Shari.

"Four."

Shari checked the clock on the wall. "We have a few hours. Want me to go get some?"

"You can't drive." "There's a store just down the strip."

"No, we'll go together. I need to get a couple other things as well. Eve will have to start on a new kind of formula soon."

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The plane ride was amusing to say the least. While Eve was fast asleep and strapped to the seat next to Harry, Shari had taken the unoccupied seat in Harry's lap, where she stayed most of the flight.

Now that she was- sexually in tune she wanted it more than Harry did! He wondered if Vamps had natural nymphomania in them.

"I hope your dad doesn't ask about your virginity." he responded.

Shari giggled, "He'd just laugh."

Harry shook his head, "Still its uncomfortable to know that your dad questions about our sex life. Not to mention him being a blood sucking vampire. I can handle you-"

"I bite." she teased making a snapping noise with her teeth.

"So I noticed." he murmured rubbing the mark on his skin that was next to his collarbone.

She giggled, "Don't worry, I didn't 'turn' you." she teased.

Harry gave her that, 'I know' look. "No, but it still hurt afterwards. This is a first, that I don't know a spell that gets rid of these damn things."

"I think you have to take something." said Shari, shrugging. "Not positive, but I almost think you do."

"Have to ask Snape."

"He's nice." "He's an idiot." Harry stated, leaving Shari to giggle, "No he's sweet, in his own vampirish way."

"Sweet? You put Snape and sweet in the same sentence Shari. That's unheard of."

"Of course, I did." said Shari snickering in his arms.

"I don't even want to picture the mental image of Snape being-'sweet'." giggles erupted from the half-vampire, uncontrollably.

Shaking his head in amusement he just watched Shari giggle herself silly before she snuggled under the blanket, her head against his shoulder.

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England was rainy when they stepped off the plane. A groan could be heard under Shari's breath as she held something up over her head to keep the rain from hitting her.

Harry had a blanket over Eve's carseat as they walked as fast as they could to get out of the rain.

"This bloody sucks." Shari murmured.

"Let's get our stuff and then teleport." whispered Harry.

It was very late, and the streetlights outside of the airport were glowing brightly against the sprinkling rain.

They quickly got out of the cool damp weather and teleported straight inside Harry's warm and cozy apartment with two deep breaths.

"Man, its fuckin' freezing!" hissed Harry, placing Eve down on the couch and taking away the blanket to see the emerald eyed infant awake and whimpering from the travel.

"Got that right." Shari shivered and shrugged off Harry's leather jacket and placed it aside.

Harry plopped down on the couch with an exhausted sigh. "Ulgh- - its one in the morning." he murmured.

"Why don't you go get some sleep, Jamie. I'll put Eve to sleep and unpack all your stuff and put it in your trunk."

"Are you sure?" asked Harry looking over at Shari who smiled brightly, "Of course, I'm sure. I'm a half vampire, night is bliss."

Harry smiled, and stood with a yawn. Shari moved into him and grabbed his collar and planted a hot kiss right on his lips.

"Mm-" was all he could say to the tantalizing touch.

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Monday morning Harry was not in a good mood. Shari just allowed him to murmur, curse, and rant about idiotic Headmasters with a candy obsession and about how much he'd like to the curse the man to Mount Olympus for ever finding him.

"If I find out WHO found me I'll castrate them." he growled, as he slipped on a tank top. Shari was holding Eve in her arms, and leaning against the door.

"I got your stuff packed."

"Good, everything of Eve's?"

"Of course, her stuff was the first."

He gave her a sideways smile, and walked over and kissed her lips softly before kissing his daughter's cheek who had a pacifier in her mouth and sucking away on it furiously.

"I talked to daddy last night." she said, following him from room to room.

"Anything come up?"

"No, nothing. Which is odd to daddy. He said, that something's going to happen he just doesn't know when. None of his spies have any idea. Apparently, only the extremely high ranked arseholes know the plan and even they don't know the whole thing." Harry smirked, "Why would Voldemort give away his plans? He's not stupid, he's not going to attack for no reason and he will not attack unless he knows its worthwhile."

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When Harry and Eve were teleported by Shari to Kings Cross at half past ten. As soon as he appeared with all his items and Eve, two Orders members were on him like werewolves on prey.

"Where have you been?" this was Tonks, she was glaring at him angrily. "The Headmaster had us looking for you for a week! We wasted our time!"

"Whose fault is that?" growled Harry darkly, "Did I tell you to follow me or try and find me? No I did not, back the fuck away before I take your wand and snap it in half."

"You wouldn't dare!" Tonks' eyes flashed anger.

Harry's eyes met hers and they glinted dangerously, "Try me." he said with a sadistic smile.

"Tonks, that's enough. We were only required to find out if he got on the train or not." Stated the tall dark Auror.

Tonks growled, "You make me sooo mad! You got my cousin wrapped around your finger you little arse."

Harry smiled, "How could Sirius be related to someone as brainwashed and stuck up as you?"

Tonks raised her wand to curse him not even paying attention to the child that was clamped in his arms. That was when a swooshing sound of speed came out of nowhere and faster than Harry could blink Shari had Tonks shoved up against the wall, her canines flashing dangerously.

"Do you realize what you would have done bitch had you cursed him!" she snarled dangerously. "Don't you see a fifteen-week-old in his arms you fat arse bitch."

People that were boarding the train gasped, and watched the seen. A few of the students who had seen Shari's angry side once before couldn't wait to see another fight. The train conductor was at a half a mind to say something yet the look on Shari's face changed that thought.

Harry had never seen anything like it. He heard Eve's whimpering and Kingsley acted quickly and sent a hex Shari's way when Harry used his wand and deflected it sending Kingsley flying into the wall next to Tonks.

"I would watch whose girlfriend you try and curse." Harry stated coldly. "C'mon Shari." he said, softly.

"You're lucky." Her eyes flashed and glowed blue. "Had you touched my boyfriend and little girl, I would have tore you from limb to limb with my teeth." Shari smiled viciously as Tonks shivered under the vampires grasp.

Shari let go and the Auror slid down as Kingsley came out of his daze staring at both Harry and Shari in surprise.

"Harry, you better get on the train. We've all ready made a big enough scene." she said just as Hannah, Justin, and Susan stepped off the train and lifted Harry's trunk.

"We're in the fourth to last compartment Harry." Justin told him with a smirk.

"Thanks Justin." he hugged and kissed Shari before she scooped Eve out of the carseat and kissed her, "Bye baby doll, I will see you later."

The baby gurgled and gave a gummy grin and patted against Shari's cheek, as Harry chuckled, and wrapped his arm around the infants body and kissed Shari once more before getting on the train leaving two very upset and disgruntled Aurors.

When Harry reached the compartment he smiled and sat down and shifted Eve in his lap so she could sit up against his stomach.

"I swear, I can't go anywhere without causing a fuckin' scene." grumbled the teen.

"Why did that girl just attack you all of a sudden?" asked Hannah in disgust.

"She was pissed because she couldn't find me. Dumbledore made her watch over me, and look for me all week. She didn't succeed." Harry had a smirk of arrogance when he said this.

Susan glanced out the window, "Shari really laid into her didn't she?"

"Did you see her eyes? Hot as hell but still." Justin grinned, but winced one he was smacked on the back of the head by Susan Bones, who rolled her eyes.

"What did you do Harry? You promised you would tell us when you got back?" asked Hannah quickly, trying to keep from an argument started between Susan and Justin.

"Florida. Disney World to be exact." Harry sighed, "Shari made me promise to show you these." He handed them to Hannah who smiled, "Pictures?"

"Yes, if you tell anyone ever of me wearing ears I will silence you permanently." He glared at both Justin and Susan who had gotten on each side of Hannah to get a look.

Justin laughed out loud when he seen Harry struggling against Shari over the Mickey ears.

"Not funny. I lost that fight." muttered Harry, with a half smile. Harry moved Eve to where she was tummy down across Harry's lap. She laid her head against his leg as she whimpered sucking against her pacifier. He bounced her gently up and down and ran his hand over her back patting it gently.

"What's this big character?" asked Hannah showing a picture of Shari and Eve with Mickey.

Harry scowled, "That little bastard wouldn't stop hitting on Shari."

Justin snickered, "Mickey Mouse wouldn't do that." he was the only one who knew about muggle Disney characters.

"He wouldn't? The fucker touched her arse." Harry grunted. "Mouse is lucky I didn't chop his tail off."

There was laughter through out the compartment and his three friends exchanged amused looks.

They enjoyed getting there laughs out of Harry's embarrassment. The teen sighed, and shook his head, "Shari is going to get it." He murmured to Eve who squealed. "You heard me. Not even you can save her." he teased to Eve who just gurgled and gave a smile when

she seen his face. Her pacifier toppled out of her mouth and onto the floor.

"Ulgh." Harry murmured picking it up and putting it in a plastic bag. He got another one out before she could throw her tantrum.

The train ride was uneventful. No one showed up except the Head Boy and Girl, and a couple prefects.

When Harry entered through the doors of Hogwarts, he was aware of different pairs of eyes that followed his every move.

Professor McGonagall spared him a rare warm smile as he walked through the Great Hall double doors.

Harry's eyes immediately scanned the Staff Table. Parker gave him a nod and a smile as Remus waved to him more enthusiastically than Parker.

Eve refused to keep quiet when in her carseat so Harry had to work around her, eat, and entertain her at the same time. This was one moment he really wished Shari was here. When ever he let someone other than Shari hold Eve she'd throw a tantrum. Parker and Remus could get her to calm down every so often but not even his friends had any luck on calming Eve down.

Finally when the feast was over with, Harry tucked Eve away in her carseat fussy or not, and stood up with everyone else when Remus and Parker made there way over to Harry.

"Come with us." said Remus his hand touching the back of Harry's neck and guiding him out.

Parker nodded respectfully toward his three Hufflepuff friends.

"Everything OK?" asked Harry, as he walked between Remus and Parker as if they were bodyguards.

Remus was looking around and sniffing the air as if to detect anyone coming with in range.

Instead of going to their corridors or classrooms. They made a sharp right and headed down a long slope. Along the way Parker and Remus were stunning each portrait they came upon and hitting each of them with a confundus charm.

"Why are we going toward--" he broke off not wanting to finish in case anything or anyone was to overhear.

"We struck gold while you were gone." said Parker with a smirk.

"Actually, Vander did." Remus announced, he was practically bouncing on his heels with excitement. "Did they discover a cure for werewolfism?" thought Harry mildly seeing the giddy look on Remus' face.

"I don't know how the hell the bastard does it." Parker murmured.

"I don't either and I don't much care." said Remus, as they got to a stone wall that looked like nothing.

Parker tapped it twice and then disappeared through the wall with a strange slurp.

Remus ushered Harry, "Is it safe with my daughter to be near the prisoners?"

"Oh don't worry." Remus winked. "Parker will watch over her in the opposite room. No one will get a glimpse of her."

"All right." said Harry slowly as he slipped through the wall. It was a lot like platform nine and three quarters how it was set up.

They entered a small room where Parker had added two armchairs. Parker was standing there by the door murmuring incantations.

"Go on through with Remus. I've all ready seen enough." said Parker taking sleeping Eve off Harry's arm.

"Thanks Parker." Harry looked at Remus who was almost dancing on the balls of his heels, "What could have you so excited?" he asked, puzzled.

"I shall show you." Remus flashed him a grin before tapping his wand. Harry and Remus went through the usual security precautions and entered a large room that had about twenty 6ft X 8ft cells lined in a row and eight of them were filled with occupants. Mostly rookies and no where near enough now to do any damage. But at least Harry, Parker, and Remus can say that they did more than the damn Order, now can't they?

"Down this way." Remus motioned for Harry to walk further down the rows of empty cells.

"Parker and I prepared this one especially for the little bastard."

"Who do you have; Lucius?" asked Harry hoping so. 'It would be amazing if they could get a top official in there collection of Deatheaters.'

"Better!"

They stopped at a cubicle that looked smaller than the other prisoners. A wave of Remus' wand and Harry blinked when he stared at the shivering occupant inside that was stripped to nothing but a cloth that surrounded him. He was deathly skinny and little. His hair was falling out and he was curled up in a fetile position on a mat. "Petigrew." stated Harry simply.

"Yes, Vander caught him three days ago. He was trotting through the forest and stumbled upon the vampire's lair." Remus was practically giggling at this.

Harry turned and stared at Petigrew, wondering why he was feeling sorry for the rat. It wasn't like him. Maybe it was because he didn't know him personally even if he got Sirius locked up and his parents killed. Also, factor in the small and weakness of the animagus.

"Has he ate?" asked Harry not taking his eyes away.

"Yes, the elves refuse to starve him." said Remus in a voice that had regret in it. "Pity too."

"Well, we can't- be- too bad. Have you interrogated him?"

"Yes, he only knows pieces of the plan. It is apparent that Voldemort has transformed Azkaban into one of his many bases."

Harry laughed, "Nothing, I couldn't have figured out." He then pointed at Petigrew, "Could you cloth him?"

"Oh why! He's freezing." said Remus.

Harry just looked at Remus, who sighed deeply, "Fine." he said resigned and waved his wand.

A white shirt was placed over the skinny figure. "Th-th- ank you." was the weak response he got.

"More than that Remus. I know you loathe him- so do I." said Harry, simply.

"What do you want me to do? Put him in sweatpants and sweater?"

"What everyone is wearing." he said waving his hand around.

Remus scowled, "You want me to be nice to HIM."

"Not nice Remus." Harry said shaking his head. He felt like he was talking to a child, "We must not abuse the prisoners."

"Just this once." begged Remus.

Harry shook his head, "No Remus. Not this once. We can't do that. We're not Hitler and we're not Nazi's. We're wizards. What I've done is bad, and I regret every day for it. But- we can't do this." he responded and shook his head and threw his arms up exasperated, "Put him in normal clothes, and for Merlin's sake take off the freezing charm." Harry said, seeing steam rise up against the cell.

Remus pouted, "You take all the fun out of it."

"Someone has too." Harry remarked dryly.

He walked back into the small room where Parker was sitting and rocking Eve in her carseat.

"Well-?"

"I had to restrain Remus from torturing him any more."

Parker smirked, "Yes, it was hard to calm him down when we first brought him into the cell. He wanted to lay into Peter and I think he did when I wasn't looking."

Harry spared a half smile as he lifted the carseat. Remus followed them out murmuring things, "You can be so cold harded Harry, but you can also be so damn confusing."

Glancing over his shoulder, he tilted his head, "Remus, you don't need to stoop to the level I stooped too with Deatheaters. You don't need to be like them. I'm all ready like them. Let me spare you feeling."

After running several checks for people and awake portraits they slipped out of the room.

"It's getting later and later. What are we going to do about them?" asked Harry.

Parker and Remus flanked each side of him, "Vander suggested that before the school ends that we should move them to their 'real' lair. Not the one in the forest." Parker answered.

Coiling through several long and winding halls they strolled into Hufflepuff Territory not long after.

"What ever has to be done. NEEDS to be completed soon. Before twinkle toes gets a chance to pry."

The two men snorted with amusement, "Twinkle toes? Where did THAT come from?" asked Remus, mortified and amused at the nickname all at once.

Harry laughed, "Well he does like to twinkle and well - it just sounded good." He said shrugging.

"LaShari Vanessa." he said to his portrait. The sleepy portrait grunted anddd flipped forward.

"Did you have fun Harry?" asked Remus, remembering the teen had taken off without giving anyone any idea where he could have gone.

"Yes, we went to Disney World. Shari wanted to go." He said, sitting Eve's carseat down. He'd put her to bed later.

Parker smirked, "Dumbledore has been grilling everyone and anyone about your where abouts. I believe he tried to slip us veriteserum and trick us-"

"I take it since you are smiling about this, he did not succeed?"

"Of course not. You never told us where you were going."

"And I didn't plan on it. I trust you guys but I don't trust our loony bin Headmaster."

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School picked back up on Tuesday. It wasn't till the afternoon when Professor Dumbledore called him into his office.

Parker took Eve for him.

Getting to the black door. He heard, "C'min Harry."

Rolling his eyes, he wrenched the door opened and practically smirked when he seen Tonks and Kingsley sitting there. Tonks had an angry look about her while Kingsley looked impassive.

"You called Headmaster?" asked Harry crossing his arms and staring back at the Headmaster.

"Yes Harry, would you kindly sit?"

Harry twitched, "That's all right. I don't need to sit."

"I insist Harry, there's nothing wrong with the chair."

"No thank you Headmaster. What is it you want?" he asked feigning innocence.

"I want to know Harry, where you were, why you didn't contact anyone, and why you and your ah- vampire friend decided to attack two Aurors."

A vicious smile slipped upon his face, "Well, now that I have finished with everything I wanted to do. I don't see why I can't answer your questions. I went to Florida with Eve and my girlfriend Shari for Spring Break. We had a blast, and you wouldn't believe how wild that girl is."

"I think we can guess." muttered Tonks staring at his neck where the bite marks were.

Harry smirked, "Yes, it was fun and a great experience. Oh, and about not contacting anyone, Parker and Remus had a way to contact me if anything important was to come up. Other than that I didn't see reason to tell anyone of my whereabouts. I got back fine now didn't I? I even got a tan in the process." He said smiling cheekily.

Dumbledore gave a sigh and steepled his finger tips together as he usually did, "You do realize-"

Harry rolled his eyes, "Shut up about, 'for your own good' protection yadda yadda yadda. It's not getting you anywhere." he laughed out loud at the face that the female Auror made and the dimming twinkle in the old Headmaster's eyes.

"As to why Shari and I easily faught two Aurors off was because Tonks attempted to fire a curse at me while I had my daughter in my arms. Shari did not appreciate that, and so her protective instincts took over, and when the other Auror ah- Kingsley tried to subdue Shari, I couldn't just let someone curse my girlfriend now could I?" He smirked and then added as a bonus, "If you don't drop this right now, I will go over to the Ministry of Magic and file harassment and grievance charges against your two order members." His eyes glittered at there gobsmacked looks, "And what would they world say if they knew two prestigious Aurors attacking a fifteen-week-old baby and the boy-who-lived?"

"Harry you wouldn't do that would you?" asked Dumbledore, softly.

"Haven't you figured me out by now Headmaster? If you have you know better than to even waste your breath asking that. I am going to ask one final time to leave me alone. You and your Order, if you do not I will run you into the ground, simple as that."

With that said everyone knew the conversation was over. Harry loved ending the discussion, it always took Dumbledore down a peg or two.

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After this Dumbledore did not bother Harry again, much to the teenager's pleasure.

On Eve's four month birthday, Shari came by with tons of items. Even something from Vander.

Eve was now able to sit up for about two minutes before falling backwards or forward. For this Harry would always place comfort pillow's that would stop her fall.

As May fluttered into the school quickly, the grounds were getting warmer and harder, and for the first time Hufflepuff and Gryffindor were tied for first place in the Inter-House Quidditch Cup. First time in over 500 years.

Tension was going through each student in Hogwarts. OWLs was upon everyone, however Harry wasn't worried. If he passed, he passed if he failed hell he didn't give a damn.

Hannah was so tense, and looked as if she hadn't had any sleep and Susan looked wary while Justin had his hair sticking up at all ends from not combing it down enough.

Harry just laughed at his friends in the Great Hall, as he seen them all looking red and puffy eyed.

Harry was the only fifth year who looked happy and was dressed there best. He was wearing a black shirt with the sleeves cut off and a pair of black tight jeans and his usual belt. On the back of his shirt said, 'No Fear' in white letters. (was the style in 96')His hair was pulled back.

Eve was perched on his lap facing the table in a pink and light blue bootie outfit. She was sucking against her pacifier and staring around her with her beautiful bright green-eyes. She seemed more alert than ever before.

Harry would bounce her on his knee to keep her from whimpering and wiggling to much. She loved the vibrating movements.

It was the weekend but everyone of the fifth and seventh years seemed to be cramming over books. Indeed Susan had face bent low reading silently and quickly.

Hannah had black all over her nose from ink smudges.

Harry chuckled, as he seen Justin curse silently under his breath.

Harry shook his head and dipped a napkin into the water and handed it to Hannah who looked at him, "What?"

"You look like a cat with a black nose."

Her cheeks went pink as she took the napkin and wiped her nose quickly.

"Why aren't you worried?" asked Hannah envious.

"I don't give a damn about tests." he said simply. "Besides, I have to worry about my daughter not work. If I fail then oh well if I pass then wow."

"I wish I could have that attitude however my auntie would kick my butt if I get anything lower than an E." Susan announced shaking her head.

"I want to prove to my parents that I didn't make a mistake against Eton." Justin told him. "If I want to stay in this school, I need nearly perfect grades."

Hannah just sighed, "I want good grades. Simple as that."

Harry was just about to switch Eve's pacifier with her bottle, one in which she was able to hold now, when the doors of the Great Hall burst open and a half dressed Remus came flying in and over to the Hufflepuff's table.

"Harry!" He shouted frantic.

Harry stood, "Remus what is going-" "No time! Come with me." he snatched up Eve before Harry could protest.

The befuddled Hufflepuff grabbed the diaper bag and ran out with Remus without so much a word to anyone else.

When they entered the Defense Against the Dark Arts, Severus Snape was in there pacing back and forth and Parker looked more pale than usual. He was sitting at his desk with a bottle of Firewhisky, his eyes wide. 'This can't be good.'

"What the hell is going on?" asked Harry, placing his diaper bag down.

Snape turned to Harry and frowned deeply, "Shari's been kidnapped."

000000 should I leave it like this and be a meanie? No, better not. I don't need to be cussed out. hehe 000000000000000000000000000000

The color drained from Harry's face, "Voldemort?" Harry breathed. It was not a question, more of a statement. The teen was hit with a hard wave of emotion and it smashed him straight in the face leaving him temporarily paralyzed to the floor.

Severus bristled, he was almost worried about Harry's reaction just like Parker and Remus, "Lucius Malfoy and BellaTrix Lestrangle were in on it." he said in a low tone. "No one else knew. None of the other high ranks. Not even I."

Harry felt something sick coiling inside of his stomach. He was still trying to take in the fact that Shari had been abducted.

"D- do you know where?" asked Harry, he felt his face growing hot and the feeling was starting to cause his body to tremble.

His mentor closed his eyes and downed a shot of whisky, "No idea. Our first idea was Azkaban, the new fortress." He really could not look at Harry right now.

Snape gulped, "I don't think so." he said quietly. "Azkaban is used for muggle tortures and rapes. It was specifically used for that. They want Shari for more reason than either of those." Every second he was spoke seemed to anger the emerald-eyed teen further.

It was apparent in everyone's eyes just how much Shari actually meant to Harry. It was common knowledge that when a wizard became predatory over someone or something that they would walk through fire and damn everyone and everything around them just to get to that person.

Harry was now pacing the floor hands behind his back. His body trembling. He didn't realize that a few zaps of magic would crackle in the air next to him. The others noticed and they all gave looks of caution. Harry's magic was starting to open up further. The more angry he got the more his magic would unleash.

Parker had always had suspicions of Harry's power, several times he had seen small things being done that absolutely surprised him. Harry didn't seem to notice.

Remus could smell the magic and Snape could feel, smell, and literally taste the fiery magic that was bubbling through the teenagers skin. It was very addicting, especially to a vampire. Vampires were addicted to magic, especially the taste. A lot of them didn't have it. Severus Snape was a special case. His mother was a full blooded vampire but his father was a wizard.

Shari had a bit of it, she could cast small spells but she couldn't wield magic like he could. She was bred with a pure muggle.

Harry's fists balled up and he could feel his own nails digging into the palm of his hands, his knuckles were deathly white, "We have to find her. I need to go speak with the vampires. Vander." he said quietly.

"He's at the moment devising a plan trying to figure out where she is." Snape told Harry.

Harry sucked in a breath and then out again, "I'll be damned if I let something happen to her." He said in a steel hard voice.

"We have to think rationally Harry. It happened just a half hour ago."

Harry scowled, "You should have told me two seconds after she disappeared!"

"How would we have known? The only reason we knew a half hour later is because Vander contacted me. He can't enter the Hogwarts doors unless he has permission from the Headmaster." Remus explained.

"Half-vampires can enter because they have mortality in them." Snape said quickly before Harry could waste his breath on a simple question.

"Ok, where can I find Shari, where are all of Voldemort's bases?" asked Harry.

"I don't know them all." Snape said pacing. "There's the Riddle Manor in Little Hangleton, there's Malfoy Manor, Azkaban, and Lestrage's old Manor."

"Great! The time it fuckin' takes me to searh and crawl my fuckin' way through each place she could have been tortured, raped, and killed." Harry growled, his voice full of anger and pain.

Eve jerked startled, and started whimpering. Remus shushed her by bouncing her gently in his arms.

"Calm down Potter, we have to take what is given to us. Nothing else will help get her back." growled Snape.

Harry knew this, he was just frightened. For the first time in his life, he was more frightened than he had ever been. Years ago, Harry vowed to never get scared or never allow anyone to frighten him. But, for once he was terrified, a feeling that he didn't like. It swirled like acid in his stomach and it bubbled like a cauldron full of poison. He could feel his intestines swirling and twisting and tangling itself in knots. That's exactly how he felt at the moment.

He sank himself down in a chair and leaned over his legs apart slightly, he bowed his head and ran his hands through his hair and grabbing onto a mass of it and growling under his breath.

That was when the vase on the desk busted into pieces, and the torches suddenly blew out, and a ring of cold furious wind shot straight through them startling everyone.

Remus wrapped his robes around Eve who was whimpering with fright. This could get nasty. Harry's powers were pouring over and seeping out of his skin. It was rare, only other wizards who was known to be able to do that was Albus Dumbledore and Lord Voldemort.

"Harry calm down." said Parker standing and walking over.

He bent down and rubbed against Harry's back who was breathing in through his gritted teeth.

"Snape have you got an outline to all the bases that Voldemort may have taken Shari?" he asked, in a strangled voice. He had almost given up on trying to stay calm.

When Harry's head came up everyone could see his emerald eyes glowing in the dark and it was spooky. One of the most eerie things anyone had ever seen.

"Y- yes. Vander is constructing one at the moment. Sirius should be here." Remus answered, his hands shielding Eve in case anything wild was to happen with magic. You never knew when raw magic was involved.

"I know Azkaban inside out." said Snape bitterly.

"So do I." Sirius had appeared and squinted. "Why's it dark?" he asked, cautiously.

"Harry's magic." Parker said simply.

"Awe- should have known." he said, softly. He may not have known Harry all that long, but he knew that his godson's power was immense. Dumbledore had always been worried about it. That's one of the main reasons Dumbledore kept tabs on him.

There was a flash of bright light coming from the door and the whole room lit up and standing there was Professor Dumbledore was Professor McGonagall.

"Is everything OK Harry?" asked Dumbledore, with sincere concern.

Harry almost growled, and stood up abruptly. "Fine." he grunted.

Dumbledore looked questionably at Snape, never having seen the Potions Master in the same room as Sirius, Remus, Parker, AND Harry Potter. This wasn't good. This could get bad, if all of them decided to turn against him.

Professor McGonagall gave him an admonishingly look that resembled a grandmother, "Mr. Potter it don't look like nothing. Clearly something is wrong when we felt the silverware in the Great Hall rattle."

Harry scowled, "Shari has been kidnapped." he snapped. "If Voldemort wanted to recruit me why would he do this?"

"He wants to hold her ransom for you Harry." said Snape simply.

This floored Dumbledore, since when did Snape call a Potter by their first name. Dumbledore wanted to purposely keep Severus Snape away from Harry Potter. It was bad enough that Parker Zabini had interfered with plans that were hardly in his control, but for Harry to have Snape as an ally... this could get messy.

Harry practically jumped in the air, feeling anxiety wash over him, "Damn it, that lizard face has some fuckin' nerve. I'll kill him when I get my hands on him." growled Harry and with that another jar full of horned toads bursted killing all ten toads and its babies. Water sprayed over the floor, before Parker sighed and repaired it and banished the dead frogs.

"Harry build your walls. Use Occlumency and control your anger." Parker ordered firmly.

Harry closed his eyes and took a deep breath. When he opened them again he noticed Dumbledore had crossed the room and over near him.

"Harry, we will devise a team to go find her for you. But you must not go jumping into any battles. You must stay safe." He said softly and calmly.

Harry glared at him, "If I find out where Shari is, I'm going for her."

"I am sorry Harry but this time I have to be firm on my decision. You could be walking yourself straight into a trap, one in which I will not allow."

"This has nothing to do with you Headmaster. This is something that's personal to me. He took Candy from me and I'll be damned if he takes someone I love." He checked his watch and breathed deeply, "I need to go see Vander. Maybe he has something by now." he rubbed his face as if trying to wake up and get out of this nasty nightmare.

Professor Dumbledore's face turned to stone, "Harry, I can't allow you to do this."

"Move out of my way old man." Harry snapped sharply, he was blocking the doorway.

"No." said Dumbledore calmly. Not even raising his wand.

Harry's eyes shimmered a radiant emerald and they dazzled but not with beauty, but with cold fury, "Move out of the way or I will fuckin' move you." hissed Harry dangerously.

Dumbledore was unconvinced, not believing a fifteen-year-old would stand a chance against him, even if it was Harry Potter, "You will do no such thing." he said simply. "If I have to, I shall resort to drastic measures to keep you from leaving. I may have to send a notice to the Ministry Harry, telling them that you have a lot of built up anger and might not be able to handle your daughter--" The Headmaster trailed off and the twinkle was back in his eyes.

That was when Parker took Eve from Remus and disappeared out of the room without anyone noticing. Remus and Sirius were staring at each other in horror. Dumbledore would never-

Snape was looking at Dumbledore as if he had never seen the man before, in a way that lost a lot of respect. Professor McGonagall just watched her strings being pulled from one way to another. She was absolutely horrified at what her superior had said.

"You'll find Harry, that I can play the same game as you." He said in a warm voice, a smile on his ancient face.

Harry's eyes had started glowing, they seemed to have gotten brighter and they narrowed. When he opened his mouth he instinctively pushed his hands forward and this caused a very powerful impact.

The next thing anyone knew Professor Albus Dumbledore most powerful wizard of modern times was shot back with full force and power. "You threaten me and my daughter, I will kill you." Harry hissed, and waved his hand without thinking.

The Headmaster crashed into a wall and portrait which flew off its hinges. The students that were around gasped, in horror and Professor McGonagall was shrieking and had a hand over her mouth.

Harry walked out coolly, "REMUS! Watch over Eve, if anyone other than you, Parker, and Sirius. Have them begging for there lives."

"You got it Harry. Be careful!" Remus shouted.

Harry stepped over the Headmaster, anger seeping through his veins and skin. He felt the magic crackle through him more intense than he had ever seen it.

Children and faculty could see sparks flickering off the teenager, and backed away into the wall giving him a wide open space.

He reached the Entrance Hall when a blond haired teen came over. That blond was Malfoy.

"Potter!" he hissed running in front. "Back off Malfoy." warned Harry. He didn't want to kill the kid yet. He wanted to wait and show him Malfoy's Sr.'s head on a silver platter.

"No, you don't understand." Malfoy growled and thrust a folder into Harry's arms. "Malfoy Manor, grounds, map, wings. Password included. Tell anyone and I swear I will find a way to get you back." he stalked off after that leaving Harry standing there clinging to the papers. That's when he made a mad rush out of the Hogwarts doors and toward the forest ignoring any barking noises that came from Hagrid's hut.

TBC--

Thirty-Three- Power vrs Power

When Harry appeared, he saw every vampire and female vampire gathered around a large table.

"Harry!" Vander shouted, waving him over. "Move out of the way." he growled to the other vampires, shoving a few.

"I got what we need." Harry said, opening the folder and pulling out a large map. "She's in Malfoy Manor, and there is a password connecting to several wings. The place is large, supposedly larger than Azkaban."

"Shit! How did you get this?" asked Vander, who had a look of relief in his eyes.

"Don't worry about how I got it. I know for a fact that she's in Malfoy Manor. Perfect place and perfect ploy."

"Good, we'll set out-"

"Wait!" Harry said pushing against Vander's chest. "Only you and I. If too many Vampires go at once they are liable to kill her in panic."

Vander gulped and nodded, "You're right. Of course you're fuckin' right. Got your wands?" he asked. "Hell knows I haven't got any."

"I hardly need it with what I did to Twinkle Toes."

"What?" asked Vander, hoping to get some amusement out of this dreary night.

"Used raw magic. He's out like a fuckin' light."

Vander gave a vicious smile, "Good. Let's get our arses out of here." He grabbed a hold of Harry's shoulder a bit too roughly his nails digging into his flesh, causing the teen to flinch when they disappeared in a wave of hot heat.

For some reason Harry was really trusting Malfoy. He had to wonder himself why he was doing this, but then when he took into account what a Slytherin really was. They liked to be on the side that had the power and was most likely to win.

No Slytherin liked Dumbledore, not counting Snape.

Most people were dead terrified of Lord Voldemort. The Slytherin's, however, knew that which ever side they would take it would be the winning side whether they approved of it or not. Maybe Malfoy knew that Voldemort was likely to lose this battle. He would be damned and his name would be ruined for forever if he chose the wrong side. Maybe he realized that no one can take control forever.

'Everyone's gotta foil one of these days.' was Harry's thinking on the whole thing. Harry didn't care about defeating anyone because of any damn prophecy. He cared about Shari and Shari only.

They appeared just inside of a forest.

"Ow, can you be any more rough?" scowled Harry, rolling his shoulder around.

"Sorry Harry." Vander stated.

"Ulgh, I think you've bruised me for life."

They took in there surroundings quickly.

Vander sniffed the air, "Hmm-" His pale face was grim and his chin hair seemed to quiver.

Harry gave him a sideways look, "What are you sniffing the air for?"

Vander seemed to gulp slowly and having a hard time to do just this, "I smell-" he sniffed again. "I smell her!" He said. His eyes got large and round. The paleness in them dilated.

"Do you? She's this close? I thought-" asked Harry, as the wind picked up ruffling both Harry and Vander.

"No, no, you don't understand Harry. I smell her blood."

Harry swallowed, "Uh- is she alive?"

Sniffing again Vander blinked upwards at the night sky, "I- don't-know."

Breathing in deeply through his nose and out his mouth he said slowly, "Lets find out."

They weaved their way through the thick brush and trees as silently as possible. All that you could hear was the flock of birds and bugs every so often.

The night sky was brilliant and glowing up above. It was hanging at a half-moon and she seemed to be twinkling at them.

The weather was warm and breezy, and quite soothing. The stars seemed to be laughing at him, or that's what he felt like. The last time he checked his watch it was after ten.

'What if she's dead?' dreaded Harry, who had to choke down the bile that rose with in him. 'No, Harry, don't think of that.' He told himself. 'She's alive!' Harry had to keep chanting this to himself to calm down.

"Open the map." said Vander as they got in view of the large manor.

And humongous it was.

It stood about fifty feet up in the air and the building stretched itself wide across the fields. There were black cast iron gates surrounding it with a large M in cursive writing as well as a brilliant green charmed snake that coiled itself around through the iron bars.

"The passwords are parseltongue activated." Harry whispered reading the paper that Draco Malfoy had given him.

"There are several wings and several passwords. This is convenient, seeing as no one else in his ranks is a parseltongue other than Voldemort."

"Damn it! How are we going to get in then?" cursed Vander.

Harry smirked, "Didn't you hear me clearly darling Vander? I said no one else in 'his ranks'. I didn't say there weren't any other parseltongues alive."

Vander scowled, "Harry! The only known Parseltongue was Salazar Slytherin. There are no more descendents." even Vander knew that.

Harry chuckled, "Vander, Vander, Vander." Harry said softly and shook his head. "When are you going to stop under estimating me, dear old friend?"

Vander gave him a weird look when Harry motioned for Vander to follow.

They hunched down low and slipped under a dog wood tree toward the gate.

"Magic." whispered Vander. "Strong, dark, addicting magic." breathed the vampire, closing his eyes.

"Get out of it Vander." Harry whacked the vampire over the head, causing him to shake his head.

"Thanks." he murmured quite embarrassed.

"No problem." muttered Harry dryly before staring at the gates.

"There's supposed to be-" he stopped speaking and adjusted his eyes to peer down at the map. 'Damn this place was big.' thought Harry bitterly.

"What, what?" asked Vander annoyed that Harry was cutting off his speech.

Harry sighed, "Well, first off we need to weaken the Dark Magic surrounding this before I we can get through this way. I can say the password but we're supposed to be at the entrance to get through. If we go straight through the front everyone will see us. We don't want to draw attention to ourselves yet."

"I do! I want to suck someone's neck till they squeal, scream and till their veins are bone dry." Vander snarled, he was twisting his own fingers, and his eyes were alight.

"You'll get your chance. Let's find out if Shari's safe first." Harry told him.

Vander nodded, "Right." he bared his teeth, "When I get a hold of them--"

Harry sighed, "Yes, yes, I know. Now c'mon! The more time we waste talking and threatening the air the more time Shari could be in pain or danger."

They moved themselves in position. Even Harry who wasn't a vampire could see a dark aura lying over the large grand castle. Most of the lights were out except for a few.

"How are we going to do this?" asked Vander.

Harry racked his brain trying to remember how to dismantle dark magic. Parker had taught him how to take down Dark Magic off of an object. It was one of the first serious things he learned. Parker hardly trusted anything and was always found using his wand and going over objects and stuff with in his reach.

Harry pulled out his most 'registered' wand, and pointed it at the gate, "Acclaro!" A bright white thread slipped out of the barrel of Harry's wand and coiled itself around the gates and sizzled.

"Won't this cause suspicion?" asked Vander.

Harry smirked, "No, the first mistake Malfoy made was that this gate is so far from the Manor itself. Only if you are standing a meter away from the gate can you see the spelling rippling through.

"What spell is it?" asked Vander.

"To detect the dark charms and arts that have been used on the gate. Passwords will be useless if we get zapped with Avada Kadavera."

"I won't die." Vander stated simply.

"That doesn't mean I won't!" declared Harry indignantly

"I could bite you." suggested Vander.

Harry blinked and turned to see Vander's eyes glowing, "I bet you taste good." he teased.

"No thanks. I'll pass." murmured Harry dryly.

Vander shrugged, "Suit yourself."

"All right you barmy son of a bitch shut up and let me work." he turned to the gate only to receive a snort of amusement from Vander.

"Well, I've been called worse."

Glaring at the impertinent vampire once more, he focused his attention on the white light that was quickly coming back at them. It coiled off the rails and glowed a very deep, dark purple.

"Hmm." Was all Harry said, before it disappeared.

"What's with the hmm? Hmm?"

"Well- this is going to take some serious energy." he said softly.

"Your energy? You shot back a professor, a Headmaster, ruler of the light."

"I think I had some sort of help on that. Besides my magic was raw. I have to concentrate on this." he said softly, as he moved down, kneeling. "AND I didn't use Dark Magic on him."

"Ok - back up Vander. Vampire or not SOME magic can hit you."

Vander, not needing to be told twice, jumped back several meters but still with in clear range of watching Harry and the gate.

The boy pulled out both wands and outstretched each one in a different hand.

"You're ambidextrous?" asked Vander.

"Sssh!" Harry hissed.

Harry started whispering something under his breath. A spell that he used when Parker set up a false trap for Harry who had to learn to wiggle his way out of the wrath Parker had sent on him.

Harry slept for two days straight after that. He was only twelve.

As the words escaped Harry's lips, his wands vibrated, and out of each wand a light blue strand of light slipped out. When it did it hovered and then each of the strands split itself down the middle till there was two pairs of strands. Those strands multiplied by six. Each strand slipped through away from Harry as fast as lightning and entwined itself around the iron bars. More hisses and sizzles could be heard, as Harry's face and arms started to bleach white.

A moment later the strands slowly turned white and seeped itself into the large gate. At that moment the spell broke from Harry's wands and the teen went crashing down to the ground, unconscious.

Vander moved quickly, swooping down onto Harry and rolling him over, making the teens head wobble.

He was pale and he had sweat lingering on his forehead.

"Harry! Harry!" whispered Vander, smacking Harry's cheeks.

"Ulgh-" Harry's eyes snapped open, and they blinked several times.

"In my belt- Zip Potion. Give it to me." Harry's words were almost slurred. He was so tired and fatigued.

Vander almost protested but instead he unhooked a silver stud from Harry's belt and it automatically inflated to the size of tea cup.

"Put it to my lips." he whispered.

Vander did and the silvery liquid flowed out into Harry's mouth. He drank over half of the contents.

Harry's eyes shot open and a jolt was sent through his body.

Harry scrambled up, his whole body still shivering and shaking from the artificial energy and drug that just entered his very body.

"Are you OK Harry?" asked Vander.

"Yes, I am fine. Let's get in there and get Shari." He said sharply, snatching up his wands and walking over and in a hissing voice he said, "Ci è no buono e malvagio soltanto il potere!"

"What the fuck did you say?" asked Vander puzzled, coming up behind Harry. "And since when the hell were you a parselmouth?"

"There is no good and evil only power." Harry smirked, as he seen Vander's eyes widen, "Right- and my second answer?" Harry smirked, "Parker, told me that when Voldemort attacked me when I was a baby he left me with some extra- powers."

"Wicked." Vander stated, blinking. "I need to stop under estimating you."

"That you do, my blood sucking friend." Harry patted him on the shoulder with a smirk before the two crouched down to their knees.

"Now what?" asked Vander.

"Now, we check out the map and find out where Shari may be."

"Follow my senses." said Vander sniffing the air again.

"Yes, but I would like to get a sense of this place before I rush in and get into dead ends." Harry smirked, "That would go over well- Hey Deatheater, stop a second so I can check the map." He arched an eyebrow upwards, "Yes Vander, I can see a Deatheater shrugging and stopping in place."

"Sarcastic little bastard." Vander scowled.

"I learned from the best." He grinned cheekily, as Vander rolled his eyes.

"Let me see that map. How did you get this?" He then asked for the second time tonight.

"Malfoy jr."

Vander looked up, "And you're trusting him?"

Harry sighed, "My instincts have never been wrong. Besides, Malfoy jr. is a snarky little fucker but I don't think he's stupid. He's a good duellist and he hasn't bothered me much at all except saying a few things to Hermione when I had been dating her. I don't think he's for either side, but I do think he has balls. I am guessing- and this is just a theory-" He looked at Vander, "He was scared that I would come after him and embarrass him with torture till I found out all I could about his daddy."

"That is something you'd do."

"I think he knows about the Deatheaters I tortured. I bet Malfoy Sr. showed him."

"Would you have gone after Malfoy?"

The Potter Heir gave a crooked smile, "Not directly. I was going to go to you first, and then go after Malfoy. I wasn't thinking when I was storming toward the doors."

"Ok, the little bastard you are talking about has marked this area as the red. Do you think-" asked Vander.

Harry looked at it. It was the basement of the manor.

"Gods, I hope so." said Harry snatching it and running his eyes and fingers over the areas to get there.

He looked up at the large structure to see five cloaked figures walking around in Military fashion.

"Let me suck them dry." hissed Vander.

"Be my guest." said Harry simply. "The less Deatheaters we have to fuck with the better."

"There's five. I'll take-"

"Two, and I'll worry about the other three." said Harry.

Vander glared at him before Harry smirked, "You can't suck three at a time."

Vander tilted his head with a nod, "True. Let's go."

Harry and Vander ran at the Deatheaters so quickly they were startled.

Harry already had his wand skilfully pulled out. He shouted a spell that slipped out and wrapped around the Deatheaters who cried out in horror.

Vander had all ready struck sinking his canines deep into the skin of a rather fat and plump Deatheater who was squealing like a little girl.

Harry used his other wand, and whispered, "Destringo!". A vicious smirk slipped onto Harry's mouth as the three Deatheaters in question were stripped of every last clothing.

To his shock one of the three Deatheaters was a woman. There were squeals and jerks as the Deatheaters tried to move.

"This is fun." said Harry waving his wand, "This is particularly painful."

The terrified looks in their eyes was enough to give Harry a sense of sick pleasure. They had his girl and he was going to make them pay for this.

"Aduro!" Three times a ball of fire appeared grazing against their flesh.

Harry muffled their screams with silencers, as he controlled each ball of fire, while talking casually.

"You know what really hurts?" he asked one of the men that were laying there unable to move because of the invisible ropes. He was squirming and the burn marks on his stomach and flesh was enough to make anyone gag.

"This-" He controlled the ball with his wand and it went down lower and lower to the man's groin.

"Ow." whispered Vander. "Can I have the woman?" he asked, in Harry's ear.

"Yes."

He did the same to the other Deatheater that was male, sending him into fits of seizures and intense pain.

When he was done he let them go and walked up to them and pointed his wand straight at the Deatheaters heart. "Pugio Conicio!" A silver bladed conjured dagger shot out of his wand and straight into the Deatheater's chest.

Doing that to the second, he turned and seen three Deatheaters lying limp on the ground with nothing but cuts in the neck.

"All right Vander. Let's get out of here." whispered Harry.

Vander grinned, "That was good."

Harry looked at him, and shook his head, 'It was disturbing.' Thought the teen to himself. 'I'm a natural born murderer.' was the teen's last thought before they scaled down the steps to a cellar door.

"Bombardo!" The door burst off its hinges.

Vander and Harry looked at each other, "Let's go." they said at the same time.

It was dark and very low. Harry ducked down low but not as low a Vander had to duck.

It was almost like a tunnel. They walked in the dark for several moments.

"Light your wand." hissed Vander.

"No way." Harry retorted. "We don't need to attract anymore attention. Someone's going to go outside and notice dead Deatheaters. We don't need anymore attention drawn to us."

"Fine. I can see Ok. There's nothing ahead of us, except a steel door."

"We need the map." Harry murmured, as they came upon the door Vander had commented about.

"We have to cross this wing to the next one." whispered Vander.

Harry sighed, "Glad you remembered. I sure didn't." There was another parseltongue password. Afterwards, they walked through a lit up stone room.

The torches flicked, sending shadows on the walls.

Harry flicked his wand to erase any shadow of himself. Vander didn't have to worry about shadows.

Pulling out the map, he examined it, aware of two separate long halls, one on each side of him.

"This way leads to the upper floors, and the right side leads to an even lower level."

"Where Shari is." whispered Vander.

Harry nodded, "Yes, let's go."

They moved themselves onto the slid and slid down the hall. There were no paintings, just torches flickering and the floor was made of the finest marble.

They slid down a slope and nearly choked when they heard voices.

"Are you out of your fucking mind?" growled a voice.

Harry and Vander slipped into the shadows. Holding his breath Harry listened. Vander didn't need to hold his breath. Maybe he 'should' become a vampire. He thought bitterly.

"Our Dark Lord will kill us, and then bring us back alive and kill us again, you stupid fuck. You lay one hand on our prisoner and I will castrate you like Potter did to Avery!" snarled a Deatheater.

Harry almost breathed a sigh of relief, sounded as if Shari may be alive and relatively unharmed. But why was Vander able to smell her blood?

They waited until they seen the shadows disappear from where they had come from, before Harry let out a breath his face had been turning red.

"Son of a-" he breathed in and out again.

"Still up for my offer?" Vander asked.

Harry glanced up, "I'll think about that. Although, Parker would have a conniption. Well - Remus more than Parker."

They continued down the hall in the shadows for another fifteen minutes till they came upon another set of steel doors. Checking the map again he saw there was another password but this was in normal English. "The Darkness Shall Rise and everything shall go night." Harry rolled his eyes, "How fuckin' poetic." The door clicked, and flew backwards revealing another passageway.

They walked through when they heard a loud argument. "Get off me you son of a bitch!"

"Shari!" Harry and Vander ran straight up to see a Deatheater had her tackled and she had bit right into him.

The cause for Vander's smelling her blood was easily noticed when they seen gashes all up and down her arms.

Harry pointed his wand and sent a dagger shooting out into the Deatheaters back. He grunted and toppled over onto Shari who shrieked.

"HARRY! DADDY!" she shouted, frantically. "Ulgh- get this fat arse thing off me!" she squeaked.

Harry knocked off the Deatheater to see Shari tied up.

"No one hurt you did they?"

"Except a few curses and cuts here and there... no. The main guy wouldn't let them." said Shari softly. "But then he left and this- fat arse git." she said scowling.

When she was free her arms went around Vander's neck as he clung to her. "Oh, my baby. Are you Ok?" he asked, relief swarming in his eyes.

"Yes daddy, I'm fine." she sniffed and went to Harry, her lips touching his.

He didn't give a damn about Vander being her father at the moment. His arms went around her and he tightened his hold of her as he kissed her even deeper.

Harry was practically shaken, as he tasting her lips and tongue, thanking all the deities above that she was all right.

When they released his arms locked around Shari, as they walked out of the small cell together. Vander was just smiling, "I am so happy you two are together." The light in Vander's eyes was obvious. As long as his daughter was safe and happy he didn't particularly care.

"I have - a bad feeling." said Harry frowning. "Does any of you think this was a too easy?" asked Harry as Vander turned to face them.

"I think you're right." said Vander his eyes widening. He sniffed the air, "There's-"

"VANDER LOOK OUT!" roared Harry, his arms tightening around Shari.

Out of nowhere a wooden stake shot out of a cloaked figure's hand and landed straight into the back of Vander piercing his heart-

"DADDY!" Shari collapsed into her dad's arms as he fell- dead before he hit the floor. She started screaming tears flowing as she yanked out the stake.

All Harry could do was look on, paralysed. He was staring at the figure that walked over. His feet were rooted to the floor and he couldn't move. His eyes fixated on the moving figure.

"Well, well, well, I wondered if you were going to figure out how simple this whole escapade was." said a soft voice.

The way the frame of the Deatheater was to was familiar to Harry.

"Who are you?" he growled, his voice like acid. His heart was breaking. But he kept a blank mask.

The voice laughed shrilly and coldly, "Oh Harry- Harry- you are so brilliant but not brilliant enough. You had no idea about me. No one did." The figure pulled down the hood, and Harry's eyes narrowed when he seen the long dark locks come forward and those eyes.

"GERI!"

0000 Tempting Cliffy0000

She giggled furiously, "Oh that was so good!" she said, ecstatic.

Harry growled, "You fuckin' whore!"

"Oh yes - call me what you wish. But, I tricked you! I got one over you and Parker Zambini. Such fools, not to mention Dumbledore. When my Lord hears this he will reward me beyond the others." she said, a sadistic look in her eyes.

Harry was about to curse her when out of nowhere a flash of blinding speed and a ferocious scream came from Shari, one Harry had never heard before.

"I will kill you!" Shari swooped fiercely down on Geri before she had the chance to speak and before Harry could realise what was going on.

She sank her sharp vampire teeth into the neck of Geri who squealed, and thrashed her arms but Shari grabbed them, her nails digging into the Arithmancy teacher's wrist, drawing even more blood from the female.

Harry just watched wide eyed as he bent slowly down and touched Vander, "I'm sorry old friend." he said softly as he heard the screaming and growling of the two dark headed females.

Harry gasped, when he seen Shari levitate both herself and Geri up in the air. The woman's feet were dangling and twitching. It wasn't but a moment later that her body went limp and the half-vampire dropped her from the air. She went crashing down, eyes still open.

When Shari came down she turned around tears in her glowing eyes. "Harry." she sobbed and went crashing down to her knees.

"Daddy." she sobbed and crawled over to her dead father and wrapped her arms around him.

Harry moved walking over Vander and to Geri, "Will she be a vampire?"

"If you don't end her life, she will be, and then I'll damn her." Shari hissed in rage and pain.

Harry sighed deeply and pointed his wand at her, "Premo Pectus!". It looked as if nothing would happen, but what was going on was, an illusionary hand slipped through the enemy's chest and wrapped around the still faintly beating heart. The more emotion behind the squeeze the more deadly it becomes. Harry pushed forth his emotions and the invisible hand tightened till Geri Gibson gave one last jerking motion and her body came up off the ground before coming back down and her head wobbled to the side - dead.

All that was heard in the stone room was sobs and whimpers from Shari. His eyes glittered and he turned around allowing a few tears to escape his eyes and run down his cheeks as he watched Shari bent over Vander.

He walked over and knelt down. "C'mon Shari. It's over. Let's go." he whispered, smiling as much as he could.

He was about to say something else but before he could so much as open his mouth a sharp searing pain spread through his forehead and his scar felt aflame. He lifted his hand automatically to the said scar and then cursed when his fingers came away sticky with blood.

Without pausing for thought, he stood gracefully once again and twirled around so that he was standing in front of Shari just as a tall thin cloaked figure appeared. He could see the glowing crimson eyes peering like the slits of a cats through the darkness of the hood. Frowning, he swept his gaze quickly around the surrounding area, but he couldn't see anyone else.

"Harry Potter-" that icy cold voice almost purred, sending shivers up Harry's spine immediately.

He swallowed back a shudder, refusing to allow the panic that was desperately trying to claw its way free to take over. This was okay. He had been training for this. Everything was fine, just little conversation with the snake faced bastard, nothing he couldn't handle.

He breathed in discreetly, pulling himself together and almost unconsciously drawing up his magic inside him, preparing for the inevitable duel. As soon as this was over with, he could leave this fucked up world and start again. Well, as soon as he was able to kill old Voldie, he very much doubted his luck would grant him that today.

He heard a soft gasp and glanced over his shoulder just briefly, not offering his back to the Dark Lord for more than a second. He saw that Shari had snapped out of whatever little daze she had been in and was watching, between his legs. Still, he had her completely shielded for now; he wouldn't let anything happen to her.

'Can things get any worse?' he thought to himself bitterly and then cringed inwardly, shaking his head. He would kick himself if he had the time, knowing full well that asking oneself that was practically begging for trouble.

He pulled his thoughts from that firmly and then pushed the pain and burning from his scar securely behind a 'door' in his mind, locking it back there so that it didn't overwhelm him. He could feel his eye twitching ever so slightly and he brushed the blood out of the way. It wasn't that bad anyway, just a trickle now, having died down considerably.

He stared then, clear headed and as calm as possible, at his nemesis. The one who was the cause of everything that had gone wrong in his life... and he could actually say that without sounding like a teenage drama queen. This bastard was the root of all his problems.

"Voldemort." He replied coolly, calmly and without a single shudder. He saw a flicker of small surprise in those red eyes that was then closely followed by satisfaction.

"Yes, so you know who I am. Indeed, that pleases me." The snake hissed lazily, tapping his wand against his arm as he dragged his eyes over Harry's form, measuring him.

"Don't flatter yourself, darling." Harry sneered in response, unconsciously stepping into a battle stance. "Have you ever heard the saying 'Know thy enemy'?"

"Of course, one of the most intelligent things to come from the mudblood race."

"Then I'll tell you what I know so far shall I? You're the son of a bitch who had the mother of my daughter killed." He said in a low, dangerous voice. "You are the foolish idiot who believes that, after everything you've done to me, I would join you. You are the idiotic bastard, quite literally there by the way, that thought you could hold the people I care for and love for ransom. More to the point, I suppose, you are the imbecile who has underestimated me and thought me to be a Gryffindor hero."

"I have come to understand that you are anything but, actually." Voldemort replied with what was most definitely amusement. "And thus I will offer you the chance to save yourself, as the Slytherin you appear to be. Join me now, and obviously those you ... love ... will not be harmed again. You will be given the opportunity to stand at my side, as my heir, and you will get away from that muggle-loving old fool, Dumbledore. You hate him-"

"But not half as much as I hate you." Harry interrupted with a sneer of his own. "Now I will offer you a chance to save yourself. Leave me and what's mine alone, never show your face in front of me again,

and I will return the favour. I want nothing to do with you, or the damn prophecy. If you don't fight against me, and I don't fight against you... well, then we won't have to worry about who will complete the prophecy and win, will we?"

"I can't do that Potter." Voldemort hissed again, openly amused now. "You have power and I see it and smell it in you. I want it."

"Too fucking bad, sweet cheeks." Harry said in a cold and icy tone that was every bit as biting as Voldemort's. "Sorry, but I'm kind of using it, you see..." he cooed mockingly and watched as the cloaked figure lifted a shoulder before dropping it again.

"Fine." he said simply and then, before Harry could raise his wand, the Dark Lord spat out the worst curse he knew. "CRUCIO!"

Harry went straight to his knees and gasped, his eyes widening in horror as he felt the pain that seeped through his very veins, lighting his flesh on fire and crawling under his skin. An enormous amount of pressure was added to his head until he felt like it was about to explode, but he didn't let out a single sound.

He was vaguely aware of Shari whimpering behind him and could feel her tears soaking through his robes as she clung on to him. He bit his tongue until he felt the blood pool out, fighting both against the curse and against the rising scream now. He could beat this. He would beat it.

When he was finally released, he jumped straight to his feet again shakily, but deliberately slowed his movements in raising his wands. As expected, he was hit with another powerful curse and he fell backwards over the dead body of Vander with a loud thump. He heard cold laughter from his enemy and managed a weak smirk inwardly.

Good.

Let the bastard start to underestimate him. Again.

This time, when he bounced back to his feet again, he was ready. He pointed his wand at the Dark Lord and then allowed it to be tugged out of his hand by an Expelliarmus.

"Wandless now Potter." Voldemort sneered again, delightfully, and Harry barely hid back his smirk. He watched as the Dark Lord moved his wand down in a slashing movement and then purple mist seeped out of the end. Harry dove to the ground and then rolled, pulling Shari along with him, into the wall.

Using his other wand, he put up a shield around a gasping and shrieking vampire and then rolled away again, shooting the first spell at Voldemort... who moved out of the way.

Now, it was time to get down to business.

"A second wand." Voldemort snarled and yet managed to look slightly impressed at the same time. "I should have known."

Harry didn't bother to reply, in no mood to taunt now. They shot curses backwards and forwards for at least ten minutes, he lost count of the amount of curses actually being used. Mostly the Cruciatus coming from Voldemort though.

"Is that the only curse you know, oh Mr-so-tall-and-ugly?" he sneered in an almost cheerful tone as he dodged another and tried to ignore the ache that seeped into his very bones; the after effects of the Cruciatus.

Voldemort scowled in reply and then shot out a yellow liquid that hit Harry's shoulder. He cursed himself for bothering to waste his efforts taunting then as his shoulder sizzled fiercely, his skin actually boiling as a part of his robes melted away. He hissed in pain almost unnoticeably ... but he didn't stop moving.

He was pissed off now.

He started shooting off a stream of spells in quick succession, not even bothering to see whether they hit before he moved into a

different place after each one, forcing the Dark Lord to dodge from all angles.

"Salto Coactu! Caeco! Petrificus Totalus! Quasso! Reducto!"

He used everything he could think of, from a simple dancing hex, to a blinding hex and then to a bone crushed and blasting hex, he fired fiercely and angrily. He watched as Voldemort deflected just about everything, simply brushing aside the simpler ones and he sneered, but didn't say anything. He couldn't apparate the hell out of there with Shari because of the stupid wards woven around the whole place.

Finally, after all of those curses, a "Vulnificus" finally hit home, blasting the edge of Voldemort's shoulder. As he watched, the robes tore in that specific place and a deep gushing wound was visible to him even from where he stood. He smirked.

Voldemort, to his credit, ignored it and upped the stakes. He lashed out with a series of dark curses that sent Harry ducking to the ground and rolling over onto one side and up again, able to hear a soft scorching sound when the curses hit the floor where he had been seconds before. He twirled expertly out of the way of the last of this batch and then aimed at the fool again.

"Pugio Conicio maximus!" he sneered in a seemingly calm voice, watching as twelve daggers flew out of Harry's wand, one by one, swiftly.

The Dark Lord erected a strong metal shield and the daggers bounced off, but as Harry kept shooting them, they started to puncture. Finally, one slipped through and then pierced straight into Voldemort's hand, causing the Dark Lord to drop the shield and hiss out his fury.

Harry didn't know how long it lasted, but they must have been at it for a good two hours now. He didn't bother to waste anytime cursing people for their obvious inability to show up when they were actually needed and instead concentrated on preserving his strength. Admittedly, he had never duelled this long before, yet he could see it was taking its toll on the other wizard too.

Dark curses were not easy to wield though, and so the fact that he had no choice to use them didn't help him save his strength any.

"I have to admit, Potter, I am quite impressed with your duelling abilities. Not even my top men could last this long." praised the icy voice. "Join me now and I can bring out your powers."

Harry sneered, "No thanks, snake boy. Haven't you figured it out all ready? When I say no, I mean NO!"

That's when Voldemort unleashed so many curses Harry was forced to go into Defence mode. It was the only way he could keep himself afloat and not pass out with exhaustion.

He didn't know how to call upon raw magic. He had only done it out of deep emotion.

Harry was pushed against a wall, unable to go anywhere. His shields were weakening and he cursed himself for not remembering this room was kind of small and narrow.

There was a glint in Voldemort's eyes, as he shot another Cruciatus at Harry, who went straight to his knees, passing the weak shield. Shuddering in pain and torture, he felt his whole body burning and felt as if it were splinching from his head to his feet.

"Give you one last chance- join me now!"

Harry parted his gritting teeth, "NEVER YOU SON OF A BITCH!" he roared.

"Fine- Avada Kadavera!" he hissed. Harry's eyes came up and he saw the bright green light flashing-- not toward him but toward Shari.

Using the last of his strength he shot forward arms going straight around Shari, and waited for the inevitable. The light came straight toward Harry's chest- - a soft shimmery white light erupted from Harry's hand, and it glowed red hot.

Harry was practically blinded, but he felt something hot and warm on his right middle finger. The ring that he got from his parents vault in Gringotts, it had once been a powerful box.

It was letting off a magical glow and his eyes were glowing green. Shari was under him shuddering and shaking. He pressed his weight in on her, as the flashing white light came up and coiled around Voldemort; who for the first time looked frightened.

Red-eyes widening he was lifted and thrown aside and went crashing into the stone wall. The whole manor seemed to rumble when Harry heard a song beautiful voice echo. "Go Harry, it is not time." whispered the melodious voice.

Harry looked up weak and could have sworn he seen the eyes of his mother, her green ones penetrating. "Go raise your daughter and come when called. It is not your time- no." she whispered and the white light shimmered.

Harry's eyes went hazy and the last thing he heard was, "I'll get you Potter! I swear it." Before the wizard disappeared. That's when everything blacked out, and he knew no more.

-Wow, that was difficult. I spent ten hours on that chapter! It better be up to standards!- I want to thank Lady-Treason for the help with the action scene and giving me access to her website and spells. she's absolutely amazing!- One chapter left----- and then this story will be over and a sequel. But please give me time for that.-

TBC

Chapter Finale: Unforgiven

When Harry came out of the unconscious state, pain spread rapidly through out his entire body. His eyes fluttered open and he was aware of someone's arms around him. "Harry please- wake. Wake for me. Please!" sobbed Shari.

Grunting in pain, he raised his hand and touched her head as she gasped and came up, "Oh Harry, I can't lose you too."

"I'm OK." he coughed and groaned feeling the stinging pain going up through his body. He had bruises everywhere and looked down at his ring with a sigh, "This thing, that I completely forgot about, saved our arse." he said, pointing to his ring. "I think this was what set off my raw magic against twinkle-toes."

"Thank god for it." she whimpered. Tears staining her eyes. Harry hated to see this. He looked over to see Vander wrapped up. "He won't burn will he in the day?"

Shari shook her head, "He's dead. It's just an urban legend that they turn to ash when they die. They don't." she said softly. "They go stiff like everyone else until-" she trailed off and her shoulders jerked and she the tears fell out of her eyes again.

Harry gulped, feeling a few tears fall out of his eyes.

As Harry shuddered a strong breath he wrapped his arms around Shari, who moved and wrapped her arms around her daddy again, "Daddy..." she sniffed. "Oh gosh..." The tears ran down Shari's face, and Harry's heart gave a lurch, as he watched the scene before him. The strings in his heart were being yanked and torn by the mere sight of this.

"C'mon Shari, we need to go." he whispered, causing Shari to break down in full fledged sobs. "Noooo... I need to take him... with me... proper way." she whimpered, as she moved onto her knees weakly. Her face had bruises all over them and only blood would heal them.

She looked battered and torn and her black hair was a mess, oily with mud stains all through her hair.

Harry touched her as she wrapped her arms around him. He soon felt the usual uncomfortable sensation of vampire travel.

Unfortunately, when they appeared it was in the middle of the Great Hall. Apparently, it was breakfast time now. Harry must have been passed out for longer than three hours.

The exhausted teen in question fell to the ground all pride forgotten as people stood up in horror. Harry just sat there dazed as he stared at Vander's dead body.

"Oh shit." Parker spoke as he came over, and helped Harry up.

Remus followed and what colour Snape had left in his face was gone as he stared at the body of his and every other vampires leader.

Shari was sobbing and Harry leaned over and kissed her on the lips very softly. He shook his head and stood up with a groan feeling the aches and pains set in through his body.

She wrapped her arms around Vander and vanished leaving Harry to standing there. He heard a squeal and a whimper, and glanced over to see Remus with Eve. He just stared at Remus and Eve, and then Parker, with a hollow look in his eyes.

"I'll be in my room." Harry said hoarsely. He took Eve in his arms, even though Remus wanted to protest.

"Harry... may I talk to you in my office?" asked Dumbledore coming over.

He seemed to be limping. Harry's ring flashed for a moment but it stilled as Harry's hands ran over Eve's back tenderly.

Harry's eyes trailed over Dumbledore. His emerald-eyes blazing, "You come near me old man, and I swear upon everything I own, that

you will not live to see another fuckin' lemon drop." Harry said, dangerously.

The teen turned and walked away, leaving everyone in the Great Hall gasping and looking on in horror, at what he said to the Headmaster and the gashes, and cuts that adorned his body. He was also staggering. The Zip Potion had worn off.

"Oh and by the way..." Harry turned, adjusting Eve in his arms, to where she couldn't touch his hands. He didn't want her to be stained either.

"You might want to look for a new Arithmancy Professor." Harry snarled. "She's the traitor and she's as good as dead." the teen hissed angrily. Parker's eyes widen hearing this and half the student body was rippling with shock.

"One of my correspondences will be sending her by... in a body bag." Harry announced. "And to think-" he said aloud. "I fucked the bitch."

This got a reaction from the student body, and Hermione's eyebrows shot up, and murmured, 'I knew it.'

He waved his hand and the doors burst open and Harry swept from the hall with his daughter leaving Parker and Remus to stare at each other, "We better leave him alone for a while." Parker said quietly.

Remus nodded, "Yeah, do you think... we should go and talk to Shari?" asked Remus.

"Let Shari come to Harry." Parker said, and smiled weakly at the rhyme. Things couldn't have gotten worse.

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Harry entered his room and plopped down on the couch, his daughter perched in his lap. Nearly five months her eyes were as bright and beautiful as ever. Her cheeks as chubby, and she looked up at him with a whimper, and grabbed his fingers to play with them.

"No princess, daddy's hands are dirty." She clearly wanted them in her mouth.

Usually he didn't mind but he had stained hands. He stood with his daughter in his arms, who was making odd gurgling noises with her mouth.

After scrubbing his hands in the sink, he sat down and just stared straight ahead, as Eve took his now clean fingers and placed them in her mouth. She chewed on them, and Harry didn't have the heart to stop her.

Harry couldn't seem to do much but just stare straight ahead. Eve moved, to her knees and patted Harry's chest and making odd sounds. Harry would usually play with her and talk back to her and agree with her but this wasn't the time.

"I'm sorry Princess, daddy's just not happy right now." he said lifting the baby and kissing her cheek delicately.

She squealed at the affection and patted his cheek making him wince as he felt her hand touch his bruises. He wrapped his arms around her hugging her softly to him. It seemed to comfort him, knowing he had his daughter in his arms, and safe.

"I think its time for your morning nap." He said softly. Eve was use to getting up at six thirty, taking her bottle, and then laying back down for a few hours. She was a late sleeper, now that she didn't need a bottle every three hours. Just once in the middle of the night and one when she first wakes up.

Eve whimpered and snuggled up into him, as he held her dearly. "I love you, princess." He said, to his daughter, even though she couldn't understand. She just giggled chewed on her own fingers. "We've got to get out of here." Harry whispered.

He stood, and placed her on the floor of the bathroom and proceeded to wash himself up.

"Dumbledore's going to get us all killed. I don't trust the bastard. Hell no." he said to Eve who just stared up at him.

He changed Eve, fed her and put her to bed, placing her in her crib after kissing her forehead. He placed a few detection wards before going to take a shower. After tonight he believed anything was possible.

Harry showered and allowed the hot water to spray on him as he leaned against the tiles, his head resting against them. He tried to block out tonight's events. He tried to tell himself that nothing happened to Vander, and that any moment he'd wake up.

Unfortunately, this wouldn't happen. Harry knew it was real and knew he must face it and deal with it just like he did with Candy's death. More and more people are getting killed because of this prophecy. This wasn't fair to others.

He didn't know how long he stayed soaking under the cascading water, but when he got out and dried off later, it was early and exhausting. He walked mutely with a towel to his bedroom, upon entering he jumped startled to see Shari curled up on his bed. Her pale face stained with tears. She looked much cleaner than before, yet she didn't look happy.

"Shari." he said quietly. She looked up and sniffed, "I couldn't be by myself." she shrugged, "I... I have to get on with life. He saved me with you..." said Shari, tears streaming down her face.

Harry held onto his towel as he knelt onto the bed, and wiped the tears, pain was written all over his face. "Shari, you need to get away from me. No, not because of Voldemort." Harry said quietly. "Because of Dumbledore." He whispered. "He's going to use you as a tool. Please, do as I say... you must get away from me until this whole thing is over."

Shari sobbed, and grabbed him her face buried into his wet chest. "Please, Harry! Don't leave me... I understand... please... You're all I have now. I have no one!" she begged.

"Sssh... Shari, I'm not going to leave you." his free hand going around her and holding her tightly. He realized there wasn't any way he could leave her. She was too much a part of him, and leaving her would kill him.

She sniffed, and moved away and looked at him, her forehead pressed against his, "Daddy, wanted to die fighting." she then said. "But... it was too soon." she muttered softly.

"I know Shari...! I'm sorry." She shook her head, "No..." she said, wiping a tear. "Don't be sorry. You did everything in your power to stop this." she gulped, "I couldn't ask for more." she looked up and their eyes locked.

She moved in and kissed him softly on the lips, her red lips sinking into his mouth. The kiss was fierce and passionate, one that was unexplainable. Harry's body registered what was going on before him, as his tongue met hers and caressed it, when she got moved in for a deeper kiss. She grabbed him and literally pulled him up and took his hands away.

"Touch me, Harry..." She pleaded, lust and love flickering in her beautiful blue eyes. "Please... touch me." Her hands ran up and down his chest. He didn't need to be told twice.

His hands ran underneath her top and grazed her belly button.

Shari felt the need to be comforted with sexual touch. The connection of touch and love was made between Shari and Harry. It was hard to stop once it was started.

He was already turned on, and her grabbing him didn't help any. She moved onto the bed and pulled him on top of her forcefully, his mouth sunk into hers, drinking her in before his hands entwined with hers.

He stared at her, as she stared at him. He felt something weird radiate through him more than just lust, it was... red velvet passion. His hands gently grazed her palms and then his fingers gently caressed her wrists towards the centre of her thin arm... she shivered, feeling his fingers touch her. Her chest was heaving up and down as

he moved and kissed her deeply and moved her black hair aside getting a taste of her neck... she just swam in his touch and love...

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When Harry awoke, he heard the soft whimpering of his daughter in the next room. He had only been asleep for about an hour. The sun poked through, the bedroom window through the dark blue drapes.

The world does not deserve to shine, thought Harry, as he slid up and out from under the delicate half-vampires arms.

Entering the beautiful bedroom, that would soon be dismantled, he delicately lifted his daughter and kissed her softly, "G'morning princess." he whispered, holding her against his chest and shoulder and patting her back as she squealed and gurgled. "Let's get you dressed huh? We go bye-byes." he said in an unusually soft voice. He had a grim smile on his face.

He dressed, and tended to Eve, talking to her softly and kissing her, and even playing with her but it wasn't the same. He was just too depressed. He felt as if the world had just stopped turning. Even though it was beautifully bright and nice out. Harry couldn't stand to see it so bright and shiny. It ought to be raining and thunder storming! Dark and gloomy. Harry fought the tears that threatened to slip out of his eyes. He had to be strong. He had things to do.

Harry had her dressed in an adorable light purple dress with a light purple headband and a tiny purple violet in the centre of it. Realizing she wasn't about to wear shoes, he just put on her socks, and then placed her in her playpen with toys. She whimpered for a moment before noticing her toys scattered through out and reached over grabbing a ducky with her baby hands.

She chewed on her toys while watching him walk from one place to another. When ever he was out of the room she would squeal in protest and start whimpering. She'd bounce on her diaper and sometimes topple forward if she wasn't careful, if Harry wasn't in her sights. Her green eyes followed him like a spy.

Harry was summoning everything he owned, and was packing in the living room when Shari came out wearing one of his shirts and curled up on the couch near his trunk, and pressed her head against it, her legs moving up under her.

"Can I go with you?" she asked, softly.

Harry looked at her, to see her sapphire eyes pleading.

"Please..." Shari asked softly. "You... and I. I have no reason to stay." she told him.

Harry looked at her, and his fingers touched her cheek, "I don't know what's going to happen, Shari." he said honestly. "But I can't leave you. It's your choice babe." his lips touched her cheek in a butterfly kiss. She smiled weakly and grazed his chin with her fingers delicately.

"Why- don't- we leave, and start a life together? You, me, and Eve." she suggested her eyes staring into his. The two were nearly entranced with one another.

Harry knelt down to her level with a small smile, "Why would you want that Shari? Why? I killed your father. I'm a teenager with a kid, and I get everyone around me murdered." It wasn't like Harry to feel guilty. But dammit he had to feel guilty about something. Shari looked at him, a tear falling out of her eyes, "You listen to me!" she said fiercely standing up now.

Her finger pointed toward him, as he stood up shocked at her movements, "You did NOT cause my daddy to die. He died saving my life! It was luck that you two got there. They almost raped me... You've been there for me through everything. You saved me from getting raped... again and again! You're so fuckin' amazing." she was practically shrieking this. "Most people would be careless about a half-breed vampire." she said, shaking her head. Her hands were making wild gestures as she tried to explain to Harry who was staring at her open mouthed.

"But, not you. You're not just some teenage guy... you're amazing. You're fuckin' amazing to me Harry James Potter." Shari was nearly shouting. "DO you realize how much I... I... love you? Do you know how much you mean to me? I'd do anything in this world for you. I love Eve, and I love you. I love the both of you. My daddy's always known I've loved you. You've done so much for me, you've made me feel so happy. You don't look at me as some half-vamp whore..." she said waving her hand. "You look at me as an equal. No one else does that." Her voice calming down and the tears trailing out of her eyes. "Not even daddy's friends. They always call me half-human, half-mortal... and scoff at me, because I don't do what they do." she said, shivering, as Harry moved and wrapped his arms around her, and held her to his chest. She swallowed and sighed against his chest, her fingers curling around his shirt.

Eve was squealing and shaking the toy as if trying to get something out of it, and babbling to herself, while still staring at Harry and Shari.

"I don't know what I'm doing Shari." He said quietly. "But- I'd never leave you behind." His hand touched the top of her head and he kissed it.

Shari sniffed, and pressed her head into his chest. "Let me come with you. Please... don't leave me here all by myself."

Harry looked down at her as she stared up at him. He wiped her tears with his thumbs and kissed her lips softly. "It's your decision. I'm leaving at six thirty. We have five hours. Get what you need, and meet me back here. Make whatever arrangements you do for a vampire and come back. I've all ready contacted Gringotts, made arrangements with them." he told Shari who nodded, "I'm coming with you. I'll be back." she disappeared in a flash leaving Harry to sigh and continue getting things ready.

He was going to put on one hell of a show before he left. So he dressed in his best, black leather pants, and a black silk button up shirt. He didn't button it up and he kept his hair down for all the world to see. It was slowly getting longer. It was past his shoulders now and it went into thick layers and it had a wave to it. The miracle ring on his finger stood out against his skin. It had turned from a silver colour to a

clear ocean green, and it seemed to be swirling with magic. Harry would never let this ring off his finger. It saved both him and Shari. He knew his mother was with him now. He knew it was her last night, and that was a comforting fact.

Once he was done packing everything in sight, he sat down and composed several letters, one each to Susan, Hannah, and Justin. One to Hermione one to the twins, and three more. Remus, Sirius, and Parker. Two separate letters to Parker and Remus telling them to get the elves to move the prisoners. He didn't care what happened to them now. Not after last night. He'd ask for frequent updates but he couldn't trust the Ministry with a bunch of Deatheaters. If there were spies in Hogwarts you could be sure there were spies in the Ministry.

When he was finished, he stood and grabbed everything he owned. He shrunk it, just as an elf came through asking if he wanted something to eat. Harry got some food, and when she disappeared he lifted a fussing Eve out of her playpen and dismantled it.

With a baby on his hip he continued to pack making sure he had everything, 'accio this' 'accio that' about a million times.

He was eating when Shari arrived ten minutes till six. She had everything in her hands that she needed, it was a suitcase full of clothes and a duffle bag.

"Sit and eat." he told Shari, who nodded, and sat down with him. He smiled to himself as he watched her pick over foods.

It was quiet between the two. "How are we getting out of Hogwarts?" she asked.

"You." said Harry. "But, I want you and Eve invisible and standing in the Entrance Hall by the door. Be as still and quiet as you can. When you see me walking toward you I shall nod." He pointed to his silvery cloak. Shari nodded understanding.

After they ate, Harry had his wand in his hand. His most powerful wand. He laced up his combat boots, and sighed, as he glanced over to see Shari adjusting Eve on her hip.

"Go on." he handed Shari the cloak. "Have you got everything?"

"Yes, you shrunk it it's in my bag." she said patting it.

Harry nodded, "We're going as muggles." He told Shari.

She nodded, "OK." she said with a smile, a true smile one he hadn't seen in a while.

He took her by the elbow and pulled her to him, and placed a tender kiss upon her lips. Eve made a gurgling noise and then yanked Harry's hair. He winced and smirked before kissing her as well making her squeal.

Shari gave a soft giggle, before turning and leaving.

When she was gone Harry checked his watch and walked out of the room. With a slam the door closed. He went to the Owlery, got an owl and timed it just right. Then he walked out and toward the Great Hall.

As his footsteps carried him, he thought about what he was going to say. He remembered Dumbledore's words, and his anger swelled like a balloon. This was not good, he didn't want to kill the man. Ok maybe he did but he couldn't go that far.

He stopped at the hall and waved his hand, the doors opened with a loud echoing bang. 'Well at least some of his wandless magic works. Normally it would go haywire.'

Shrieks from the students in the hall and cries of surprise from the Staff Table could be heard as Harry stalked through. Murmurs issued through out the Great Hall like rippling waves. By the look of Harry's eyes, anyone could tell he wasn't happy.

"Harry... it's so good to see you..." said Dumbledore trying to be friendly.

"I can't say the same for you." Harry's voice was lethal. "You've destroyed everything I owned, and you've ruined everything, all for your stupid plan and for the worlds good."

"Harry, I don't think this is the place--" But Harry cut him off.

"We're doing this here and now you batty bastard." Harry scowled. "You nearly got someone taken away from me because of your stupidity..."

"I do apologize." tried Dumbledore.

Shaking his head, "No... too late for apologies, you manipulative old fool. I'm going to say this once, and I'm saying it now." Harry said, his voice as cold as ice and as acidic as poison.

"I've had enough! I've lost two people because I came to this mother fuckin' school. You call this a safe place? I'll be damned if I continue to stay here and allow you and your Lemon Eaters to try and control my every being. I'm out of here... I am gone. You have become non-existent to me."

"Harry you can't leave." said Dumbledore simply. "You are here, and you are a minor... I am willing to excuse you for your actions earlier in the term but you must come to grips with your anger... its not going to get you anywhere." said Dumbledore trying his best to calm the situation.

Harry tilted his head to the side ever so slightly, and sized the old man up. "Did you just listen to anything I said? I- don't- want- a- damn- thing- to- do- with- you." said Harry simply. "I don't want to look at you. I don't want to hear you. I don't want to smell you. You've manipulated me far too much, causing a death of someone. That should not have happened just because you think it's a necessity. You and your people can die for all I care. You can take that fuckin' prophecy and shove it up your arse!" Harry growled, his eyes seemed to be glowing brighter and brighter. "You have become unforgiven..." with that Harry turned, and stalked out as quickly as he came, leaving a cold and lingering silence on the Great Hall.

(I really wanted Lyrics to Metallica's Unforgiven but I don't need reported for it by some dummy. But I thought the words fit this quite well.)

The End Give me a bit of time for the sequel :)

Thank you to everyone who has stuck by me and this story. I hope the ending was decent and not stupid.

I have plans for a Sequel. Yes, yes, I do. But give me a few weeks. Is that good with everyone?

I have a few 'very' important questions to ask before I start on my sequel. I need them answered so I know where to take this. I have a rough idea-- but its not concrete. Ok--

Harry should be gone for 1 yr, 2 yr, or 3 yrs?

Should he and Shari end up with another baby? (i slightly hope you say yes)

Should they have a completely separate life that no one but a few selected people should know about?

And most of all should Harry and Dumbledore see eye to eye eventually?